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G. R.

AT THE

Court at KENSINGTON

December 3, 1696.

PRESENT

The King's Moſt Excellent Majeſty

in COUNCIL.

UPON the Humble Petition of Nicholas Brady *and* Nahum Tate, *this Day read at the Board, ſetting forth, that the Petitioners have, with their utmoſt Care and Induſtry, compleated* A New Verſion of the Pſalms of David, in Engliſh Metre fitted for Publick Uſe; *as humbly praying His Majeſty's Royal Allowance that the ſaid Verſion may be uſed in ſuch Congregations as ſhall think fit to receive it.*

His Majeſty taking the ſame into his Conſideration, is pleaſed to Order in Council That the ſaid New Verſion of the Pſalms in Engliſh Metre *be, and the ſame is hereby Allowed and Permitted to be uſed in all ſuch Churches, Chapels and Congregations, as ſhall think fit to receive the ſame.*

W. L

Verſion

THE

LMS

F

VID,

e TUNES

HURCHES.

Y

D. Chaplain in

N. Tate, Eſq;

to His Majeſty.

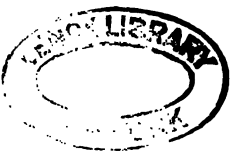
DON:

AMES, for the

ationers, 1754.

old at *Stationers-*

gate, and by moſt


LIBRARY

May *the* 23d, 1698.

HIS Majeſty having Allowed and Permitted the Uſe of a New Verſion of the lms of *David*, by Dr. *Brady* l Mr. *Tate*, *in all* Churches, apels *and* Congregations; *I can-do leſs than wiſh a good Succeſs his* Royal Indulgence: *For I find a Work done with ſo much* lgment *and* Ingenuity, *that I perſuaded, it may take off that apy Objection, which has hi-rto lain againſt the* Singing lms; *and diſpoſe that part of vine Service to much more Devo-. And I do heartily recommend Uſe of* this Verſion, *to all my thren within my Dioceſs.*

H. LONDON.

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DIRECTIO

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TUNES and MEAS

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Sixes; (that is, where th
third Lines of the ſingle Sta
of eight Syllables each,
and fourth Lines of ſix Syll
may be ſung to any of the
Tunes: *viz. York*-tune, *W*
St. David's, *Litchfield*,
Martyrs, *St. Mary's*, alia
St. Anne's tune, *&c.*

As the Old 25 Pſalm, n
the New, 25, 31, 51, 67

As the Old 113, the 37,
76, 91, 110, 113, 120.

As the Old 148, the 13

As the Old 104, the 14

The Pſalms in this Ver
Lines in a ſingle Stanza,
Syllables in each Line (if
Praiſe or Chearfulneſs) m
be ſung as the Old 100 P
the Tune of the Old 12
cond Metre.

The Penitential, or Mo
the ſame Meaſure, may be
Old 51 Pſalm; which Tu
the fore-mentioned, are pr
Supplement to this New V

Pſalm i.

HOW bleſt is he who ne'er conſents
by ill Advice to walk;
Nor ſtands in Sinners Ways, nor ſits
where Men profanely talk.
2 But makes the perfect Law of God
his Buſineſs and Delight;
Devoutly reads therein by Day,
and meditates by Night.
3 Like ſome fair Tree, which fed by Streams
with timely Fruit does bend;
He ſtill ſhall flouriſh, and Succeſs
all his Deſigns attend.
4 Ungodly Men and their Attempts
no laſting Root ſhall find;
Untimely blaſted and diſpers'd
like Chaff before the Wind.
5 Their Guilt ſhall ſtrike the Wicked dumb
before the Judge's Face;
No formal Hypocrite ſhall then
amongſt the Saints have Place.
6 For God approves the juſt Man's Ways,
to Happineſs they tend;
But Sinners and the Paths they tread,
ſhall both in Ruin end.

Pſalm ii.

1 WITH reſtleſs and ungovern'd Rage,
why do the Heathen ſtorm?
Why in ſuch raſh Attempts engage,
as they can ne'er perform?
2 The great in Counſel and in Might,
their various Forces bring;
Againſt the Lord they all unite,
and his anointed King.
3 Muſt we ſubmit to their Commands?
preſumptuouſly they ſay;
No, let us break their ſlaviſh Bands,
and caſt their Chains away.
4 But God, who ſits enthron'd on high,
and ſees how they combine,
Does their conſpiring Strength defy,
and mocks their vain Deſign.
5 *Thick Clouds of* Wrath divine ſhall break
on his rebellious Foes:

And thus will he in Thunder ſpeak
to all that dare oppoſe.
6 " Though madly you diſpute my Will,
" the King that I ordain,
" Whoſe Throne is fix'd on Sion's Hill
" ſhall there ſecurely reign."

7 Attend, O Earth, whilſt I declare
God's uncontreul'd Decree;
" Thou art my Son, this Day my Heir
" have I begotten thee.
8 " Aſk and receive thy full Demands,
" thine ſhall the Heathen be;
" The utmoſt Limits of the Lands
" ſhall be poſſeſs'd by thee.

9 " Thy threat'ning Scepter thou ſhalt ſh
" and cruſh them ev'ry where;
" As maſſy Bars of Iron break
" the Potters brittle Ware.
10 Learn then ye Princes, and give ear,
ye Judges of the Earth;
11 Worſhip the Lord with holy Fear,
rejoice with awful Mirth.

12 Appeaſe the Son with due Reſpect,
your timely Homage pay;
Leſt he revenge the bold Neglect,
incens'd by your Delay.
13 If but in Part his Anger riſe,
who can endure the Flame?
Then bleſt are they whoſe Hope relies
on his moſt holy Name.

Pſalm iii.

1 HOW num'rous, Lord, of late are gr
the Troublers of my Peace!
And as their Numbers hourly riſe,
ſo does their Rage increaſe.
2 Inſulting they my Soul upbraid,
and him whom I adore;
The God in whom he truſts, ſay they,
ſhall reſcue him no more.

3 But thou, O Lord, art my Defence;
on thee my Hopes rely;
Thou art my Glory, and ſhalt yet
lift up my Head on high.
4 Since, whenſoe'er in like Diſtreſs
to God I made my Pray'r,
He heard me from his holy Hill,
why ſhould I now deſpair?

5

5 Guarded by him, I laid me down
my ſweet Repoſe to take;
For I through him ſecurely ſleep,
through him in Safety wake.
6 No Force nor Fury of my Foes
my Courage ſhall confound,
Were they as many Hoſts as Men,
that have beſet me round.

7 Ariſe and ſave me, O my God,
who oft haſt own'd my Cauſe,
And ſcatter'd oft theſe Foes to me
and to thy righteous Laws.
8 Salvation to the Lord belongs,
he only can defend;
His Bleſſing he extends to all
that on his Pow'r depend.

Pſalm iv.

1 O Lord, that art my righteous Judge,
to my Complaint give Ear;
Thou ſtill redeem'ſt me from Diſtreſs,
have Mercy, Lord, and hear.
2 How long will ye, O Sons of Men,
to blot my Fame deviſe?
How long your vain Deſigns purſue,
and ſpread malicious Lies?

3 Conſider, that the righteous Man
is God's peculiar Choice;
And when to him I make my Pray'r,
he always hears my Voice.
4 Then ſtand in awe of his Commands,
flee ev'ry Thing that's ill;
Commune in private with your Hearts,
and bend them to his Will.

5 The Place of other Sacrifice
let Righteouſneſs ſupply;
And let your Hope ſecurely fixt,
on God alone rely.
6 While worldly Minds impatient grow
more proſp'rous Times to ſee,
Still let the Glories of thy Face
ſhine brightly, Lord, on me.

7 So ſhall my Heart o'erflow with Joy
more laſting and more true,
Than their's, who Stores of Corn and Wine
ſucceſſively renew.
8 *Then down in* Peace I'll lay my Head,
and take my needful Reſt;

No

No other Guard, O Lord, I crave,
of thy Defence poſſeſt.

Pſalm v.

1 LOrd, hear the Voice of my Compl
accept my ſecret Pray'r ;
2 To thee alone, my King, my God,
will I for Help repair.
3 Thou in the Morn my Voice ſhalt hea
and with the dawning Day
To thee devoutly I'll look up,
to thee devoutly pray.
4 For thou the Wrongs that I ſuſtain
canſt never, Lord, approve ;
Who from thy ſacred Dwelling-place
all Evil doſt remove.
5 Not long ſhall ſtubborn Fools remain
unpuniſh'd in thy View :
All ſuch as act unrighteous Things
thy Vengeance ſhall purſue,
6 The ſland'ring Tongue, O God of T
by thee ſhall be deſtroy'd,
Who hat'ſt alike the Man in Blood
and in Deceit employ'd.
7 But when thy boundleſs Grace ſhall r
to thy lov'd Courts reſtore,
On thee I'll fix my longing Eyes,
and humbly there adore.
8 Conduct me by thy righteous Laws,
for watchful is my Foe ;
Therefore, O Lord, make plain the V
wherein I ought to go.
9 Their Mouth vents nothing but Deceit
their Heart is ſet on Wrong ;
Their Throat is a devouring Grave,
they flatter with their Tongue.
10 By their own Counſels let them fall,
oppreſs'd with Loads of Sin ;
For they againſt thy righteous Laws
have harden'd Rebels been.
11 But let all thoſe who truſt in thee,
with Shouts their Joy proclaim ;
Let them rejoice whom thou preſerv'ſt
and all that love thy Name.
12 To righteous Men, the righteous Lo
his Bleſſing will extend,
And with his Favour all his Saints,
as with a Shield, defend.

Pſalm vi.

1 THY dreadful Anger, Lord, reſtrain,
and ſpare a Wretch forlorn;
Correct me not in thy fierce Wrath,
too heavy to be born.
2 Have Mercy, Lord, for I grow faint,
unable to endure
The Anguiſh of my aking Bones,
which thou alone canſt cure.

3 My tortur'd Fleſh diſtracts my Mind,
and fills my Soul with Grief;
But, Lord, how long wilt thou delay
to grant me thy Relief!
4 Thy wonted Goodneſs, Lord, repeat,
and eaſe my troubled Soul;
Lord, for thy wond'rous Mercy's Sake,
vouchſafe to make me whole.

5 For after Death no more can I
thy glorious Acts proclaim;
No Priſ'ners of the ſilent Grave
can magnify thy Name.
6 Quite tir'd with Pain, with groaning faint,
no Hope of Eaſe I ſee;
The Night, that quiets common Griefs,
is ſpent in Tears by me.

7 My Beauty fades, my Sight grows dim,
my Eyes with Weakneſs cloſe;
Old Age o'ertakes me, whilſt I think
on my inſulting Foes.
8 Depart ye Wicked; in my wrongs
ye ſhall no more rejoice;
For God, I find, accepts my Tears,
and liſtens to my Voice.

9, 10 He hears, and grants my humble Pray'r;
and they that wiſh my Fall,
Shall bluſh and rage to ſee that God
protects me from them all.

Pſalm vii.

1 O Lord, my God, ſince I have plac'd
my Truſt alone in thee,
From all my Perſecutors Rage
do thou deliver me.
2 To ſave me from my threat'ning Foe,
Lord *interpoſe* thy Pow'r;
Leſt, like a ſavage Lion, he
my helpleſs Soul devour.

3, 4 If I am guilty, or did e'er
against his Peace combine;
Nay, if I have not spar'd his Life,
who sought unjustly mine;
5 Let then to persecuting Foes
my Soul become a Prey;
Let them to Earth tread down my Life,
in Dust my Honour lay.

6 Arise, and let thine Anger, Lord,
in my Defence engage;
Exalt thy self above my Foes,
and their insulting Rage:
Awake awake, in my Behalf,
the Judgment to dispense,
Which thou hast righteously ordain'd
for injur'd innocence.

7 So to thy Throne adoring Crowds
shall still for Justice fly;
O! therefore for their Sakes resume
thy Judgment-Seat on high.
8 Impartial Judge of all the World,
I trust my Cause to thee;
According to my just Deserts
so let thy Sentence be.

9 Let wicked Arts and wicked Men,
together be o'erthrown;
But guard the Just, thou God, to whom
the Hearts of both are known.
10, 11 God me protects; not only me,
but all of upright Heart;
And daily lays up Wrath for those
who from his Laws depart.

12 If they perfift, he whets his Sword,
his Bow stands ready bent;
13 Ev'n now with swift Destruction wing'd
his pointed Shafts are sent.
14 The Plots are fruitless which my Foe
unjustly did conceive:
15 The Pit he digg'd for me has prov'd
his own untimely Grave.

16 On his own Head his Spite returns,
whilst I from Harm am free;
On him the Violence is fall'n,
which he design'd for me.
17 Therefore will I the righteous Ways
of Providence proclaim;

I'll ſing the Praiſe of God moſt High,
and celebrate his name.

Pſalm viii.

O Thou, to whom all Creatures bow
within this earthly Frame,
Thro' all the World how great art thou!
how glorious is thy Name!
In Heav'n thy wond'rous Acts are ſung,
nor fully reckon'd there;
And yet thou mak'ſt the Infant Tongue
thy boundleſs Praiſe declare:

Thro' thee the Weak confound the Strong,
and cruſh their haughty Foes;
And ſo thou quell'ſt the wicked Throng
that thee and thine oppoſe.
When Heav'n, thy beauteous Work on high,
employs my wond'ring Sight;
The Moon, that nightly rules the Sky,
With Stars of feebler Light;

What's Man (ſay I) that, Lord, thou lov'ſt
to keep him in thy Mind?
Or what his Off-ſpring, that thou prov'ſt
to them ſo wond'rous kind?
Him next in Pow'r thou didſt create
to thy celeſtial Train;
Ordain'd with Dignity and State,
o'er all thy Works to reign.

They jointly own his pow'rful Sway;
the Beaſts that prey or graze;
The Bird that wings its airy Way;
the Fiſh that cuts the Seas.
O thou, to whom all Creatures bow
within this earthly Frame,
Thro' all the World how great art thou!
how glorious is thy Name!

Pſalm ix.

TO celebrate thy Praiſe, O Lord,
I will my Heart prepare;
To all the liſt'ning World thy Works,
thy wond'rous Works declare.
The Thought of them ſhall to my Soul
exalted Pleaſures bring;
Whilſt to thy Name, O thou moſt High,
triumphant Praiſe I ſing.

Thou mad'ſt my haughty Foes to turn
their Backs in ſhameful Flight;

Struck

Struck with thy Preſence down they fall,
they periſh'd at thy Sight.
4 Againſt inſulting Foes advanc'd
thou didſt my Cauſe maintain;
My Right aſſerting from thy Throne,
where Truth and Juſtice reign.

5 The Inſolence of Heathen Pride
thou haſt reduc'd to Shame;
Their wicked Off-ſpring quite deſtroy'd,
and blotted out their Name.
6 Miſtaken Foes! your haughty Threats
are to a Period come:
Our City ſtands, which you deſign'd
to make our common Tomb.

7, 8 The Lord for ever lives, who has
his righteous Throne prepar'd,
Impartial Juſtice to diſpenſe,
to puniſh or reward.
9 God is a conſtant ſure Defence
againſt oppreſſing Rage;
As Troubles riſe, his needful Aids
in our Behalf engage.

10 All thoſe who have his Goodneſs prov'
will in his Truth confide;
Whoſe Mercy ne'er forſook the Man
that on his Help rely'd.
11 Sing Praiſes therefore to the Lord;
from Sion his Abode
Proclaim his Deeds, till all the World
confeſs no other God.

PART II.

12 When he Enquiry makes for Blood,
he'll call the Poor to mind:
The injur'd humble Man's Complaint
Relief from him ſhall find.
13 Take Pity on my Troubles, Lord,
which ſpiteful Foes create,
Thou that haſt refcu'd me ſo oft
from Death's devouring Gate.

14 In Sion then I'll ſing thy Praiſe,
to all that love thy Name;
And with loud Shouts of grateful Joy
thy ſaving Pow'r proclaim.
15 Deep in the Pit they digg'd for me
the Heathen Pride is laid;
Their guilty Feet to their own Snare
inſenſibly betray'd.

16 Thus by the juſt Returns he makes
the mighty Lord is known;
While wicked Men by their own Plots
are ſhamefully o'erthrown.
17 No ſingle Sinner ſhall eſcape
by Privacy obſcur'd;
Nor Nation from his juſt Revenge
by Numbers be ſecur'd.

18 His ſuff'ring Saints, when moſt diſtreſt,
he ne'er forgets to aid;
Their Expectation ſhall be crown'd,
though for a Time delay'd.
19 Ariſe, O Lord, aſſert thy Pow'r,
and let not Man o'ercome;
Deſcend to Judgment, and pronounce
the guilty Heathens Doom.

20 Strike Terror thro' the Nations round,
till, by conſenting Fear,
They, to each other and themſelves,
but mortal Men appear.

Pſalm x.

1 WHY Preſence why withdraw'ſt thou, Lord?
why hid'ſt thou now thy Face?
When diſmal Times of deep Diſtreſs
call for thy wonted Grace.
2 The Wicked, ſwell'd with lawleſs Pride,
have made the Poor their Prey,
O let them fall by thoſe Deſigns
which they for others lay.

3 For ſtrait they triumph, if Succeſs
their thriving Crimes attend;
And fordid Wretches, whom God hates,
perverſely they commend.
4 To own a Pow'r above themſelves
their haughty Pride diſdains;
And therefore in their ſtubborn Mind
no Thought of God remains.

5 Oppreſſive Methods they purſue,
and all their Foes they ſlight;
Becauſe thy Judgments unobſerv'd
are far above their Sight.
6 They fondly think their proſp'rous State
ſhall unmoleſted be;
They think their vain Deſigns ſhall thrive,
from all Misfortunes free.

7 *Vain and deceitful* is their Speech,
with Curſes fill'd and Lies;

By which the Miſchief of their Heart
they ſtudy to diſguiſe.
8 Near publick Roads they lie conceal'd,
and all their Art employ,
The Innocent and Poor at once
to rifle and deſtroy.

9 Not Lions, couching in their Dens,
ſurpriſe their heedleſs Prey
With greater Cunning: or expreſs
more ſavage Rage than they.
10 Sometimes they act the harmleſs Man,
and modeſt Looks they wear;
That, ſo deceiv'd, the Poor may leſs
their ſudden Onſet fear.

PART II.

11 For God, they think, no Notice takes
of their unrighteous Deeds;
He never minds the ſuff'ring Poor,
nor their Oppreſſion heeds.
12 But thou, O Lord, at length ariſe;
ſtretch forth thy mighty Arm;
And, by the Greatneſs of thy Pow'r,
defend the Poor from Harm.

13 No longer let the Wicked vaunt,
and proudly boaſting ſay,
"Tuſh, God regards not what we do,
"he never will repay."
14 But ſure thou ſeeſt, and all their Deeds
impartially doſt try;
The Orphan therefore and the Poor
on thee for Aid rely.

15 Defenceleſs let the Wicked fall,
of all their Strength bereft;
Confound, O God, their dark Deſigns,
till no Remains are left.
16 Aſſert thy juſt Dominion, Lord,
which ſhall for ever ſtand;
Thou who the Heathen didſt expel
from this thy choſen Land.

17 Thou doſt the humble Suppliants hear
that to thy Throne repair;
Thou firſt prepar'ſt their Hearts to pray,
and then accept'ſt their Pray'r.
18 Thou in thy righteous Judgment weigh'ſt
the Fatherleſs and Poor;
That ſo the Tyrants of the Earth
may perſecute no more.

Pſ

Pſalm xi.

1 SINCE I have plac'd my Truſt in God,
a Refuge always nigh,
Why ſhould I, like a tim'rous Bird,
to diſtant Mountains fly?
2 Behold, the Wicked bend their Bow,
and ready fix their Dart;
Lurking in Ambuſh to deſtroy
the Man of upright Heart.

3 When once the firm Aſſurance fails
which publick Faith imparts,
'Tis Time for Innocence to fly
from ſuch deceitful Arts.
4 The Lord hath both a Temple here,
and righteous Throne above;
Where he ſurveys the Sons of Men,
and how their Counſels move.

5 If God, the Righteous, whom he loves,
for Trial does correct;
What muſt the Sons of Violence,
whom he abhors, expect?
6 Snares, Fire, and Brimſtone on their Heads
ſhall in one Tempeſt ſhow'r;
This dreadful Mixture his Revenge
into their Cup ſhall pour.

7 The righteous Lord will righteous Deeds
with ſignal Favour grace;
And to the upright Man diſcloſe
the Brightneſs of his Face.

Pſalm xii.

1 SINCE godly Men decay, O Lord,
do thou my Cauſe defend;
For ſcarce theſe wretched Times afford
one juſt and faithful Friend.
2 One Neighbour now can ſcarce believe
what t'other doth impart;
With flatt'ring Lips they all deceive,
and with a double Heart.

3 But Lips that with Deceit abound
can never proſper long;
God's righteous Vengeance will confound
the proud blaſpheming Tongue.
4 *In vain thoſe fooliſh Boaſters ſay*
" our Tongues are ſure our own;

" With

" With doubtful Words we'll ſtill betray,
" and be controul'd by none."

5 For God, who hears the ſuff'ring Poor,
and their Oppreſſion knows,
Will ſoon ariſe and give them Reſt,
in ſpite of all their Foes.
6 The Word of God ſhall ſtill abide,
and void of Falſehood be:
As is the Silver, ſev'n Times try'd,
from droſſy Mixture free.
7 The Promiſe of his aiding Grace
ſhall reach its purpos'd End;
His Servants from this faithleſs Race
he ever ſhall defend.
8 Then ſhall the Wicked be perplex'd,
nor know which Way to fly;
When thoſe whom they deſpis'd and vex'd
ſhall be advanc'd on high.

Pſalm xiii.

1 HOW long wilt thou forget me, Lord!
Muſt I for ever mourn?
How long wilt thou withdraw from me?
oh! never to return?
2 How long ſhall anxious Thoughts my Soul
and Grief my Heart oppreſs?
How long my Enemies inſult,
and I have no Redreſs?
3 O hear! and to my longing Eyes
reſtore thy wonted Light;
And ſuddenly, or I ſhall ſleep
in everlaſting Night.
4 Reſtore me, leſt they proudly boaſt
'twas their own Strength o'ercame;
Permit not them that vex my Soul
to triumph in my Shame.
5 Since I have always plac'd my Truſt
beneath thy Mercy's Wing,
Thy ſaving Health will come, and then
my Heart with Joy ſhall ſpring:
6 Then ſhall my Song, with Praiſe inſpir'd,
to thee my God aſcend;
Who to thy Servant in Diſtreſs
ſuch Bounty didſt extend.

Pſalm xiv.

1 SURE, wicked Fools muſt needs ſuppoſe
that God is nothing but a Name;

Corrupt and lewd their Practice grows,
no Breaſt is warm'd with holy Flame.

2 The Lord look'd down from Heav'n's high
and all the Sons of Men did view, (Tow'r
To ſee if any own'd his Pow'r,
if any Truth or Juſtice knew.

3 But all, he ſaw, were gone aſide,
all were degen'rate grown and baſe;
None took Religion for their Guide,
not one of all the ſinful Race.

4 But can theſe Workers of Deceit
be all ſo dull and ſenſeleſs grown;
That they, like Bread, my People eat,
and God's Almighty Pow'r diſown?

5 How will they tremble then for Fear,
when his juſt Wrath ſhall them o'ertake?
For, to the Righteous, God is near,
and never will their Cauſe forſake.

6 Ill Men in vain with Scorn expoſe
thoſe Methods which the Good purſue;
Since God a Refuge is for thoſe
whom his juſt Eyes with Favour view.

7 Would he his ſaving Pow'r employ,
to break his People's ſervile Band!
Then Shouts of univerſal Joy.
ſhould loudly eccho thro' the Land.

Pſalm xv.

1 LORD, who's the happy Man that may
to thy bleſt Courts repair?
Not Stranger-like, to viſit them,
but to inhabit there?

2 'Tis he whoſe ev'ry Thought and Deed
by Rules of Virtue moves;
Whoſe gen'rous Tongue diſdains to ſpeak
the Thing his Heart diſproves.

3 Who never did a Slander forge
his Neighbour's Fame to wound;
Nor hearken to a falſe Report,
by Malice whiſper'd round.

4 Who Vice, in all its Pomp and Pow'r,
can treat with juſt Neglect;
And Piety, tho' cloth'd in Rags,
religiouſly reſpect.

5 Who to his plighted Vows and Truſt
has ever firmly ſtood;
And tho' he promiſe to his Loſs
he makes his Promiſe good.

6 Whoſe Soul in Uſury diſdains
his Treaſure to employ;
Whom no Rewards can ever bribe,
the Guiltleſs to deſtroy.

7 The Man, who by his ſteady Courſe (ſtand.
his Happineſs enſur'd,
When Earth's Foundation ſhakes, ſhall
by Providence ſecur'd.

Pſalm xvi.

1 PRotect me from my cruel Foes,
and ſhield me, Lord, from Harm;
Becauſe my Truſt I ſtill repoſe
on thy Almighty Arm.
2 My Soul all Help but thine does ſlight,
all Gods but thee diſown;
Yet can no Deeds of mine requite
the Goodneſs thou haſt ſhown.

3 But thoſe that ſtrictly virtuous are,
and love the Thing that's right,
To favour always and prefer
ſhall be my chief Delight.
4 How ſhall their Sorrows be increas'd,
who other Gods adore?
Their bloody Off'rings I deteſt,
their very Names abhor.

5 My Lot is fall'n in that bleſt Land
where God is truly known;
He fills my Cup with lib'ral Hand;
'tis he ſupports my Throne.
6 In Nature's moſt delightful Scene
my happy Portion lies;
The Place of my appointed Reign
all other Lands out-vies.

7 Therefore my Soul ſhall bleſs the Lord,
whoſe Precepts give me Light;
And private Counſel ſtill afford
in Sorrow's diſmal Night.
8 I ſtrive each Action to approve
to his all-ſeeing Eye;
No Danger ſhall my Hopes remove,
becauſe he ſtill is nigh.

9 Therefore my Heart all Grief defies,
my Glory does rejoice;
My Fleſh ſhall reſt, in hope to riſe,
wak'd by his powerful Voice.
10 Thou, Lord, when I reſign my Breath,
my Soul from Hell ſhalt free;

Nor

18 The Wicked oft but ſtill in vain,
againſt the Juſt conſpire;
19 For under their Affliction's Weight
he keeps their Bones entire.
20 The Wicked from their wicked Arts
their Ruin ſhall derive;
Whilſt righteous Men whom they deteſt,
ſhall them and theirs ſurvive.
21 For God preſerves the Souls of thoſe
who on his Truth depend,
To them and their Poſterity
his Bleſſings ſhall deſcend.

Pſalm xxxv.

1 AGainſt all thoſe that ſtrive with me,
O Lord, aſſert my Right;
With ſuch as War unjuſtly wage
do thou my Battles fight.
2 Thy Buckler take, and bind thy Shield
upon thy warlike Arm;
Stand up, my God, in my Defence,
and keep my Soul from Harm.
3 Bring forth thy Spear, and ſtop their Courſe
that haſte my Blood to ſpill;
Say to my Soul, "I am thy Health,
"and will preſerve thee ſtill."
4 Let them with Shame be cover'd o'er
who my Deſtruction fought;
And ſuch as did my Harm deviſe
be to Confuſion brought.
5 Then ſhall they fly, diſpers'd like Chaff
before the driving Wind;
God's vengeful Miniſter of Wrath
ſhall follow cloſe behind.
6 And when, thro' dark and ſlipp'ry Ways
they ſtrive his Rage to ſhun,
His vengeful Miniſters of Wrath
ſhall goad them as they run.
7 Since unprovok'd by any Wrong
they hid their treach'rous Snare;
And for my harmleſs Soul a Pit
did without Cauſe prepare:
8 Surpriz'd by Miſchiefs unforeſeen,
by their own Arts betray'd;
Their Feet ſhall fall into the Net
which they for me had laid.
9 Whilſt my ſad Soul ſhall God's great Name
for his Deliv'rance bleſs;
And by his ſaving Health ſecur'd,
its grateful Joy expreſs.

10 My

10 My very Bones ſhall ſay, O Lord,
who can compare with thee,
Who ſett'ſt the poor and helpleſs Mind
from ſtrong Oppreſſors free?

PART II.

11 Falſe Witneſſes with forg'd Complaints,
againſt my Truth combin'd;
And to my Charge ſuch Things they laid
as I had ne'er deſign'd.
12 The Good which I to them had done
with Evil they repaid;
And. did by Malice undeſerv'd,
my harmleſs Life invade.
13 But as for me, when they were ſick
I ſtill in Sackcloth mourn'd:
I pray'd and faſted, and my Pray'r
to my own Breaſt return'd.
14 Had they my Friends or Brethren been,
I could have done no more;
Nor with more decent Signs of Grief,
a Mother's Loſs deplore.
15 How diff'rent did their Carriage prove,
in Times of my Diſtreſs?
When they, in Crowds together met,
did ſavage Joy expreſs.
The Rabble too in num'rous Throngs,
by their Examples came;
And ceas'd not with reviling Words,
to wound my ſpotleſs Fame.
16 Scoffers that noble Tables haunt,
and earn their Bread with Lies.
Did gnaſh their Teeth, and ſtand'rous Jeſts
maliciouſly deviſe.
17 But, Lord, how long wilt thou look on?
on my Behalf appear;
And ſave my guiltleſs Soul, which they
like rav'ning Beaſts would tear.

PART III.

18 So I before the liſt'ning World,
ſhall grateful Thanks expreſs;
And where the great Aſſembly meets,
thy Name with Praiſes bleſs.
19 Lord, ſuffer not my cauſeleſs Foes,
who me unjuſtly hate,
With open Joy, or ſecret Signs,
to mock my ſad Eſtate.
20 For they, with Hearts averſe from Peace,
induſtriouſly deviſe,

ft the Men of quiet Minds
orge malicious Lies.
with theſe private Arts content,
id they vent their Spite;
ay, "At laſt we found him out,
s did it in our Sight."

hou, who doſt both them and me
righteous Eyes ſurvey,
my Innocence, O Lord,
keep not far away.
up thyſelf, in my Behalf
Judgment, Lord, awake;
ighteous Servant's Cauſe, O God,
thy Deciſion take.

d, as my Heart has upright been,
me thy Juſtice find;
let my cruel Foes obtain
Triumph they deſign'd.
t them not amongſt themſelves,
boaſting Language ſay,
length our Wiſhes are compleat,
at laſt he's made our Prey."

ſuch as in my Harm rejoic'd
r Shame their Faces hide;
foul Diſhonour wait on thoſe
at proudly me defy'd:
ilſt they with chearful Voices ſhout,
ho my juſt Cauſe befriend;
bleſs the Lord, who loves to make
ceſs his Saints attend.

hall my Tongue thy Judgments ſing,
ſpir'd with grateful Joy;
chearful Hymns, in Praiſe of thee,
ll all my Days employ.

Pſalm xxxvi.

Y crafty Foe, with flatt'ring Art,
his wicked Purpoſe would diſguiſe;
Reaſon whiſpers to my Heart,
Fear of God's before his Eyes.
oothes himſelf, retir'd from Sight,
ure he thinks his treach'rous Game;
his dark Plots, expos'd to Light,
eir falſe Contriver brand with Shame.

eeds he is my Foe confeſs'd,
hilſt with his Tongue he ſpeaks me fair:
e Wiſdom's baniſh'd from his Breaſt,
d Vice has ſole Dominion there.
wakeful Malice ſpends the Night
forging his accurſt Deſigns;

His obſtinate ungen'rous Spite,
no execrable Means declines.

5 But, Lord, thy Mercy, my ſure H
the higheſt Orb of Heav'n tranſc
Thy ſacred Truth's unmeaſur'd Sc
beyond the ſpreading Skies exten
6 Thy Juſtice like the Hills remains
unfathom'd Depths thy Judgmen
Thy Providence the World ſuſtains
the whole Creation is thy Care.
7 Since of thy Goodneſs all partake,
with what Aſſurance ſhould the
Thy ſhelt'ring Wings their Refuge
and Saints to thy Protection truſt
8 Such Gueſts ſhall to thy Courts be k
to banquet on thy Love's Repaſt.
And drink, as from a Fountain's H
of Joys that ſhall for ever laſt.
9 With thee the Springs of Life remai
thy Preſence is eternal Day;
10 O let thy Saints thy Favour gain;
to upright Hearts thy Truth diſpl
11 Whilſt Pride's inſulting Foot would
and wicked Hand my Life ſurpriz
12 Their Miſchiefs on themſelves retur
down, down they're fall'n, no

Pſalm xxxvii.

1 THO' wicked Men grow rich or g
Yet let not their ſucceſsful State
Thy Anger or thy Envy raiſe:
2 For they cut down like tender Graſ
Or like young Flow'rs away ſhall p
Whoſe blooming Beauty ſoon deca
3 Depend on God, and him obey,
So thou within the Land ſhalt ſtay,
Secure from Danger, and from Wa
4 Make his Commands thy chief Delig
And he, thy Duty to requite,
Shall all thy earneſt Wiſhes grant.
5 In all thy Ways truſt thou the Lord,
And he will needful Help afford,
To perfect ev'ry juſt Deſign:
6 He'll make, like Light ſerene and cle
Thy clouded Innocence appear,
and as a Mid-day Sun to ſhine.
7 With quiet Mind on God depend,
And patiently for him attend;

'or let thy Anger fondly riſe,
' wicked Men with Wealth abound,
l with Succeſs the Plots are crown'd,
Vhich they malicioufly deviſe.

n Anger ceaſe, and Wrath forſake,
no ungovern'd Paſſion make
hy wav'ring Heart eſpouſe their Crime;
God ſhall ſinful Men deſtroy,
ilſt only they the Land enjoy,
Vho truſt on him, and wait his Time.

ow ſoon ſhall wicked Men decay!
ir Place ſhall vaniſh quite away.
for by the ſtricteſt ſearch be found:
hilſt humble Souls poſſeſs the Earth,
oicing ſtill with godly Mirth,
Vith Peace and Plenty always crown'd.

PART II.

Vhile ſinful Crowds with falſe Deſign
inſt the righteous Few combine, (ſtand;
ind gnaſh their Teeth and threat'ning
od ſhall their empty Plots deride,
d laugh at their defeated Pride;
le ſees their Ruin near at Hand.

hey draw the Sword, and bend the Bow,
e Poor and Needy to o'erthrow,
ind Men of upright Lives to ſlay:
it their ſtrong Bows ſhall ſoon be broke,
eir ſharpen'd Weapon's mortal Stroke
Thro' their own Hearts ſhall force its Way.

little, with God's Favour bleſt,
at's by one righteous Man poſſeſt,
The Wealth of many bad excels:
or God ſupports the juſt Man's Cauſe,
t as for thoſe that break his Laws,
Their unſucceſsful Pow'r he quells.

in conſtant Care the Upright guides,
ll over all their Life preſides,
Their Portion ſhall for ever laſt:
hey, when Diſtreſs o'erwhelms the Earth,
all be unmov'd, and ev'n in Dearth
The happy Fruits of Plenty taſte.

lot ſo the wicked Men, and thoſe
ho proudly dare God's Will oppoſe;
Deſtruction is their hapleſs Share:
ke Fat of *Lambs*, *their* Hopes and they
all in an Inſtant melt away,
and vaniſh into Smoke and Air.

PART III.

21 While Sinners brought to ſad Decay,
Still borrow on, and never pay,
The Juſt have Will and Pow'r to give!
22 For ſuch as God vouchſafes to bleſs,
Shall peaceably the Earth poſſeſs,
And thoſe he curſes ſhall not live.
23 The good Man's Way is God's Delight,
He orders all the Steps aright
Of him that moves by his Command;
24 Tho' he ſometimes may be diſtreſs'd,
Yet he ſhall ne'er be quite oppreſs'd,
For God upholds him with his Hand.
25 From my firſt Youth till Age prevail'd,
I never ſaw the Righteous fail'd,
Or Want o'ertake his num'rous Race;
26 Becauſe Compaſſion fill'd his Heart,
And he did chearfully impart,
God made his Off-ſpring's Wealth increaſe.
27 With Caution ſhun each wicked Deed,
In Virtue's Ways with Zeal proceed,
And ſo prolong your happy Days:
28 For God, who Judgment loves, does ſtill
Preſerve his Saints ſecure from Ill,
While ſoon the wicked Race decays.
29, 30, 31 The Upright ſhall poſſeſs the Land
His Portion ſhall for Ages ſtand;
His Mouth with Wiſdom is ſupply'd,
His Tongue by Rules of Judgment move
His Heart the Law of God approves,
Therefore his Footſteps never ſlide.

PART IV.

32 In wait the watchful Sinner lies
In vain, the Righteous to ſurprize;
In vain his Ruin does decree;
33 God will not him defenceleſs leave,
To his Revenge expos'd, but ſave,
And when he's ſentenc'd, ſet him free
34 Wait ſtill on God, keep his Command,
And thou exalted in the Land,
Thy bleſt Poſſeſſion ne'er ſhalt quit,
The Wicked ſoon deſtroy'd ſhall be,
And at his diſmal Tragedy
Thou ſhalt a ſafe Spectator ſit.
35 The Wicked I in Pow'r have ſeen,
And like a Bay-tree freſh and green,
That ſpreads its pleaſant Branches ro

16 But he was gone as ſwift as Thought,
And tho' in ev'ry Place I ſought,
No Sign or Track of him I found.

17 Obſerve the perfect Man with Care,
And mark all ſuch as upright are;
Their roughest Days in Peace ſhall end:

18 While on the latter End of thoſe
Who dare God's ſacred Will oppoſe,
A common Ruin ſhall attend.

19 God to the Juſt will Aid afford,
Their only Safe-guard is the Lord,
Their Strength in Time of Need is he;

20 Becauſe on him they ſtill depend,
The Lord will timely Succour ſend,
And from the Wicked ſet them free.

Pſalm xxxviii.

1 THY chaſt'ning Wrath O Lord, reſtrain,
tho' I deſerve it all;
Nor let at once on me the Storm
of thy Diſpleaſure fall.

2 In ev'ry wretched Part of me
thy Arrows deep remain;
Thy heavy Hand's afflicting Weight
I can no more ſuſtain.

3 My Fleſh is one continu'd Wound,
thy Wrath ſo fiercely glows;
Betwixt my Puniſhment and Guilt
my Bones have no Repoſe.

4 My Sins, which to a Deluge ſwell,
my ſinking Head o'er-flow,
And for my feeble Strength to bear
too vaſt a Burthen grow.

5 Stench and Corruption fill my Wounds,
my Folly's juſt Return;

6 With Trouble I am warp'd and bow'd,
and all Day long I mourn.

7 A loath'd Diſeaſe afflicts my Loins,
infecting ev'ry Part;

8 With Sickneſs worn, I groan and roar
thro' Anguiſh of my Heart.

PART II.

9 But, Lord, before thy ſearching Eyes
all my Deſires appear;
And ſure my Groans have been too loud,
not to have reach'd thine Ear.

10 My Heart's oppreſt, my Strength decay'd,
my Eyes depriv'd of Light:

11 Friends, *Lovers*, *Kinſmen* gaze aloof
on ſuch a diſmal Sight.

12 Mean while the Foes that ſeek my Life
their Snares to take me ſet;
Vent Slanders and contrive all Day.
to forge ſome new Deceit.
13 But I, as if both deaf and dumb,
nor heard, nor once reply'd:
14 Quite deaf and dumb, like one whoſe Tongue
with conſcious Guilt is ty'd.
15 For, Lord, to thee I do appeal
my Innocence to clear;
Aſſur'd that thou, the righteous God,
my injur'd Cauſe wilt hear.
16 "Hear me, ſaid I, leſt my proud Foes
"a ſpiteful Joy diſplay,
"Inſulting if they ſee my Foot,
"but once to go aſtray."
17 And, with continual Grief oppreſt,
to ſink I now begin:
18 To thee, O Lord, I will confeſs,
to thee bewail my Sin.
19 But whilſt I languiſh, my proud Foes
their Strength and Vigour boaſt;
And they who hate me without Cauſe,
are grown a dreadful Hoſt.
20 Ev'n they, whom I obliig'd, return
my Kindneſs with Deſpite;
And are my Enemies, becauſe
I chooſe the Path that's right.
21 Forſake me not, O Lord, my God,
nor far from me depart;
22 Make haſte to my Relief, O thou,
who my Salvation art.

Pſalm xxxix.

1 RESOLV'D to watch o'er all my Ways,
I kept my Tongue in Awe;
I curb'd my haſty Words when I
the proſp'rous Wicked ſaw.
2 Like one that's dumb I ſilent ſtood,
and did my Tongue refrain
From good Diſcourſe; but that reſtrain
increas'd my inward Pain.
3 My Heart did glow, which working Thou
did hot and reſtleſs make.
And warm Reflections fann'd the Fire,
till thus at length I ſpake:
4 Lord, let me know my Term of Days,
how ſoon my Life will end;
The num'rous Train of Ills diſcloſe
which this frail State attend.

fe, thou know'ſt is but a Span,
pher ſums my Years;
r'ry Man, in beſt Eſtate,
Vanity appears.
like a Shadow, vainly walks,
ı fruitleſs Cares oppreſs'd;
aps up Wealth, but cannot tell
vhom 'twill be poſſeſs'd.

hen ſhould I on worthleſs Toys
ı anxious Care attend?
ee alone my ſtedfaſt Hope
l ever, Lord, depend.
give my Sins, nor let me ſcorn'd
oolifh Sinners be;
was dumb and murmur'd not,
uſe 'twas done by thee.

lreadful Burthen of thy Wrath
lercy ſoon remove;
ıy frail Fleſh too weak to bear.
heavy Load ſhould prove.
vhen thou chaſt'neſt Man for Sin,
ı mak'ſt his Beauty fade,
ıin a Thing is he') like Cloth
retting Moths decay'd.

hear my Cry, accept my Tears,
liſten to my Pray'r;
ſojourn like a Stranger here,
ll my Fathers were.
are me yet a little Time,
waſted Strength reſtore;
I vaniſh quite from hence,
ſhall be ſeen no more.

Pſalm xl.

ited meekly for the Lord.
ll he vouchſaf'd a kind Reply;
did his gracious Ear afford,
heard from Heav'n my humble Cry.
ok me from the diſmal Pit,
en founder'd deep in miry Clay;
lid Ground he plac'd my Feet,
ſuffer'd not my Steps to ſtray.

Vonders he for me has wrought
l fill my Mouth with Songs of Praiſe;
ıthers, to his Worſhip brought,
Hopes of like Deliv'rance raiſe.
eſſings ſhall that Man reward
on th' Almighty Lord relies;

12 Thy tender Care ſecures my Life
from Danger and Diſgrace;
And thou vouchſaf'ſt to ſet me ſtill
before thy glorious Face.
13 Let therefore Iſr'el's Lord and God
from Age to Age be bleſs'd;
And all the People's glad Applauſe
with loud Amens expreſs'd.

Pſalm xlii.

1 AS pants the Hart for cooling Stream
when heated in the Chace,
So longs my Soul, O God, for thee
and thy refreſhing Grace.
2 For thee, my God, the living God,
my thirſty Soul doth pine;
O when ſhall I behold thy Face,
thou Majeſty divine!
3 Tears are my conſtant Food, while th
inſulting Foes upbraid,
"Deluded Wretch, where's now thy
"and where his promis'd Aid?"
4 I ſigh when-e'er my muſing Thought
thoſe happy Days preſent,
When I with Troops of pious Friends
thy Temple did frequent.
When I advanc'd with Songs of Praiſ
my ſolemn Vows to pay,
And led the joyful ſacred Throng
that kept the Feſtal Day.
5 Why reſtleſs, why caſt down my Soul
truſt God, and he'll employ
His Aid for thee; and change theſe Si
to thankful Hymns of Joy.
6 My Soul's caſt down, O God, but thi
on thee and Sion ſtill;
From Jordan's Bank, from Hermon's Hi
and Miſſar's humbler Hill.
7 One Trouble calls another on,
and burſting o'er my Head,
Fall ſpouting down, till round my Sou
a roaring Sea is ſpread.
8 But when thy Preſence, Lord of Life,
has once diſpell'd this Storm,
To thee I'll Midnight Anthems ſing,
and all my Vows perform.
9 God of my Strength, how long ſhall
like one forgotten mourn?
Forlorn, forſaken, and expos'd
to my Oppreſſor's Scorn.

10 My Heart is pierc'd, as with a Sword,
whilſt thus my Foes upbraid,
"Vain Boaſter where is now thy God?
"and where his promis'd Aid?"
11 Why reſtleſs, why caſt down my Soul?
hope ſtill, and thou ſhalt ſing
The Praiſe of him who is thy God,
thy Health's eternal Spring.

Pſalm xliii.

1 JUST Judge of Heav'n, againſt my Foes
do thou aſſert my injur'd Right;
O ſet me free, my God, from thoſe
that in Deceit and Wrong delight.
2 Since thou art ſtill my only Stay,
why leav'ſt thou me in deep Diſtreſs?
Why go I mourning all the Day,
whilſt me inſulting Foes oppreſs?
3 Let me with Light and Truth be bleſt,
be theſe my Guides and lead the Way;
Till on thy holy Hill I reſt,
and in thy ſacred Temple pray.
4 Then will I there freſh Altars raiſe
to God, who is my only Joy;
And well-tun'd Harps with Songs of Praiſe
ſhall all my grateful Hours employ.
5 Why then caſt down my Soul, and why
ſo much oppreſt with anxious Care?
On God, thy God, for Aid rely,
who will thy ruin'd State repair.

Pſalm xliv.

1 O Lord, our Fathers oft have told
in our attentive Ears,
Thy Wonders in their Days perform'd,
and elder Times than theirs:
2 How thou, to plant them here, didſt drive
the Heathen from this Land;
Diſpeopled by repeated Strokes
of thy avenging Hand.
3 For, not their Courage, nor their Sword,
to them Poſſeſſion gave,
Nor Strength, that from unequal Force
their fainting Troops could ſave;
But thy Right-hand and pow'rful Arm,
whoſe Succour they implor'd,
Thy Preſence with the choſen Race,
who thy great Name ador'd.
4 *And thee their God our Fathers own'd,*
thou art our Sov'reign King;

O there-

O therefore, as thou didſt
to us Deliv'rance bring
5 Thro' thy victorious Nam
the proudeſt Foes ſhall
And cruſh 'em with repea
as oft as they rebel.
6 I'll neither truſt my Bow
when I in Fight engage;
7 But thee, who haſt our Foe
and ſham'd their ſpiteful F
8 To thee the Triumph we aſc
from whom the Conqueſt
In God we will rejoice all Da
and ever bleſs his Name.

PART II.

9 But thou haſt caſt us off, and
moſt ſhamefully we yield;
For thou no more vouchſaf'ſt t
our Armies to the Field.
10 Since when, to ev'ry upſtart F
we turn our Backs in Fight;
And with our Spoil their Malice
who bear us ancient Spite.
11 To Slaughter doom'd, we fall lil
into their butch'ring Hands;
Or (what's more wretched yet) ſu
diſperſt thro' Heathen Lands.
12 Thy People thou haſt ſold for Slav
and ſet their Price ſo low,
That not thy Treaſure by the Sale,
but their Diſgrace might grow.
13, 14 Reproach'd by all the Nations
the Heathen's By-word grown,
Whoſe Scorn of us is both in Speech
and mocking Geſtures ſhown.
15 Confuſion ſtrikes me blind, my Face
in conſcious Shame I hide,
16 While we are ſcoff'd, and God blaſph
by their licentious Pride.

PART III.

17 On us this Heap of Woes is fall'n,
all this we have endur'd;
Yet have not, Lord, renounc'd thy Nam
or Faith to thee abjur'd.
18 But in thy righteous Paths have kept
our Hearts and Steps with Care;
19 Tho' thou haſt broken all our Strength,
and we almoſt deſpair.

20 Co

ld we, forgetting thy great Name,
other Gods rely,
not the Searcher of all Hearts
treach'rous Crime deſcry ?
u ſee'ſt what ſuff'rings for thy Sake,
ev'ry Day ſuſtain ;
aughter'd, or reſerv'd like Sheep
ointed to be ſlain.

ike, ariſe ; let ſeeming Sleep
longer thee detain ;
et us, Lord, who ſue to thee,
ever ſue in vain.
herefore hideſt thou thy Face
n our afflicted State ?
ſe Souls and Bodies ſink to Earth,
h Grief's oppreſſive Weight.

, O Lord, and timely Haſte
our Deliv'rance make ;
em us, Lord,----if not for ours,
for thy Mercy's Sake.

Pſalm xlv.

lile I the King's loud Praiſe rehearſe,
indited by my Heart,
ongue is like the Pen of him
t writes with ready Art.
matchleſs is thy Form, O King !
Mouth with Grace o'erflows ;
ſe freſh Bleſſings God on thee
nally beſtows.

on thy Sword, moſt mighty Prince,
clad in rich Array,
glorious Ornaments of Pow'r
eſtick Pomp diſplay.
on in State, and ſtill protect
Meek, the Juſt, and True ;
t thy Right-hand with ſwift Revenge
s all thy Foes purſue.

ſharp thy Weapons are to them
dare thy Pow'r oppoſe !
, down they fall, while thro' their
feather'd Arrow goes. (Heart
ıy firm Throne, O God, is fix'd
ever to endure ;
cepter's Sway ſhall always laſt,
ighteous Laws ſecure.

ſe thy Heart, by Juſtice led,
upright Ways approve,
ated ſtill the crooked Paths
e wand'ring Sinners rove.

Therefore

Therefore did God, thy God, on th
the Oil of Gladneſs ſhed;
And has above thy Fellows round
advanc'd thy lofty Head.
8 With Caſſia, Aloes and Myrrh
thy Royal Robes abound;
Which from the ſtately Wardrobe bro
ſpread grateful Odours round.
9 Among the honourable Train
did Princely Virgins wait.
The Queen was plac'd at thy Right-ha
in Golden Robes of State.

PART II.

10 But thou, O Royal Bride, give ear,
and to my Words attend;
Forget thy native Country now,
and ev'ry former Friend.
11 So ſhall thy Beauty charm the King,
nor ſhall his Love decay;
For he is now become thy Lord,
to him due Rev'rence pay.
12 The Tyrian Matrons rich and proud
ſhall humble Preſents make;
And all the wealthy Nations ſue
thy Favour to partake.
13 The King's fair Daughter's beauteous Soul
all inward Graces fill;
Her Raiment is of pureſt Gold,
adorn'd with coſtly Skill.
14 She, in her Nuptial Garment dreſs'd,
with Needles richly wrought,
Attended by her Virgin Train,
ſhall to the King be brought.
15 With all the State of ſolemn Joy
the Triumph moves along,
Till with wide Gates the Royal Court
receives the pompous Throng.
16 Thou, in thy Royal Father's Room,
muſt princely Sons expect;
Whom thou to diff'rent Realms may'ſt ſend
to govern and protect.
17 Whilſt this my Song to future Times
tranſmits thy glorious Name;
And makes the World, with one Conſent,
thy laſting Praiſe proclaim.

Pſalm xlvi.

1 GOD is our Refuge in Diſtreſs,
A preſent Help when Dangers preſs;
In him undaunted we'll confide;

2, 3 Tho'

2, 3 Tho' Earth were from her Center toſt,
And Mountains in the Ocean loſt,
Torn Piece-meal by the roaring Tide.
4 A gentler Stream with Gladneſs ſtill
The City of our Lord ſhall fill,
The Royal Seat of God moſt high:
5 God dwells in Sion, whoſe fair Tow'rs
Shall mock th' Aſſaults of earthly Pow'rs,
While his Almighty Aid is nigh.
6 In Tumults when the Heathen rag'd,
And Kingdoms War againſt us wag'd,
He thunder'd and diſpers'd their Pow'rs:
7 The Lord of Hoſts conducts our Arms,
Our Tow'r of Refuge in Alarms.
Our Fathers Guardian-God and ours.
8 Come, ſee the Wonders he hath wrought,
On Earth what Deſolation brought,
9 How he has calm'd the jarring World:
He broke the warlike Spear and Bow;
With them their thund'ring Chariots too
Into devouring Flames were hurl'd.
10 Submit to God's Almighty Sway,
For him the Heathen ſhall obey,
And Earth her Sov'reign Lord confeſs.
11 The God of Hoſts conducts our Arms,
Our Tow'r of Refuge in Alarms,
As to our Fathers in Diſtreſs.

Pſalm xlvii.

1, 2 O ALL ye People clap your Hands,
and with triumphant Voices ſing;
No Force the mighty Pow'r withſtands,
of God, the univerſal King.
3, 4 He ſhall oppoſing Nations quell,
and with Succeſs our Battles fight;
Shall fix the Place where we muſt dwell,
the Pride of Jacob, his Delight.
5, 6 God is gone up, our Lord and King,
with Shouts of Joy and Trumpet's Sound;
To him repeated Praiſes ſing,
and let the chearful Song go round.
7, 8 Your utmoſt Skill in Praiſe be ſhown,
for him who all the World commands;
Who ſits upon his righteous Throne,
and ſpreads his Sway o'er Heathen Lands.
9 Our Chiefs and Tribes, that far from hence
t'adore the God of Ab'ram came
Found him their conſtant ſure Defence.
How great and glorious is his Name!

Pſalm

Psalm xlviii.

1 THE Lord, the only God, is
and greatly to be prais'd;
In Sion on whole happy Mount
his sacred Throne is rais'd.
2 Her Tow'rs the Joy of all the Eart
with beauteous Prospect rise:
On her North-Side th' Almighty Ki
Imperial City lies.
3 God in her Palaces is known,
his Presence is her Guard.
4 Confed'rate Kings withdrew their Sie
and of Success despair'd.
5 They view'd her Walls, admir'd and t
with Grief and Terror struck.
6 Like Women whom the sudden Pangs
of Travail had o'ertook.
7 No wretched Crew of Mariners
appear like them forlorn,
When Fleets from Tarshish wealthy Coast
by Eastern Winds are torn.
8 In Sion we have seen perform'd
a Work that was foretold,
In Pledge that God, for Times to come,
his City will uphold.
9 Not in our Fortresses and Walls,
did we, O God confide,
But on the Temple fix'd our Hopes
in which thou dost reside.
10 According to thy Sov'reign Name,
thy Praise thro' Earth extends;
Thy pow'rful Arm, as Justice guides,
chastises or defends.
11 Let Sion's Mount with Joy resound,
her Daughters all be taught
In Songs his Judgments to extol,
who this Deliv'rance wrought.
12 Compass her Walls in solemn Pomp,
your Eyes quite round her cast,
Count all her Tow'rs, and see if there
you find one Stone displac'd.
13 Her Forts and Palaces survey,
observe their Order well;
That, with Assurance, to your Heirs,
this Wonder you may tell.
This God is ours, and will be ours,
whilst we in him confide;
Who, as he has preserv'd us now,
'till Death will be our Guide.

Psalm

Pſalm xlix.

1, 2 LET all the liſt'ning World attend,
and my Inſtructions hear;
Let High and Low, and Rich and Poor,
with joint Conſent give Ear.
My Mouth with ſacred Wiſdom fill'd,
ſhall good Advice impart,
The ſound Reſult of prudent Thoughts,
digeſted in my Heart.

4 To Parables of weighty Senſe,
I will my Ear incline;
Whilſt to my tuneful Harp I ſing
dark Words of deep Deſign.

5 Why ſhould my Courage fail in Times
of Danger and of Doubt?
When Sinners that would me ſupplant
have compaſs'd me about?

6 Thoſe Men that all their Hope and Truſt
in Heaps of Treaſure place,
And boaſt in Triumph when they ſee
their ill-got Wealth increaſe,

7 Are yet unable from the Grave
their deareſt Friend to free;
Nor can by Force of coſtly Bribes
reverſe God's firm Decree.

8, 9 Their vain Endeavours they muſt quit,
the Price is held too high;
No Sums can purchaſe ſuch a Grant,
that Man ſhould never die.

10 Nor Wiſdom can the Wiſe exempt,
Nor Fools their Folly ſave;
But both muſt periſh, and in Death
their Wealth to others leave

11 For tho' they think their ſtately Seats
ſhall ne'er to Ruin fall,
But their Remembrances laſt, in Lands
which by their Names they call;

12 Yet ſhall their Fame be ſoon forgot,
how great ſoe'er their State;
With Beaſts their Memory and they
ſhall ſhare one common Fate.

PART II.

13 How great their Folly is, who thus
abſurd Concluſions make!
And yet their Children unreclaim'd,
repeat the groſs Miſtake.

14 *They all, like Sheep* to Slaughter led,
the Prey of Death are made;

Their

23 Who praiſes me due Honour gives;
And to the Man that juſtly lives
My ſtrong Salvation ſhall be ſhown.

Pſalm li.

1 HAVE Mercy, Lord, on me,
as thou wert ever Kind;
Let me, oppreſt with Loads of Guilt,
thy wonted Mercy find
2, 3 Waſh off my foul Offence,
and cleanſe me from my Sin;
For I confeſs my Crime, and ſee
how great my Guilt has been.
4 Againſt thee, Lord, alone,
and only in thy Sight,
Have I tranſgreſs'd, and tho' condemn'd,
muſt own thy Judgments right.
5 In Guilt each Part was form'd
of all this ſinful Frame;
In Guilt I was conceiv'd, and born
the Heir of Sin and Shame.
6 Yet thou, whoſe ſearching Eye
does inward Truth require,
In ſecret didſt with Wiſdom's Laws,
my tender Soul inſpire.
7 With Hyſſop purge me Lord,
and ſo I clean ſhall be:
I ſhall with Snow in whiteneſs vie,
when purify'd by thee.
8 Make me to hear with Joy,
thy kind forgiving Voice,
That ſo the Bones which thou haſt broke,
may with freſh Strength rejoice.
9, 10 Blot out my crying Sins,
nor me in Anger view;
Create in me a Heart that's clean,
an upright Mind renew.

PART II.

11 Withdraw not thou thy Help,
nor caſt me from thy Sight;
Nor let thy holy Spirit take
its everlaſting Flight.
12 The Joy thy Favour gives
let me again obtain;
And thy free Spirit's firm Support
my fainting Soul ſuſtain.
13 So I thy righteous Ways
to Sinners will impart,
Whilſt my Advice ſhall wicked Men
to thy juſt Laws convert.

14 My Guilt of Blood remove,
my Saviour and my God;
And my glad Tongue ſhall loudly tell
thy righteous Acts abroad.
15 Do thou unlock my Lips,
with Sorrow clos'd and Shame;
So ſhall my Mouth thy wond'rous Praiſe
to all the World proclaim.
16 Could Sacrifice atone,
whole Flocks and Herds ſhould die;
But on ſuch Off'rings thou diſdain'ſt
to caſt a gracious Eye.
17 A broken Spirit is
by God moſt highly priz'd;
By him a broken contrite Heart
ſhall never be deſpis'd.
18 Let Sion Favour find
of thy good Will aſſur'd;
And thy own City flouriſh long,
by lofty Walls ſecur'd.
19 The Juſt ſhall then attend,
and pleaſing Tribute pay;
And Sacrifice of choiceſt Kind
upon thy Altar lay.

Pſalm lii.

1 IN vain, O Man of lawleſs Might,
thou boaſt'ſt thyſelf in Ill;
Since God, the God in whom I truſt,
vouchſafes his Favour ſtill.
2 Thy wicked Tongue doth ſland'rous Tales
maliciouſly deviſe;
And ſharper than a Razor ſet,
it wounds with treach'rous Lies.
3, 4 Thy Thoughts are more on Ill than Good,
on Lies than Truth employ'd;
Thy Tongue delights in Words, by which
the Guiltleſs are deſtroy'd.
5 God ſhall for ever blaſt thy Hopes,
and ſnatch thee ſoon away;
Nor in thy Dwelling-place permit,
nor in the World to ſtay.
6 The Juſt, with pious Fear ſhall ſee
the Downfal of thy Pride;
And at thy ſudden Ruin laugh,
and thus thy Fall deride:
7 "See there the Man that haughty was,
"who proudly God defy'd,
"*Who truſted in his* Wealth, and ſtill
"*on wicked* Arts rely'd."

8 But

8 But I am like thoſe Olive-Plants,
that ſhade God's Temple round
And hope with his indulging Grac
to be for ever crown'd.
9 So ſhall my Soul with Praiſe O Go
extol thy wond'rous Love;
And on thy Name with Patience wa
for this thy Saints approve.

Pſalm liii.

1 THE wicked Fools muſt ſure ſupp
that God is but a Name;
This groſs Miſtake their Practice ſhow
ſince Virtue all diſclaim.
2 The Lord look'd down from Heav'n's (T
the Sons of Men to view;
To ſee if any own'd his Pow'r,
or Truth or Juſtice knew.
3 But all, he ſaw, were backwards gone,
degen'rate grown and baſe;
None for Religion car'd not one
of all the ſinful Race.
4 But are thoſe Workers of Deceit
ſo dull and ſenſeleſs grown,
That they like Bread my People eat,
and God's juſt Pow'r diſown?
5 Their cauſeleſs Fear ſhall ſtrangely grow;
and they, deſpis'd of God,
Shall ſoon be foil'd; his Hand ſhall throw
their ſhatter'd Bones abroad.
6 Wou'd he his ſaving Pow'r employ;
to break his ſervile Band,
Loud Shouts of univerſal Joy
ſhou'd eccho thro' the Land.

Pſalm liv.

1, 2 LORD, ſave me, for thy glorious Name,
and in thy Strength appear
To judge my Cauſe accept my Pray'r,
and to my Words give Ear.
3 Mere Strangers, whom I never wrong'd,
to ruin me deſign'd;
And cruel Men, that fear no God,
againſt my Soul combin'd.
4, 5 But God takes Part with all my Friends,
and he's the ſureſt Guard;
The God of Truth ſhall give my Foes
their Falſehood's juſt Reward;
6 While I my grateful Off'rings bring,
and ſacrifice with Joy;

And in his Praiſe my Time to come
delightfully employ.

7 From dreadful Danger and Diſtreſs
the Lord hath ſet me free;
Thro' him ſhall I of all my Foes
the juſt Deſtruction ſee.

Pſalm lv.

1 GIVE ear, thou Judge of all the Earth,
and liſten when I pray;
Nor from thy humble Suppliant turn
thy glorious Face away.

2 Attend to this my ſad Complaint,
and hear my grievous Moans;
Whilſt I my mournful Caſe declare
with artleſs Sighs and Groans.

3 Hark! how the Foe inſults aloud,
how fierce Oppreſſors rage!
Who ſland'rous Tongues with wrathful Hate
againſt my Fame engage

4, 5 My Heart is rack'd with Pain, my Soul
with deadly Frights diſtreſt;
With Fear and Trembling compaſs'd round
with Horror quite oppreſt

6 How often wiſh'd I then, that I
the Dove's ſwift Wings could get;
That I might take my ſpeedy Flight,
and ſeek a ſafe Retreat!

7, 8 Then would I wander far from hence,
and in wild Deſarts ſtray.
Till all this furious Storm were ſpent,
this Tempeſt paſt away.

PART II.

9 Deſtroy, O Lord their ill Deſigns,
their Counſels ſoon divide;
For, thro' the City my griev'd Eyes
have Striſe and Rapine ſpy'd.

10 By Day and Night on ev'ry Wall
they walk'd their conſtant Round;
And in the midſt of all her Strength,
are Grief and Miſchief found.

11 Whoe'er thro' ev'ry Part ſhall roam,
will freſh Diſorders meet:
Deceit and Guile their conſtant Poſts
maintain in ev'ry Street

12 For 'twas not any open Foe
that falſe Reflections made;
For then I could with Eaſe have borne
the worſt things he ſaid;

'Twas

'Twas none who Hatred had profeſt,
that did againſt me riſe;
For then I had withdrawn myſelf
from his malicious Eyes. (Fri
13, 14 But 'twas ev'n thou, my Guide,
whom tend'reſt Love did join;
Whoſe ſweet Advice I valu'd moſt,
whoſe Pray'rs were mixt with mine.
15 Sure, Vengeance equal to their Crime
ſuch Traitors muſt ſurprize;
And ſudden Death requite thoſe Ills
they wickedly deviſe!
16, 17 But I will call on God, who ſtill
ſhall in my Aid appear;
At Morn, and Noon, and Night I'll pra
and he my Voice ſhall hear.

PART III.

18 God has releas'd my Soul from thoſe
that did with me contend;
And made a num'rous Hoſt of Friends
my righteous Cauſe defend.
19 For he who was my Help of old,
ſhall now his Suppliant hear;
And puniſh them whoſe proſp'rous Sta
makes them no God to fear.
20 Whom can I truſt, if faithleſs Men
perfidiouſly deviſe
To ruin me, their peaceful Friend,
and break the ſtrongeſt Ties?
21 Tho' ſoft and melting are their Words
their Hearts with War abound;
Their Speeches are more ſmooth than O
and yet like Swords they wound.
22 Do thou, my Soul, on God depend,
and he ſhall thee ſuſtain;
He aids the Juſt, whom to ſupplant
the Wicked ſtrive in vain.
23 My Foes, that trade in Lies and Blood
ſhall all untimely die;
Whilſt I for Health and Length of Day
on thee, my God, rely.

Pſalm lvi.

1 DO thou, O God, in Mercy help,
for Man my Life purſues;
To cruſh me with repeated Wrongs,
he daily Strife renews.
2 Continually my ſpiteful Foes
to ruin me combine;

Thou see'ſt who ſit'ſt enthron'd on high,
what mighty Numbers join.
But, tho' ſometimes ſurpriz'd by Fear,
(on Danger's firſt Alarm)
Yet ſtill for Succour I depend
on thy Almighty Arm.
God's faithful Promiſe I ſhall praiſe,
on which I now rely:
In God I truſt, and truſting him,
the Arm of Fleſh defy.
They wreſt my Words, and make 'em
a Senſe they never meant: (ſpeak
Their Thoughts are all, with reſtleſs ſpite,
on my Deſtruction bent.
In cloſe Aſſemblies they combine,
and wicked Projects lay:
They watch my Steps, and lie in wait,
to make my Soul their Prey.
Shall ſuch Injuſtice ſtill eſcape?
O righteous God, ariſe;
Let thy juſt Wrath (too long provok'd)
this impious Race chaſtiſe.
Thou numb'reſt all my wand'ring Steps
ſince firſt compell'd to flee:
My very Tears are treaſur'd up,
and regiſter'd by thee.
When therefore I invoke thy Aid,
my Foes ſhall be o'erthrown;
For I am well aſſur'd that God
my righteous Cauſe will own.
I'll truſt God's Word, and ſo deſpiſe
the Force that Man can raiſe:
To thee, O God, my Vows are due,
to thee I'll render Praiſe:
Thou haſt retriev'd my Soul from Death;
and thou wilt ſtill ſecure
The Life thou haſt ſo oft preſerv'd,
and make my Footſteps ſure;
That thus protected by thy Pow'r,
I may this Light enjoy,
And in the Service of my God
my length'ned Days employ.

Pſalm lvii.

THY Mercy, Lord, to me extend,
On thy Protection I depend;
And to thy Wing for Shelter haſte,
Till this outrageous Storm is paſt.
To thy Tribunal. Lord, I'd fly,
Thou Sov'reign Judge, and God moſt high;

Who Wonders haſt for me begun,
And wilt not leave thy Work undone
3 From Heav'n protect me by thine Ar
And ſhame all thoſe who ſeek my Ha
To my Relief thy Mercy ſend,
And Truth, on which my Hopes dep
4 For I with ſavage Men converſe,
Like hungry Lions wild and fierce, (
With Men whoſe Teeth are Spears,
Invenom'd Darts and two-edg'd Swo
5 Be thou, O God, exalted high;
And as thy Glory fills the Sky,
So let it be on Earth diſplay'd,
Till thou art here, as there obey'd.
6 To take me they their Net prepar'd,
And had almoſt my Soul enſnar'd.
But fell themſelves, by juſt Decree,
Into the Pit they made for me.
7 O God, my Heart is fix'd, 'tis bent
Its thankful Tribute to preſent;
And with my Heart, my Voice I'll rai
To thee, my God, in Songs of Praiſ
8 Awake my Glory; Harp and Lute,
No longer let your Strings be mute;
And I, my tuneful Part to take,
Will with the early Dawn awake.
9 Thy Praiſes, Lord, I will reſound
To all the lift'ning Nations round:
10 Thy Mercy higheſt Heav'n tranſcend
Thy Truth beyond the Clouds extend
11 Be thou, O God, exalted high;
And as thy Glory fills the Sky,
So let it be on Earth diſplay'd,
Till thou art here, as there obey'd.

Pſalm lviii.

1 SPEAK, O ye Judges of the Earth,
if juſt your Sentence be,
Or, muſt not Innocence appeal
to Heav'n from your Decree?
2 Your wicked Hearts and Judgments a
alike by Malice ſway'd:
Your griping Hands by weighty Bribe
to Violence betray'd.
3 To Virtue Strangers from the Womb,
their Infant-ſteps went wrong:
They prattled Slander, and in Lies
employ'd their liſping Tongue.
4 No Serpent of parch'd Africk's Breed
does rankier Poiſon bear;

Nor let thy holy One in Death
the leaſt Corruption ſee.

11 Thou ſhalt the Paths of Life diſplay,
that to thy Preſence lead;
Where Pleaſures dwell without Allay,
and Joys that never fade.

Pſalm xvii.

1 TO my juſt Plea, and ſad Complaint,
attend, O righteous Lord,
And to my Pray'r, as 'tis unfeign'd,
a gracious Ear afford.

2 As in thy Sight I am approv'd,
ſo let my Sentence be;
And with impartial Eyes, O Lord,
my uprigbt Dealing ſee.

3 For thou haſt ſearch'd my Heart by Day,
and viſited by Night;
And on the ſtricteſt Trial found
its ſecret Motions right.
Nor ſhall thy Juſtice, Lord, alone
my Heart's Deſigns acquit:
For I have purpos'd that my Tongue
ſhall no Offence commit.

4 I know what wicked Men would do
their Safety to maintain;
But me thy juſt and mild Commands
from bloody Paths reſtrain.

5 That I may ſtill, in ſpite of Wrongs,
my Innocence ſecure;
O guide me in thy righteous Ways,
and make my Footſteps ſure.

6 Since heretofore I ne'er in vain
to thee my Pray'r addreſt;
O! now, my God, incline thine Ear
to this my juſt Requeſt.

7 The Wonders of thy Truth and Love
in my Defence engage,
Thou whoſe Right-hand preſerves thy Saints
from their Oppreſſors Rage.

PART II.

8, 9 O! keep me in thy tend'reſt Care;
thy ſhelt'ring Wings ſtretch out,
To guard me ſafe from ſavage Foes,
that compaſs me about.

10 *O'er-grown* with Luxury, enclos'd
in their own Fat they lie;

And

And with a proud blaſpheming Mouth
both God and Man defy.

11 Well may they boaſt; for they have now
my Paths encompaſs'd round;
Their Eyes at watch, their Bodies bow'd,
and couching on the Ground.
12 In Poſture of a Lion ſet,
when greedy of his Prey;
Or a young Lion, when he lurks
within a Covert-Way.

13 Ariſe, O Lord, defeat their Plots,
their ſwelling Rage controul;
From wicked Men, who are thy Sword,
deliver thou my Soul;
14 From worldly Men, thy ſharpeſt Scourge,
whoſe Portion's here below;
Who, fill'd with earthly Stores, aſpire
no other Bliſs to know;

15 Their Race is num'rous, that partake
their Subſtance while they live;
Their Heirs ſurvive, to whom they may
the vaſt Remainder give.
16 But I in Uprightneſs, thy Face
ſhall view without Controul;
And, waking, ſhall its Image find
reflected in my Soul.

Pſalm xviii.

1, 2 NO Change of Times ſhall ever ſhock
my firm Affection, Lord, to thee;
For thou haſt always been a Rock,
a Fortreſs and Defence to me.
Thou my Deliv'rer art, my God;
my Truſt is in thy mighty Pow'r;
Thou art my Shield from Foes Abroad,
At Home my Safe-guard and my Tow'r.

3 To thee I'll ſtill addreſs my Pray'r,
(to whom all Praiſe we juſtly owe;)
So ſhall I, by thy watchful Care,
be guarded from my treach'rous Foe.
4, 5 By Floods of wicked Men diſtreſs'd,
with deadly Sorrows compaſs'd round,
with dire infernal Pangs oppreſs'd,
in Death's unwieldy Fetters bound,

6 To Heav'n I made my mournful Pray'r,
to God addreſs'd my humble Moan;
Who graciouſly inclin'd his Ear,
and heard me from his lofty Throne.

PART

PART II.

7 When God arose to take my Part,
the conscious Earth did quake for Fear;
from their firm Posts the Hills did start,
nor could his dreadful Fury bear.
8 Thick Clouds of Smoke dispers't abroad,
Ensigns of Wrath before him came;
Devouring Fire around him glow'd,
that Coals were kindled at its Flame.

9 He left the beauteous Realms of Light,
whilst Heav'n bow'd down its awful Head;
Beneath his Feet substantial Night
was, like a sable Carpet spread.
10 The Chariot of the King of Kings,
which active Troops of Angels drew,
On a strong Tempest's rapid Wings,
with most amazing Swiftness flew.

11, 12 Black wat'ry Mists and Clouds conspir'd
with thickest Shades his Face to veil;
But at his Brightness soon retir'd,
and fell in Show'rs of Fire and Hail.
13 Thro' Heav'n's wide Arch a thund'ring Peal,
God's angry Voice did loudly roar;
While Earth's sad Face, with Heaps of Hail
and Flakes of Fire, was cover'd o'er.

14 His sharpen'd Arrows round he threw,
which made his scatter'd Foes retreat;
Like Darts, his nimble Light'nings flew,
and quickly finish'd their Defeat.
15 The Deep its secret Stores disclos'd;
the World's Foundations naked lay,
By his avenging Wrath expos'd,
which fiercely rag'd that dreadful Day.

PART III.

16 The Lord did on my Side engage.
from Heav'n (his Throne) my Cause upheld;
And snatch'd me from the furious Rage
of threat'ning Waves that proudly swell'd.
17 God his resistless Pow'r employ'd.
my strongest Foes Attempts to break;
Who else with Ease had soon destroy'd
the weak Defence that I could make.

18 Their subtle Rage had near prevail'd,
when I distrest and friendless lay;
But *still when other* Succours fail'd,
God was my firm Support and Stay.

19 From Dangers that enclos'd me round,
he brought me forth, and set me free;
For some just Cause his Goodness found,
that mov'd him to delight in me.

20 Because in me no Guilt remains,
God does his gracious Help extend;
My Hands are free from bloody Stains,
therefore the Lord is still my Friend.

21, 22 For I his judgments kept in sight;
in his just paths I always trod;
I never did his Statutes slight,
nor loosly wander'd from my God.

23, 24 But still my Soul, sincere and pure,
did ev'n from darling Sins refrain;
His Favours therefore yet endure
because my Heart and Hands are clean.

PART IV.

25, 26 Thou suit'st, O Lord, thy righteous Way
to various Paths of Human-kind;
They who for Mercy merit Praise,
with thee shall wond'rous Mercy find.
Thou to the Just shalt Justice shew,
the Pure thy Purity shall see;
Such as perversly chuse to go,
shall meet with due Returns from thee.

27, 28 That he the humble Soul will save,
and crush the Haughty's boasted Might,
In me the Lord an Instance gave,
whose Darkness he has turn'd to Light.

29 On his firm Succour I rely'd,
and did o'er num'rous Foes prevail;
Nor fear'd, whilst he was on my Side,
the best defended Walls to scale.

30 For God's Designs shall still succeed;
his Word will bear the utmost Test;
He's a strong Shield to all that need,
and on his sure Protection rest.

31 Who then deserves to be ador'd,
but God, on whom my Hopes depend?
Or who, except the mighty Lord,
can with resistless Pow'r defend?

PART V.

32, 33 'Tis God that girds my Armour on,
and all my just Designs fulfils;
Thro' him, my Feet can swiftly run,
and nimbly climb the steepest Hills.

34 Left

34 Leſſons of War from him I take,
and manly Weapons learn to wield;
Strong Bows of Steel with Eaſe I break,
forc'd by my ſtronger Arms to yield.

35 The Buckler of his ſaving Health
protects me from aſſaulting Foes;
His Hand ſuſtains me ſtill, my Wealth
and Greatneſs from his Bounty flows.

36 My Goings he enlarg'd Abroad,
till then to narrow Paths confin'd;
And, when in ſlipp'ry Ways I trod,
the Method of my Steps deſign'd.

37 Thro' him I num'rous Hoſts defeat,
and flying Squadrons captive take;
Nor from my fierce Purſuit retreat,
till I a final Conqueſt make.

38 Cover'd with Wounds in vain they try
their vanquiſh'd Heads again to rear;
Spite of their boaſted Strength they lie
beneath my Feet, and grovel there.

39 God, when freſh Armies take the Field,
recruits my Strength, my Courage warms;
He makes my ſtrong Oppoſers yield,
ſubdu'd by my prevailing Arms.

40 Through him, the Necks of proſtrate Foes
my conqu'ring Feet in Triumph preſs;
Aided by him, I root out thoſe
who hate and envy my Succeſs.

41 With loud Complaints all Friends they try'd,
but none was able to defend;
At length to God for Help they cry'd,
but God would no Aſſiſtance lend.

42 Like flying Duſt which Winds purſue,
their broken Troops I ſcatter'd round;
Their ſlaughter'd Bodies forth I threw,
like loathſome Dirt that clogs the Ground.

PART VI.

43 Our factious Tribes, at Strife till now,
by God's Appointment me obey;
The Heathen to my Sceptre bow,
and foreign Nations own my Sway.

44 Remoteſt Realms their Homage ſend,
when my ſucceſsful Name they hear;
Strangers for my Commands attend,
charm'd with Reſpect, or aw'd by Fear.

45 All to my Summons tamely yield,
or ſoon in Battle are diſmay'd;

For ſtronger Holds they quit the Field,
and ſtill in ſtrongeſt Holds afraid.
46 Let the eternal Lord be prais'd!
the Rock on whoſe Defence I reſt;
O'er higheſt Heav'ns his Name be rais'd,
who me with his Salvation bleſs'd!

47 'Tis God that ſtill ſupports my Right,
his juſt Revenge my Foes purſues;
'Tis he that with reſiſtleſs Might,
fierce Nations to my Yoke ſubdues.
48 My univerſal Safeguard he!
from whom my laſting Honours flow;
He made me great and ſet me free,
from my remorſeleſs bloody Foe.

49 Therefore to celebrate his Fame,
my grateful Voice to Heav'n I'll raiſe;
And Nations, Strangers to his Name,
ſhall thus be taught to ſing his Praiſe;
50 "God to his King Deliv'rance ſends,
"ſhews his Anointed ſignal Grace;
"His Mercy evermore extends
"to David and his promis'd Race."

Pſalm xix.

1 THE Heav'ns declare thy Glory, Lord,
which that alone can fill;
The Firmament and Stars expreſs
their great Creator's ſkill.
2 The Dawn of each returning Day,
freſh Beams of Knowledge brings;
From darkeſt Night's ſucceſſive Rounds
Divine Inſtruction ſprings.

3 Their pow'rful Language to no Realm
or Region is confin'd;
'Tis Nature's Voice, and underſtood
alike by all Mankind.
4 Their Doctrine does its ſacred Senſe
thro' Earth's Extent diſplay;
Whoſe bright Contents the circling Sun
does round the World convey.

5 No Bridegroom for his Nuptials dreſt,
has ſuch a chearful face;
No Giant does like him rejoice,
to run his glorious Race.
6 From Eaſt to Weſt, from Weſt to Eaſt,
his reſtleſs Courſe he goes;
And thro' his Progreſs chearful Light
and vital Warmth beſtows.

PAR

PART II.

God's perfect Law converts the Soul,
reclaims from falſe Deſires;
With ſacred Wiſdom his ſure Word
the Ignorant inſpires.
The Statutes of the Lord are juſt,
and bring ſincere Delight;
His pure Commands in Search of Truth,
aſſiſt the feebleſt Sight.

His perfect Worſhip here is fix'd,
on ſure Foundations laid:
His equal Laws are in the Scales
of Truth and Juſtice weigh'd.
Of more Eſteem than Golden Mines,
or Gold refin'd with Skill;
More ſweet than Honey, or the Drops
that from the Comb diſtil.

My truſty Counſellers they are,
and friendly Warnings give:
Divine Rewards attend on thoſe
who by thy Precepts live.
But what frail Man obſerves how oft
he does from Vertue fall?
O cleanſe me from my ſecret Faults,
thou God that know'ſt them all.

Let no preſumptuous Sin, O Lord,
Dominion have o'er me;
That, by thy Grace preſerv'd, I may
the great Tranſgreſſion flee.
So ſhall my Pray'r and Praiſes be
with thy Acceptance bleſt;
And I ſecure, on thy Defence,
my Strength and Saviour, reſt.

Pſalm xx.

THE Lord to thy Requeſt attend,
and hear thee in Diſtreſs;
The Name of Jacob's God defend,
and grant thy Arms Succeſs.
To aid thee from on high repair,
and Strength from Sion give;
Remember all thy Off'rings there,
thy Sacrifice receive.

To *compaſs thy own* Heart's Deſire
thy Counſels ſtill direct;
Make kindly all Events conſpire
to bring them to effect.

5 To thy Salvation, Lord, for Aid
we chearfully repair,
With Banners in thy Name diſplay'd,
"the Lord accept thy Pray'r."

6 Our Hopes are fix'd, that now the Lord
our Sov'reign will defend,
From Heav'n reſiſtleſs Aid afford,
and to his Pray'r attend.

7 Some truſt in Steeds for War deſign'd,
on Chariots ſome rely;
Againſt them all we'll call to Mind
the Pow'r of God moſt high.

8 But from their Steeds and Chariots throw
behold them thro' the Plain,
Diſorder'd, broke, and trampled down,
whilſt firm our Troops remain.

9 Still ſave us, Lord, and ſtill proceed
our rightful Cauſe to bleſs;
Hear, King of Heav'n, in Times of Need
the Pray'rs that we addreſs.

Pſalm xxi.

1 THE King, O Lord, with Songs of Praiſe
ſhall in thy Strength rejoice;
With thy Salvation crown'd ſhall raiſe
to Heav'n his chearful Voice.

2 For thou, whate'er his Lips requeſt,
not only didſt impart:
But haſt with thy Acceptance bleſt
the Wiſhes of his Heart.

3 Thy Goodneſs and thy tender Care
have all his Hopes out-gone;
A Crown of Gold thou mad'ſt him wear
and ſet'ſt it firmly on.

4 He pray'd for Life, and thou, O Lord,
didſt his ſhort Span extend;
And graciouſly to him afford
a Life that ne'er ſhall end.

5 Thy ſure Defence thro' Nations round
has ſpread his glorious Name;
And his ſucceſsful Actions crown'd
with Majeſty and Fame.

6 Eternal Bleſſings thou beſtow'ſt,
and mak'ſt his Joys increaſe,
Whilſt thou to him unclouded ſhow'ſt
the Brightneſs of thy Face.

PART II.

7 Becauſe the King on God alone
for timely Aid relies;

His Mercy ſtill ſupports his Throne,
and all his Saints ſupplies.
8 But righteous Lord, thy ſtubborn Foes
ſhall feel thy heavy Hand;
Thy vengeful Arm ſhall find out thoſe
that hate thy mild Command.

9 When thou againſt them doſt engage,
thy juſt, but dreadful Doom,
Shall, like a glowing Oven's Rage,
their Hopes and them conſume.
10 Nor ſhall thy furious Anger ceaſe,
or with their Ruin end;
But root out all their guilty Race,
and to their Seed extend.

11 For all their Thoughts were ſet on Ill,
their Hearts on Malice bent;
(But thou with watchful Care didſt ſtill
the ill Effects prevent.)
12 In vain by ſhameful Flight they'll try
to 'ſcape thy dreadful Might;
While thy ſwift Darts ſhall after fly,
and gaul them in their Flight.

13, Thus, Lord, thy wond'rous Strength diſ-
and thus exalt thy Fame; (cloſe,
Whilſt we glad Songs of Praiſe compoſe
to thy Almighty Name.

Pſalm xxii.

1 MY God, my God, why leav'ſt thou me
when I with Anguiſh faint?
O why ſo far from me remov'd,
and from my loud Complaint?
2 All Day, but all the Day unheard,
to thee do I complain;
With Cries implore Relief all Night,
but cry all Night in vain.

3 Yet thou art ſtill the righteous Judge
of Innocence oppreſs'd;
And therefore Iſr'el's Praiſes are
of right to thee addreſs'd.
4, 5 On thee our Anceſtors rely'd,
and thy Deliv'rance found;
With pious Confidence they pray'd,
and with Succeſs were crown'd.

6 But I am treated like a Worm,
like none of human Birth:
Not only by the Great revil'd,
but made the Rabble's Mirth.

7 With Laughter all th
my Agonies furvey
They ſhoot the Lip, t
8 " In God he truſted,
" and thus deriding,
" that he was Heav
" Let God come dow
" and own his Favo

PART

9 Thou mad'ſt my teemin
a living Offſpring bear
When but a Suckling at
I was thy early Care,
10 Thou Guardian-like,
my helpleſs Infant Day
And ſince haſt been my
thro' Life's bewilder'd
11 Withdraw not then ſo f
when Trouble is ſo nigh
O ſend me Help! thy Help
I only can rely.
12 High pamper'd Bulls, a fr
from Baſan's Foreſt met,
With ſtrength proportion'd
have me around beſet.
13 They gape on me, and ev'r
a yawning Grave appears
The Deſart Lion's ſavage Roa
leſs dreadful is than theirs.

PART III.

14 My Blood like Water's ſpill'd,
are rack'd and out of Frame
My Heart diſſolves within my B
like Wax before the Flame.
15 My Strength like Potter's Earth
My Tongue cleaves to my Jaw
And to the ſilent Shades of Dea
my fainting Soul withdraws.
16 Like Blood-hounds to furround
in packt Aſſemblies meet;
They pierc'd my inoffenſive Hand
they pierc'd my harmleſs Feet.
17 My Body's rack'd till all my Bon
diſtinctly may be told:
Yet ſuch a Spectacle of Woe
as Paſtime they behold.

poil my Garments they divide,
s for my Veſture caſt ;
efore approach, O Lord, my Strength,
to my Succour haſte.
1 their ſharp Swords protect thou me,
all but Life bereſt!)
:t my Darling in the Pow'r
:ruel Dogs be left.
ave me from the Lion's Jaws,
preſent Succour ſend ;
ce from goring Unicorns,
a didſt my Life defend.
i to my Brethren I'll declare
Triumphs of thy Name,
ſence of aſſembled Saints,
y Glory thus proclaim,
s Worſhippers of Jacob's God,
ll you of Iſr'el's Line,
iſe the Lord, and to your Praiſe
ncere Obedience join.
: ne'er diſdain'd on low Diſtreſs
) caſt a gracious Eye ;
· turn'd from Poverty his Face,
ut hears its humble Cry."

PART IV.

in thy ſacred Courts will I
chearful Thanks expreſs,
ſence of thy Saints perform
Vows of my Diſtreſs.
neek Companions of my Grief
find my Table ſpread,
ll that ſeek the Lord ſhall be
Joys immortal fed.
ſhall the glad converted World
od their Homage pay ;
:atter'd Nations of the Earth
Sov'reign Lord obey.
is ſupreme Prerogative
Subject-Kings to reign ;
that he ſhould rule the World,
does the World ſuſtain.
Rich, who are with Plenty fed,
bounty muſt confeſs ;
ns of Want, by him reliev'd,
· gen'rous Patron bleſs.
humble Worſhip to his Throne
all for Aid reſort ;
w'r which firſt their Beings gave,
ly them ſupport.

30, 31 Then ſhall a choſen ſpotleſs
devoted to his Name,
To their admiring Heirs his Truth
and glorious Acts proclaim.

Pſalm xxiii.

1 THE Lord himſe'f, the mighty
vouchſafes to be my Guide;
The Shepherd by whoſe conſtant C
my Wants are all ſupply'd.

2 In tender Graſs he makes me feed,
and gently there repoſe;
Then leads me to cool Shades, and
refreſhing Water flows.

3 He does my wand'ring Soul reclai
and to his endleſs Praiſe,
Inſtruct with humble Zeal to walk
in his moſt righteous Ways.

4 I paſs the gloomy Vale of Death
from Fear and Danger free;
For there his aiding Rod and Staff
defend and comfort me.

5 In Preſence of my ſpiteful Foes
he does my Table ſpread,
He crowns my Cup with chearful
with Oil anoints my Head.

6 Since God does thus his wond'rou
through all my Life extend,
That Life to him I will devote,
and in his Temple ſpend.

Pſalm xxiv.

1 THIS ſpacious Earth is all the L
the Lord's her Fullneſs is;
The World, and they that dwell th
by ſov'reign Right are his.

2 He fram'd and fix'd it on the Sea
and his Almighty Hand,
Upon inconſtant Floods has made
the ſtable Fabrick ſtand.

3 But for himſelf this Lord of all,
one choſen ſeat deſign'd;
O! who ſhall to that ſacred Hill
deſerv'd Admittance find?

4 The Man whoſe Hands and Heart
whoſe Thoughts from Pride are
Who honeſt Poverty prefers
to gainful Perjury.

5 This, this is he, on whom the Lo
ſhall ſhow'r his Bleſſings down

Whom God his Saviour ſhall vouchſafe
with Righteouſnes to crown.
Such is the Race of Saints, by whom
the ſacred Courts are trod;
And ſuch the Proſelytes that ſeek
the Face of Jacob's God.

Erect your Heads, eternal Gates,
unfold, to entertain
The King of Glory: ſee he comes
with his celeſtial Train.
Who is the King of Glory? who?
the Lord for Strength renown'd,
In Battle mighty, o'er his Foes
eternal Victor crown'd.

Erect your Heads, ye Gates, unfold
in ſtate to entertain
The King of Glory: ſee he comes
with all his ſhining Train.
Who is this King of Glory? who?
the Lord of Hoſts renown'd:
Of Glory he alone is King,
who is with Glory crown'd.

Pſalm xxv.

1 TO God, in whom I truſt,
I lift my Heart and Voice;
O let me not be put to Shame,
nor let my Foes rejoice.
Thoſe who on thee rely
let no Diſgrace attend;
But that the ſhameful Lot of ſuch
as wilfully offend.

5 To me thy Truth impart,
and lead me in thy Way;
For thou art he that brings me Help,
on thee I wait all Day.
Thy Mercies and thy Love,
O Lord, recal to Mind;
And graciouſly continue ſtill,
as thou wert ever kind.

7 Let all my youthful Crimes
be blotted out by thee;
And for thy wond'rous Goodneſs ſake,
in Mercy think on me.
8 His Mercy and his Truth,
the righteous Lord diſplays,
In bringing wand'ring ſinners Home,
and teaching them his Ways.
9 He thoſe in Juſtice guides
who his Direction ſeek;

And

And in his ſacred Paths ſhall lead
the Humble and the Meek.
10 Thro' all the Ways of God
both Truth and Mercy ſhine,
To ſuch as with religious Hearts
to his bleſt Will incline.

PART II.

11 Since Mercy is the Grace
that moſt exalts thy Fame,
Forgive my heinous Sin, O Lord,
and ſo advance thy Name.
12 Whoe'er with humble Fear
to God his Duty pays,
Shall find the Lord a faithful Guide
in all his righteous Ways.
13 His quiet Soul with Peace
ſhall be for ever bleſt,
And by his num'rous Race the Land
ſucceſſively poſſeſt.
14 For God to all his Saints
his ſe'ret Will imparts,
And does his gracious Cov'nant write
in their obedient Hearts.
15 To him I lift my Eyes,
and wait his timely Aid,
Who breaks the ſtrong and treach'rous Snare
which for my Feet was laid.
16 O turn, and all my Griefs
in Mercy, Lord, redreſs;
For I am compaſs'd round with Woes,
and plung'd in deep Diſtreſs.
17 The Sorrows of my Heart
to mighty Sums increaſe;
O from this dark and diſmal State
my troubled Soul releaſe!
18 Do thou with tender Eyes
my ſad Affliction ſee;
Acquit me Lord, and from my Guilt
entirely ſet me free.
19 Conſider, Lord, my Foes,
how vaſt their Numbers grow!
What lawleſs Force and Rage they uſe,
what boundleſs Hate they ſhow.
20 Protect and ſet my Soul
from their fierce Malice free;
Nor let me be aſham'd, who place
my ſtedfaſt Truſt in thee.
21 Let all my righteous Acts
to full Perfection riſe,

Becauſe my firm and conſtant Hope
on thee alone relies.
22 To Iſr'el's choſen Race
continue ever kind;
And in the Midſt of all their Wants
let them thy Succour find.

Pſalm xxvi.

1 JUDGE me, O Lord, for I the Paths
of Righteouſneſs have trod;
I cannot fail, who all my Truſt
repoſe on thee, my God.
2, 3 Search, prove my Heart, whoſe Innocence
will ſhine the more 'tis try'd;
For I have kept thy Grace in view,
and made thy Truth my Guide.
4 I never for Companions took
the Idle or Prophane,
No Hypocrite, with all his Arts,
cou'd e'er my Friendſhip gain.
5 I hate the buſy plotting Crew,
who make diſtracted Times;
And ſhun their wicked Company,
as I avoid their Crimes.
6 I'll waſh my Hands in Innocence,
and bring a Heart ſo pure;
That when thy Altar I approach,
my Welcome ſhall ſecure.
7, 8 My Thanks I'll publiſh there, and tell
how thy Renown excels:
That Seat affords me moſt Delight,
in which thy Honour dwells.
9 Paſs not on me the Sinners Doom,
who Murder make their Trade;
10 Who others Rights by ſecret Bribes,
or open Force invade.
11 But I will walk in Paths of Truth,
and Innocence purſue;
Protect me therefore, and to me
thy Mercies, Lord, renew.
12 In ſpite of all aſſaulting Foes
I ſtill maintain my Ground:
And ſhall ſurvive amongſt thy Saints,
thy Praiſes to reſound.

Pſalm xxvii.

1 WHOM ſhould I fear, ſince God to me
is ſaving Health and Light?
Since ſtrongly he my Life ſupports,
what can my Soul affright?

2 With

2 With fierce Intent my Flesh to tear,
when Foes beset me round.
They stumbled, and their lofty Crests
were made to strike the Ground.
3 Through him my Heart, undaunted, dares
with num'rous Hosts to cope;
Through him in doubtful Straits of War,
for good Success I hope.
4 Henceforth within his House to dwell
I earnestly desire,
His wond'rous Beauty there to view,
and his blest Will enquire.
5 For there may I with Comfort rest,
in Times of deep Distress,
And safe as on a Rock abide
in that secure Recess;
6 Whilst God o'er all my haughty Foes
my lofty Head shall raise,
And I my joyful Off'ring bring,
and sing glad Songs of Praise.

PART II.

7 Continue, Lord, to hear my Voice,
whene'er to thee I cry;
In Mercy all my Pray'rs receive,
nor my Request deny.
8 When us to seek thy glorious Face
thou kindly dost advise
"Thy glorious Face I'll always seek,"
my grateful Heart replies.
9 Then hide not thou thy Face, O Lord,
Nor me in Wrath reject;
My God and Saviour, leave not him
thou didst so oft protect.
10 Tho' all my Friends and nearest Kin
their helpless Charge forsake,
Yet thou whose Love excels them all,
wilt Care and Pity take.
11 Instruct me in thy Paths, O Lord,
my Ways directly guide,
Lest envious Men who watch my Steps,
should see me tread aside.
12 Lord, disappoint my cruel Foes,
defeat their ill Desire,
Whose lying Lips and bloody Hands
against my Peace conspire.
13 I trusted that my future Life
should with thy Love be crown'd,
Or else my fainting Soul had sunk
with Sorrow compass'd round.

God's Time with patient Faith expect,
and he'll inſpire thy Breaſt
With inward ſtrength; do thou thy Part,
and leave to him the reſt.

Pſalm xxviii.

O Lord, my Rock, to thee I cry,
in Sighs conſume my Breath,
O anſwer, or I ſhall become
like thoſe that ſleep in Death.
Regard my Supplication, Lord,
the Cries that I repeat,
With weeping Eyes and lifted Hands
before thy Mercy-Seat.

Let me eſcape the Sinners Doom,
who make a Trade of Ill,
And ever ſpeak the Perſon fair,
whoſe Blood they mean to ſpill.
According to their Crimes extent
let Juſtice have its Courſe;
Relentleſs be to them, as they
have ſinn'd without Remorſe.

Since they the Works of God deſpiſe,
nor will his Grace adore,
His Wrath ſhall utterly deſtroy,
and build them up no more.
But I, with due Acknowledgment,
his Praiſes will reſound,
From whom the Cries of my Diſtreſs
a gracious Anſwer found.

My Heart its Confidence repos'd
in God, my Strength and Shield,
in him I truſted, and return'd
triumphant from the Field.
As he has made my Joys compleat,
'tis Juſt that I ſhould raiſe
The chearful Tribute of my Thanks,
and thus reſound his Praiſe:

"His aiding Pow'r ſupports the Troops
"that my juſt Cauſe maintain;
"'Twas he advanc'd me to the Throne,
"'tis he ſecures my Reign."
Preſerve thy Choſen, and proceed
thine Heritage to bleſs;
With Plenty proſper them in Peace;
in Battle with Succeſs.

Pſalm

Pſalm xxix.

1 YE Princes that in Might excel,
your grateful Sacrifice prepare;
God's glorious Actions loudly tell,
his wond'rous Pow'r to all declare.
2 To his great Name freſh Altars raiſe,
devoutly due Reſpect afford;
Him in his holy Temple praiſe,
where he's with ſolemn State ador'd.

3 'Tis he that with amazing Noiſe
the wat'ry Clouds in ſunder breaks;
The Ocean trembles at his Voice,
when he from Heav'n in Thunder ſpeaks.
4, 5 How full of Pow'r his Voice appears!
with what majeſtick Terror crown'd!
Which from their Roots tall Cedars tears,
and ſtrews their ſcatter'd Branches round!

6 They, and the Hills on which they grow,
are ſometimes hurried far away;
And leap, like Hinds that bounding go,
or Unicorns in youthful Play.
7, 8 When God in Thunder loudly ſpeaks,
and ſcatter'd Flames of Lightning ſends,
The Foreſt nods, the Deſart quakes,
and ſtubborn Kadiſh lowly bends.

9 He makes the Hinds to caſt their Young,
and lays the Beaſts dark Coverts bare;
While thoſe that to his Courts belong
ſecurely ſing his Praiſes there.
10, 11 God rules the angry Floods on high;
his boundleſs Sway ſhall never ceaſe;
His People he'll with Strength ſupply,
and bleſs his own with conſtant Peace.

Pſalm xxx.

1 I'LL celebrate thy Praiſes, Lord,
who didſt thy Pow'r employ
To raiſe my drooping Head, and check
my Foes inſulting Joy.
2, 3 In my Diſtreſs I cry'd to thee
who kindly didſt relieve,
And from the Grave's expecting Jaws
my hopeleſs Life retrieve.

4 Thus to his Courts ye Saints of his
with Songs of Praiſe repair,
With me commemorate his Truth,
and providential Care.

5 His Wrath has but a Moment's Reign,
his Favour no Decay;
Your Night of Grief is recompenc'd
with Joy's returning Day.

6 But I in proſp'rous Days preſum'd;
no ſudden Change I fear'd,
Whilſt in my Sun-ſhine of Succeſs
no low'ring Cloud appear'd.

7 But ſoon I found thy Favour, Lord,
my Empire's only Truſt;
For when thou hidd'ſt thy Face I ſaw
my Honour laid in Duſt.

8 Then, as I vainly had preſum'd,
my Error I confeſs'd,
And thus with ſupplicating Voice,
thy Mercy's Throne addreſs'd:

9 "What Profit is there in my Blood,
"congeal'd in Death's cold Night?
"Can ſilent Aſhes ſpeak thy Praiſe,
"thy wond'rous Truth recite?

10 "Hear me, O Lord, in Mercy hear,
"thy wonted Aid extend;
"Do thou ſend Help, on whom alone
"I can for Help depend."

11 'Tis done! thou haſt my mournful Scene
to Songs and Dances turn'd;
Inveſted me in Robes of State,
who late in Sackcloth mourn'd.

12 Exalted thus, I'll gladly ſing
thy Praiſe in grateful Verſe;
And, as thy Favours endleſs are,
thy endleſs Praiſe rehearſe.

Pſalm xxxi.

1 DEFEND me, Lord, from Shame,
for ſtill I truſt in thee;
As juſt and righteous is thy Name,
from Danger ſet me free.

2 Bow down thy gracious Ear,
and ſpeedy Succour ſend;
Do thou my ſtedfaſt Rock appear,
to ſhelter and defend.

3 Since thou, when Foes oppreſs,
my Rock and Fortreſs art,
To guide me forth from this Diſtreſs
thy wonted Help impart.

4 Releaſe me from the Snare
which they have cloſely laid,
Since I, O God, my Strength, repair
to thee alone for Aid.

5 To

5 To thee, the God of Truth,
my Life and all that's mine,
(For thou preserv'd'ſt me from my Youth)
I willingly reſign.
6 All vain Deſigns I hate,
of thoſe that truſt in Lies;
And ſtill my Soul in ev'ry State,
to God for Succour flies.

PART II.

7 Thoſe Mercies thou haſt ſhown
I'll chearfully expreſs;
For thou haſt ſeen my Straits, and known
my Soul in deep Diſtreſs.
8 When Keilah's treach'rous Race
did all my Strength encloſe,
Thou gav'ſt my Feet a larger Space
to ſhun my watchful Foes.
9 Thy Mercy, Lord, diſplay,
and hear my juſt Complaint;
For both my Soul and Fleſh decay,
with Grief and Hunger faint.
10 Sad Thoughts my Life oppreſs,
my Years are ſpent in Groans,
My Sins have made my Strength decreaſe,
and ev'n conſum'd my Bones.
11 My Foes my Suff'rings mock'd,
my Neighbours did upbraid;
My Friends at Sight of me were ſhock'd,
and fled as Men diſmay'd.
12 Forſook by all am I.
as dead, and out of Mind;
And like a ſhatter'd Veſſel lie,
whoſe Parts can ne'er be join'd.
13 Yet ſland'rous Words they ſpeak,
and ſeem my Pow'r to dread,
Whilſt they together Counſel take
my guiltleſs Blood to ſhed.
14 But ſtill my ſtedfaſt Truſt,
I on thy Help repoſe;
That thou, my God, art good and juſt,
my Soul with Comfort knows.

PART III.

15 Whate'er Events betide,
thy Wiſdom times them all;
Then, Lord, thy Servant ſafely hide
from thoſe that ſeek his Fall.
16 The Brightneſs of thy Face
to me, O Lord, diſcloſe;

as thy Mercies ſtill increaſe,
ſerve me from my Foes.

from Diſhonour ſave,
o ſtill have call'd on thee;
iat, and ſilence in the Grave,
Sinner's Portion be.
hou their Tongues reſtrain,
oſe Breath in Lies is ſpent;
falſe Reports, with proud Diſdain,
inſt the Righteous vent.

r great thy Mercies are
uch as fear thy Name!
h thou, for thoſe that truſt thy Care,
t to the World proclaim.
u keep'ſt them in thy Sight
n proud Oppreſſors free:
Tongues that do in Strife delight
y are preſerv'd by thee.

n Glory and Renown
d's Name be ever bleſs'd;
e Love in Keilah's well-fenc'd Town
s wond'rouſly expreſs'd!
l, in haſty Flight,
'm baniſh'd from thine Eyes;"
ill thou kept'ſt me in thy Sight,
heard'ſt my earneſt Cries.

l ye Saints, the Lord
h eager Love purſue,
to the Juſt will Help afford,
give the Proud their due.
hat on God rely
ragiouſly proceed:
will ſtill your Hearts ſupply
h Strength in Time of Need.

Pſalm xxxii.

s bleſt, whoſe Sins have Pardon gain'd
no more in Judgment to appear;
e Guilt Remiſſion has obtain'd,
whoſe Repentance is ſincere.
I conceal'd the fretting Sore,
Bones conſum'd without Relief;
ay did I with Anguiſh roar,
no Complaint aſſwag'd my Grief.

on me thy Hand remain'd,
Day and Night alike diſtreſs'd:
aite of vital Moiſture drain'd,
Land with Summer's Drought oppreſt.
ner I my Wound diſcloſe'd,
uilt that tortur'd me within,

That

But thy Forgiveneſs interpos'd,
and Mercy's healing Balm pour'd in.
6 True Penitents ſhall thus ſucceed,
who ſeek thee whilſt thou may'ſt be found;
And from the common Deluge freed,
Shall ſee remorſeleſs Sinners drown'd.
7 Thy Favour, Lord, in all Diſtreſs,
my Tow'r of Refuge I muſt own,
Thou ſhalt my haughty Foes ſuppreſs,
and me with Songs of Triumph crown.
8 In my Inſtruction then confide,
you that would Truth's ſafe Path deſcry,
Your Progreſs I'll ſecurely guide,
and keep you in my watchful Eye.
9 Submit yourſelves to Wiſdom's Rule,
like Men that Reaſon have attain'd;
Not like th' ungovern'd Horſe and Mule,
whoſe Fury muſt be curb'd and rein'd.
10 Sorrows on Sorrows multiply'd
the harden'd Sinner ſhall confound;
But them who in his Truth confide
Bleſſings of Mercy ſhall ſurround.
11 His Saints that have perform'd his Laws
their Life in Triumphs ſhall employ;
Let them (as they alone have Cauſe)
in grateful Raptures ſhout for Joy.

Pſalm xxxiii.

1 LET all the Juſt to God with Joy
their chearful Voices raiſe,
For well the Righteous it becomes
to ſing glad Songs of Praiſe.
2, 3 Let Harps, and Pſalteries, and Lutes
in joyful Conſort meet;
And new-made Songs of loud Applauſe
the Harmony compleat.
4, 5 For faithful is the Word of God,
his Works with Truth abound;
He Juſtice loves, and all the Earth
is with his Goodneſs crown'd.
6 By his Almighty Word at firſt
Heav'n's glorious Arch was rear'd;
And all the beauteous Hoſts of Light
at his Command appear'd.
7 The ſwelling Floods, together roll'd,
he makes in Heaps to lie;
And lays, as in a Storehouſe, ſafe,
the wat'ry Treaſures by.
8, 9 Let Earth and all that dwell therein
before him trembling ſtand;

hen he ſpake the Word, 'twas made
as fix'd at his Command.
when the Heathen cloſely plot,
r Counſels undermines ;
/iſdom ineffectual makes
People's raſh Deſigns.
te'er the mighty Lord decrees
l ſtand for ever ſure ;
ettled Purpoſe of his Heart
ages ſhall endure.

PART II.

happy then are they to whom
Lord for God is known !
n he from all the World beſides
choſen for his own !
ig He all the Nations of the Earth
n Heav'n his Throne ſurvey'd ;
aw their Works, and view'd their
(Thoughts,
iim their Hearts were made.
No King is ſafe by num'rous Hoſts,
r Strength the Strong deceives ;
anag'd Horſe, by Force or Speed,
Warlike Rider ſaves :
Tis God, who thoſe that truſt in him
olds with gracious Eyes :
es their Soul from Death, their Want
Time of Dearth ſupplies.
Our Soul on God with Patience waits,
Help and Shield is he !
. Lord, let ſtill our Hearts rejoice,
auſe we truſt in thee.
Riches of thy Mercy, Lord,
thou to us extend ;
we, for all we want or wiſh,
thee alone depend.

Pſalm xxxiv.

R O' all the changing Scenes of Life,
in Trouble and in Joy,
raiſes of my God ſhall ſtill
Heart and Tongue employ.
s Deliv'rance I will boaſt,
all that are diſtreſt.
my Example Comfort take,
charm their Griefs to reſt.
gnify the Lord with me,
h me exalt his Name :
n in Diſtreſs to him I call'd,
o my reſcue came.

5 Their drooping Hearts were soon refresh'
who look'd to him for Aid;
Desir'd Success in ev'ry Face
a chearful Air display'd.

6 "Behold (say they) behold the Man
"whom Providence reliev'd:
"So dangerously with Woes beset,
"so wond'rously retriev'd!"

7 The Hosts of God encamp around
the Dwellings of the Just;
Deliv'rance he affords to all
who on his Succour trust.

8 O make but Trial of his Love,
Experience will decide
How blest'd they are, and only they,
who in his Truth confide.

9 Fear him, ye Saints, and you will then
have nothing else to fear;
Make you his Service your Delight,
he'll make your Wants his Care.

10 While hungry Lions lack their Prey,
the Lord will Food provide
For such as put their trust in him,
and see their Needs supply'd.

PART II.

11 Approach ye piously dispos'd,
and my Instruction hear,
I'll teach you the true Discipline
of his religious Fear.

12 Let him who Length of Life desires,
and prosp'rous Days would see,
From sland'ring Language keep his Tong
his Lips from Falsehood free.

13 The crooked Paths of Vice decline,
and Virtue's Ways pursue;
Establish Peace where 'tis begun,
and where 'tis lost renew.

14 The Lord, from Heav'n beholds the Jus
with favourable Eyes,
And when distress'd, his gracious Ear
is open to their Cries:

15 But turns his wrathful Look on those
whom Mercy can't reclaim,
To cut them off, and from the Earth
blot out their hated Name.

16 Deliv'rance to his Saints he gives
when his Relief they crave:

17 He's nigh to heal the broken Heart
and contrite Spirit save.

18

owſy Adder will as ſoon
:k his ſullen Ear.
'd by good Advice, and deaf
dders they remain;
whom the ſkilful Charmer's Voice
o Attention gain.
O God, their threat'ning Rage,
timely break their Pow'r:
thoſe growing Lions Jaws,
practis'd to devour.
w their Inſolence, at Height,
ebbing Tides be ſpent;
ſhiver'd Darts deceive their Aim
n they their Bow have bent.
nails let them diſſolve to Slime;
haſty Births become,
rthy to behold the Sun,
dead within the Womb.
horns can make the Fleſh-pots boil,
peſtuous Wrath ſhall come
God, and ſnatch 'em hence alive,
heir eternal Doom.
Righteous ſhall rejoice to ſee
r Crimes ſuch Vengeance meet,
ſaints in Perſecutors Blood,
l dip their harmleſs Feet.
greſſors then with Grief ſhall ſee
Men Rewards obtain;
wn a God, whoſe Juſtice will
guilty Earth arraign.

Pſalm lix.

LIVER me, O Lord my God,
from all my ſpiteful Foes;
r Defence oppoſe thy Pow'r
heirs who me oppoſe.
ve me from a wicked Race
o make a Trade of Ill;
ſt me from remorſeleſs Men,
o ſeek my Blood to ſpill.
lie in wait, and mighty Pow'rs
inſt my Life combine:
ſcable; yet, Lord, thou know'ſt,
no Offence of mine.
ſhe they run about, and watch
guiltleſs Life to take:
down, O Lord, on my Diſtreſs,
d to my Help awake!
, *Lord of Hoſts* and *Iſr'el's God*,
ir *Heathen Rage* ſuppreſs:

Relentleſs Vengeance take on thoſe
who ſtubbornly tranſgreſs.
6 At Ev'ning to beſet my Houſe
like growling Dogs they meet;
Whilſt others thro' the City range,
and ranſack ev'ry Street.

7 Their Throats envenom'd Slander bre
their Tongues are ſharpen'd Sword
Who hears (ſay they) or hearing, dar
reprove our lawleſs Words?
8 But from thy Throne thou ſhalt, O L
their baffled Plots deride;
And ſoon to Scorn and Shame expoſe
their boaſted Heathen Pride.

9 On thee I wait, 'tis on thy Strength
for Succour I depend:
'Tis thou, O God, art my Defence,
who only canſt defend.
10 Thy Mercy, Lord, which has ſo oft
from Danger ſet me free,
Shall crown my Wiſhes, and ſubdue
my haughty Foes to me.

11 Deſtroy 'em not, O Lord, at once,
reſtrain thy vengeful Blow,
Leſt we, ingratefully, too ſoon
forget their Overthrow.
Diſperſe 'em thro' the Nations round
by thy avenging Pow'r.
Do thou bring down their haughty Pri
O Lord, our Shield and Tow'r.

12 Now, in the Height of all their Hop
their Arrogance chaſtiſe; (ſt
Whoſe Tongues have ſinn'd withou
and Curſes join'd with Lies.
13 Nor ſhalt thou, whilſt their Race end
thine Anger, Lord, ſuppreſs,
That diſtant Lands, by their juſt Doo
may Iſr'el's God confeſs.

14 At Ev'ning let them ſtill perſiſt
like growling Dogs to meet,
Still wander all the City round,
and traverſe ev'ry Street.
15 Then, as for Malice now they do,
for Hunger let them ſtray,
And yell their vain Complaints aloud,
defeated of their Prey.

16 Whilſt early I thy Mercy ſing,
thy wond'rous Pow'r confeſs;

For thou haſt been my ſure Defence,
my Refuge in Diſtreſs.
12 To thee with never-ceaſing Praiſe,
O God, my Strength, I'll ſing;
Thou art my God, the Rock from whence
my Health and Safety ſpring.

Pſalm lx.

1 O GOD, who haſt our Troops diſperſt,
Forſaking thoſe who left thee firſt,
As we thy juſt Diſpleaſure mourn,
To us in Mercy Lord return.
2 Our Strength, that firm as Earth did ſtand,
Is rent by thy avenging Hand;
O heal the Breaches thou haſt made,
We ſhake, we fall, without thy Aid!

3 Our Follies ſad Effects we feel,
For drunk with Diſcord's Cup we reel;
4 But now for them who thee reverd
Thou haſt thy Truth's bright Banner rear'd.
5 Let thy Right-hand thy Saints protect;
Lord, hear the Pray'rs that we direct!
6 The Holy God has ſpoke; and I
O'er-joy'd, on his firm Word rely.

To thee in Portions I'll divide
Fair Sichem's Soil, Samaria's Pride;
To Sichem. Succoth next I'll join,
And meaſure out her Vale by Line.
7 Manaſſeth, Gilead, both ſubſcribe
To my Commands, with Ephraim's Tribe;
Ephraim by Arms ſupports my Cauſe,
And Judah by religious Laws.

8 Moab my Slave and Drudge ſhall be,
Nor Edom from my Yoke get free;
Proud Paleſtine's imperious State
Shall humbly on our Triumph wait.
9 But who ſhall quell theſe mighty Pow'rs,
And clear my Way to Edom's Tow'rs?
Or thro' her guarded Frontiers tread
The Path that doth to Conqueſt lead?

10 Ev'n thou, O God, who haſt diſperſt
Our Troops (for we forſook thee firſt)
Thoſe whom thou didſt in Wrath forſake,
Aton'd, thou wilt victorious make.
11 Do thou our fainting Cauſe ſuſtain,
For human Succours are but vain.
12 Freſh Strength and Courage God beſtows,
'Tis he treads down our proudeſt Foes.

1 LORD, hear my Cry, re
which I, oppreſt with
2 From Earth's remoteſt Par
to thee for kind Relief.
O lodge me ſafe beyond the
of perſecuting Pow'r,
3 Thou who ſo oft from ſpit
haſt been my ſhelt'ring
4 So ſhall I in thy ſacred Co
ſecure from Danger lie;
Beneath the Covert of thy
all future Storms defy.
5 In ſign my Vows are heard
I o'er thy Choſen reign;
6 O bleſs with long and proſ
the King thou didſt ordа
7 Confirm his Throne, and
accepted in thy Sight,
And let thy Truth and Mer
in his Defence unite.
8 So ſhall I ever ſing thy Pra
thy Name for ever bleſs;
Devote my proſp'rous Day
the Vows of my Diſtreſs.

Pſalm lxii.

1, 2 MY Soul for Help on
From him alone m
My Rock, my Health, that
To bear the Shock of all m
3 How long will ye contrive
Which will but haſten on
You'll totter like a bendin

lod the Merciful and Juſt,
mely Aid to us imparts.
Vulgar fickle are and frail;
Great diſſemble and betray;
aid in Truth's impartial Scale,
ighteſt Things will both out-weigh.
n truſt not in oppreſſive Ways,
oil and Rapine grow not vain;
et your Hearts, if Wealth increaſe,
: too much upon your Gain.
God has oft his Will expreſs'd;
l this Truth have fully known;
: of boundleſs Pow'r poſſeſs'd
gs of Right to God alone.
Mercy is his darling Grace,
ich he chiefly takes Delight,
ill he all the human Race
ding to their Works requite.

Pſalm lxiii.

O GOD, my gracious God, to thee,
ly Morning Pray'rs ſhall offer'd be;
thee my thirſty Soul does pant;
inting Fleſh implores thy Grace,
n this dry and barren Place,
ere I refreſhing Waters want.
ny longing Eyes once more
View of glorious Pow'r reſtore,
ich thy majeſtick Houſe diſplays;
ſo to me thy wond'rous Love,
Life itſelf does dearer prove,
Lips ſhall always ſpeak thy Praiſe.
ſo while I that Life enjoy,
ffing God I will employ.
h lifted Hands adore his Name;
ul's Content ſhall be as great,
ir's who choiceſt Dainties eat,
ile I with Joy his Praiſe proclaim.
down I lie ſweet Sleep to find,
Lord, art preſent to my Mind.
I when I wake in Dead of Night;
ſe thou ſtill doſt Succour bring,
th the Shadow of thy Wing,
ſt with Safety and Delight.
ul, when Foes wou'd me devour,
's faſt to thee, whoſe matchleſs Pow'r
ir Support is daily ſhown;
ſe the righteous Lord ſhall ſlay
y Deſtruction wiſh; and they
ſeek my Life ſhall loſe their own.

10, 11 They by untimely Ends ſhall die,
Their Fleſh a Prey to Foxes lie:
But God ſhall fill the King with Joy
Who ſwears by thee ſhall ſtill rejoice,
Whilſt the falſe Tongue and lying Voi
Thou, Lord, ſhalt ſilence and deſtro

Pſalm lxiv.

1 LORD, hear the Voice of my Compl
to my Requeſt give Ear;
Preſerve my Life from cruel Foes,
and free my Soul from Fear.
2 O hide me with thy tend'reſt Care
In ſome ſecure Retreat,
From Sinners that againſt me riſe,
and all their Plots defeat.

3 See how intent to work my Harm,
they whet their Tongues like Swords
And bend their Bows to ſhoot their Dar
ſharp Lies and bitter Words!
4 Lurking in private, at the Juſt
they take their ſecret Aim;
And ſuddenly at him they ſhoot,
quite void of Fear and Shame.

5 To carry on their ill Deſigns,
they mutually agree;
They ſpeak of laying private Snares,
and think that none ſhall ſee.
6 With utmoſt Diligence and Care
the wicked Plots they lay;
The deep Deſigns of all their Hearts
are only to betray.

7 But God, to Anger juſtly mov'd,
his dreadful Bow ſhall bend.
And on his flying Arrow's Point
ſhall ſwift Deſtruction ſend.
8 Thoſe Slanders which their Mouths did v
upon themſelves ſhall fall;
Their Crimes diſcover'd, ſhall make them
deſpis'd and ſhunn'd by all.

9 The World ſhall then God's Pow'r conf
and Nations trembling ſtand,
Convinc'd that 'tis the mighty Work
of his aveng'ing Hand
10 Whilſt righteous Men by God ſecur'd
in him ſhall gladly truſt;
And all the lift'ning Earth ſhall hear
loud Triumphs of the Juſt.

Pſalm lxv.

1 FOR thee, O God, our conſtant Praiſe
In Sion waits, thy choſen Seat;
Our promis'd Altars there we'll raiſe,
And all our zealous Vows compleat.
2 O thou, who to my humble Pray'r
Didſt always bend thy liſt'ning Ear,
To thee ſhall all Mankind repair,
And at thy gracious Throne appear.
3 Our Sins (tho' numberleſs) in vain
To ſtop thy flowing Mercy try;
Whilſt thou o'erlook'ſt the guilty Stain,
And waſheſt out the Crimſon Dye.
4 Bleſt is the Man, who near thee plac'd,
Within thy ſacred Dwelling lives!
Whilſt we at humble Diſtance taſte
The vaſt Delights thy Temple gives.
5 By wond'rous Acts, O God, moſt juſt,
Have we thy gracious Anſwer found;
In thee remoteſt Nations truſt
And thoſe whom ſtormy Waves ſurround.
6, 7 God, by his Strength, ſets faſt the Hills,
And does his marchleſs Pow'r engage,
With which the Seas loud Waves he ſtills,
And angry Crowds tumultuous Rage.

PART II.

8 Thou, Lord, doſt barb'rous Lands diſmay,
When they thy dreadful Tokens view:
With Joy they ſee the Night and Day
Each others Track by Turns purſue.
9 From out thy unexhauſted Store
Thy Rain relieves the thirſty Ground;
Makes Lands, that barren were before,
With Corn and uſeful Fruits abound.
10 On riſing Ridges down it pours,
And ev'ry furrow'd Valley fills;
Thou mak'ſt them ſoft with gentle Show'rs
In which a bleſt Increaſe diſtils.
11 Thy Goodneſs does the circling Year
With freſh Returns of Plenty crown;
And where thy glorious Paths appear,
Thy fruitful Clouds drop Fatneſs down.
12 They drop on barren Foreſts, chang'd
By them to Paſtures freſh and green;
The Hills about in Order rang'd
In beauteous Robes of Joy are ſeen.
13 *Large Flocks* with fleecy Wool adorn
The chearful Downs; the Vallies bring

A plenteous Crop of full-ear'd
And seem for Joy to shout and

Psalm lxvi.

2, 3 LET all the Lands with Shou
to God their Voices raise
Sing Psalms in Honour of his Na
and spread his glorious Praise.
3 And let them say, how dreadful,
in all thy Works art thou!
To thy great Pow'r thy stubborn
shall all be forc'd to bow.
4 Thro' all the Earth the Nations r
shall thee their God confess;
And with glad Hymns their awful
of thy great Name express.
5 O come, behold the Works of G
and then with me you'll own,
That he to all the Sons of Men
has wond'rous Judgments shew
6 He made the Sea become dry Lan
thro' which our Fathers walk'd
Whilst to each other of his Migh
with Joy his People talk'd.
7 He by his Pow'r for ever rules;
his Eyes the World survey:
Let no presumptuous Man rebel
against his Sov'reign Sway.

PART II.

8, 9 O all ye Nations, bless our G
and loudly speak his Praise;
Who keeps our Soul alive and stil
confirms our stedfast Ways.
10 For thou hast try'd us, Lord, as
does try the precious Ore;
11 Thou brought'st us into Straits,
oppressing Burthens bore.
12 Insulting Foes did us, their Slaves
thro' Fire and Water chace;
But yet at last thou brought'st us
into a wealthy Place.
13 Burnt-Off'rings to thy House I'll
and there my Vows I'll pay,
14 Which I with solemn Zeal did m
in Troubles dismal Day.
15 Then shall the richest Incense sm
the fattest Rams shall fall;
The choicest Goats from out the
and Bullocks from stall.

26 O come all ye that fear the Lord,
attend with heedful Care;
Whilſt I what God for me has done,
with grateful Joy declare.

27, 28 As I before his Aid implor'd,
ſo now I praiſe his Name;
Who, if my Heart had harbour'd Sin,
wou'd all my Pray'rs diſclaim.

29 But God to me, whene'er I cry'd,
his gracious Ear did bend;
And to the Voice of my Requeſt
with conſtant Love attend.

30 Then bleſs'd for ever be my God,
who never, when I pray,
With-holds his Mercy from my Soul,
nor turns his Face away.

Pſalm lxvii.

1 TO bleſs thy choſen Race,
in Mercy, Lord, incline;
And cauſe the Brightneſs of thy Face
on all thy Saints to ſhine:

2 That ſo thy wond'rous Ways
may thro' the World be known;
Whilſt diſtant Lands their Tribute pay,
and thy Salvation own.

3 Let diff'ring Nations join
to celebrate thy Fame;
Let all the World, O Lord, combine
to praiſe thy glorious Name.

4 O let them ſhout and ſing,
diſſolv'd in pious Mirth,
For thou, the righteous Judge and King,
ſhalt govern all the Earth.

5 Let diff'ring Nations join
to celebrate thy Fame;
Let all the World, O Lord, combine
to praiſe thy glorious Name.

6 Then ſhall the teeming Ground
a large Increaſe diſcloſe;
And we with Plenty ſhall be crown'd,
which God, our God, beſtows.

7 Then God upon our Land
ſhall conſtant Bleſſings ſhow'r,
And all the World in Awe ſhall ſtand
of his reſiſtleſs Pow'r.

Pſalm lxviii.

1 LET God, the God of Battle riſe,
And ſcatter his preſumptuous Foes;

Let shameful Rout their Host surprize,
Who spitefully his Pow'r oppose.
2 As Smoke in Tempest's Rage is lost,
Or Wax into the Furnace cast,
So fer their sacrilegious Host
Before hi. wrathful Presence waste.
3 But let the Servants of his Will
His Favour's gentle Beams enjoy;
Their upright Hearts let Gladness fill,
And chearful Songs their Tongues employ.
4 To him your Voice in Anthems raise,
Jehovah's awful Name he bears,
In him rejoice, exalt his Praise,
Who rides upon high-rowling Spheres.
5 Him, from his Empire of the Skies,
To this low World Compassion draws,
The Orphan's Claim to patronize,
And judge the injur'd Widow's Cause.
6 'Tis God, who from a foreign Soil,
Restores poor Exiles to their Home,
Makes Captives free, and fruitless toil
Their proud Oppressors righteous Doom
7 'Twas so of old, when thou didst lead
In Person, Lord, our Armies forth,
Strange Terrors thro' the Desart spread
Convulsions shook th' astonish'd Earth.
8 The breaking Clouds did Rain distil,
And Heav'n's high Arches shook with Fear
How then shall Sinai's humble Hill,
Of Isr'el's God the Presence bear?
9 Thy Hand at famisht Earth's Complaint
Reliev'd her from celestial Stores;
And when thy Heritage was faint,
Assuag'd the Drought with plenteous Showers.
10 Where Savages had rang'd before,
At Ease thou mad'st our Tribes reside;
And in the Desart, for the Poor,
Thy gen'rous Bounty did provide.

PART II.

11 Thou gav'st the Word, we sally'd forth,
And in that pow'rful Word o'ercame;
While Virgin-Troops with Songs of Mirth
In State our Conquest did proclaim.
12 Vast Armies, by such Gen'rals led,
As yet had ne'er receiv'd a Foil,
Forsook their Camp with sudden Dread,
And to our Women left the Spoil.
13 Tho' Egypt's Drudges you have been,
Your Army's Wings shall shine as bri

As Doves in Golden Sun-shine seen,
Or silver'd o'er with paler Light.
4 'Twas so when God's almighty Hand
O'er scatter'd Kings the Conquest won;
Our troops, drawn up on Jordan's Strand,
High Salmon's glittering Snow out-shone.
5 From thence to Jordan's farther Coast,
And Bashan's Hill we did advance:
No more her Height shall Bashan boast,
But that she's God's Inheritance.
6 But wherefore (tho' the Honour's great)
Shou'd this, O Mountains, swell your Pride?
For Sion is his chosen Seat,
Where he for ever will reside.
7 His Chariots numberless, his Pow'rs
Are heav'nly Hosts that wait his Will;
His Presence now fills Sion's Tow'rs,
As once it honour'd Sinai's Hill.
8 Ascending high, in triumph thou
Captivity hast Captive led
And on thy People didst bestow,
The Spoil of Armies once their Dread.
Ev'n Rebels shall partake thy Grace,
And humble Proselytes repair
To worship at thy Dwelling-place,
And all the World pay Homage there:
9 For Benefits each Day bestow'd,
Be daily his great Name ador'd;
Who is our Saviour and our God.
Of Life and Death the Sov'reign Lord.
10 But Justice for his harden'd Foes
Proportion'd Vengeance hath decreed,
To wound the hoary Head of those
Who in presumptuous Crimes proceed.
11 The Lord has thus, in Thunder, spoke;
"As I subdu'd proud Bashan's King,
"Once more I'll break my People's Yoke,
"And from the Deep my Servants bring.
12 "Their Feet shall with a crimson Flood
"Of slaughter'd Foes be cover'd o'er,
"Nor Earth receive such impious Blood,
"But leave for Dogs th' unhallow'd Gore."

PART III.

13 When marching to thy blest Abode,
The wond'ring Multitude survey'd
The pompous State of thee O God,
In *Robes of Majesty* array'd.
Sweet-singing Levites led the Van,
Loud Instruments brought up the Rear;

Between

Between both Troops a Virgin-Train
With Voice and Timbrel charm'd the Ear,
26 This was the Burthen of their Song,
"In full Aſſemblies bleſs the Lord,
"All who to Iſr'el's Tribes belong,
"The God of Iſr'el's Praiſe record."
27 Not little Benjamin alone
From neighb'ring Bounds did there attend;
Nor only Judah's nearer Throne,
Her Counſellors in State did ſend;
But Zebulon's remoter Seat,
And Naphtali's more diſtant Coaſt
(The grand Proceſſion to compleat)
Sent up their Tribes, a princely Hoſt.
28 Thus God to Strength and Union brought
Our Tribes, at Strife till that bleſt Hour:
This Work, which thou, O God, haſt (wrought,
Confirm with freſh Recruits of Pow'r.
29 To viſit Salem, Lord deſcend,
And Sion thy terreſtrial Throne;
Where Kings with Preſents ſhall attend,
And thee with offer'd Crowns atone. (threat
30 Break down the Spearman's Ranks, who
Like pamper'd Herds of ſavage Might,
Their Silver-armour'd Chiefs defeat,
Who in deſtructive War delight.
31 Egypt ſhall then to God ſtretch forth
Her Hands, and Attick Homage bring:
32 The ſcatter'd Kingdoms of the Earth
Their common Sov'reign's Praiſes ſing.
33 Who mounted on the loftieſt Sphere
Of ancient Heav'n ſublimely rides;
From whence his dreadful Voice we hear,
Like that of warring Winds and Tides.
34 Aſcribe ye Pow'r to God moſt high,
Of humble Iſr'el he takes Care;
Whoſe Strength from out the duſky Sky
Darts ſhining Terrors thro' the Air.
35 How dreadful are the ſacred Courts
Where God has fix'd his earthly Throne!
His Strength his feeble Saints ſupports;
To God give Praiſe, and him alone.

Pſalm lxix.

1 SAVE me, O God, from Waves that roll,
And preſs to overwhelm my Soul.
2 With painful Steps in Mire I tread,
And Deluges o'erflow my Head.
3 With reſtleſs Cries my Spirits faint,
My Voice is hoarſe with long Complaints.
My

My Sight decays with tedious Pain,
Whilst for my God I wait in vain.

My Hairs, tho' num'rous, are but few,
Compar'd with Foes that me pursue
With groundless Hate, grown now of Might
To execute their lawless Spite.
They force me guiltless to resign
What Rapine, what by Right was mine.
Thou Lord, my Innocence dost see,
Nor are my Sins conceal'd from thee.

Lord, God of Hosts take timely Care,
Left for my sake thy Saints despair;
Since I have suffer'd, for thy Name
Reproach and hid my Face in Shame,
A Stranger to my Country grown,
Nor to my nearest Kindred known;
A Foreigner, expos'd to Scorn
By Brethren of my Mother born.

For Zeal to thy lov'd House and Name,
Consuming me like devouring Flame,
Concern'd at their Affronts to thee,
More than at Slanders cast on me.
My very Tears and Abstinence
They construe in a spiteful Sense;
When cloth'd with Sackcloth for their Sake,
They me their common Proverb make.

Their Judges make my Wrongs their Jest,
Those Wrongs they ought to have redrest!
How should I then expect to be
From Libels of lewd Drunkards free?
But Lord, to thee I will repair
For Help with humble timely Pray'r;
Relieve me from thy Mercy's Store,
Display thy Truth's preserving Pow'r.

From threat'ning Dangers me relieve,
And from the Mire my Feet retrieve;
From spiteful Foes in Safety keep,
And snatch me from the raging Deep.
Controul the Deluge e'er it spread,
And roll its Wave above my Head;
Nor deep Destruction's yawning Pit
To close her Jaws on me permit.

Lord, hear thy humble Pray'r I make,
For thy transcending Goodness Sake;
Relieve thy Suppliant once more
From thy abounding Mercy's Store.
Nor from thy Servant hide thy Face,
Be haste, for desp'rate is my Case:

18 Thy timely Succour in terpose,
And shield me from remorseless!

19 Thou know'st what Infamy and
I from my Enemies have born,
Nor can their close dissembled Spite,
Or darkest Plots escape thy Sight.
20 Reproach and Grief have broke my
I look'd for some to take my Part,
To pity or relieve my Pain,
But look'd (alas!) for both in vain.

21 With Hunger pin'd for Food I call,
Instead of Food they gave me Gall;
And when with Thirst my Spirits sink,
They gave me Vinegar to drink.
22 Their Table therefore to their Health
Shall prove a Snare a Trap their Wealth:
23 Perpetual Darkness seize their Eyes,
And sudden Blasts their Hopes surprize.

24 On them thou shalt thy Fury pour.
Till thy fierce Wrath their Race devour,
25 And make their House a dismal Cell,
Where none will e'er vouchsafe to dwell.
26 For new Afflictions they procur'd
For him who had thy Stripes endur'd;
And made the Wounds thy Scourge had to
To bleed afresh with sharper Scorn.

27 Sin shall to Sin their Steps betray,
Till they to Truth have lost the Way.
28 From Life thou shalt exclude their Soul,
Nor with the Just their Names enrol.
29 But me, howe'er distrest and poor,
Thy strong Salvation shall restore:
30 Thy Pow'r with Songs I'll then proclai
And celebrate with Thanks thy Name.

31 Our God shall this more highly prize
Than Herds or Flocks in Sacrifice:
32 Which humble Saints with Joy shall see
And hope for like Redress with me.
33 For God regards the Poor's Complaint,
Sets Pris'ners free from close Restraint;
34 Let Heav'n, Earth, Sea, their Voices r
And all the World resound his Praise.

35 For God will Sion's Wall erect,
Fair Judah's Cities he'll protect,
Till all her scatter'd Sons repair
To undisturb'd Possession there
36 This Blessing they shall, at their Death
To their religious Heirs bequeath;

And they to endleſs Ages more,
Of ſuch as his bleſt Name adore.

Pſalm lxx.

1 O LORD, to my Relief draw near,
for never was more preſſing Need!
For my Deliv'rance, Lord, appear,
and add to that Deliv'rance Speed.
2 Confuſion on their Heads return,
who to deſtroy my Soul combine;
Let them, defeated, bluſh and mourn,
enſnar'd in their own vile Deſign.
3 Their Doom let Deſolation be,
with Shame their Malice be repaid,
Who mock'd my Confidence in thee,
and Sport of my Affliction made.
4 While thoſe who humbly ſeek thy Face,
to joyful Triumphs ſhall be rais'd,
And all who prize thy ſaving Grace
with me ſhall ſing, The Lord be prais'd.
5 Thus wretched tho' I am and poor,
the mighty Lord of me takes Care,
Thou God, who only can'ſt reſtore,
to my Relief with Speed repair.

Pſalm lxxi.

1, 2 IN thee I put my ſtedfaſt Truſt,
defend me, Lord, from Shame;
Incline thine Ear, and ſave my Soul,
for righteous is thy Name
3 Be thou my ſtrong abiding Place,
to which I may reſort;
'Tis thy Decree that keeps me ſafe,
thou art my Rock and Fort.
4, 5 From cruel and ungodly Men
protect and ſet me free,
For from my earlieſt Youth 'till now
my Hope has been in thee.
6 Thy conſtant Care did ſafely guard
my tender infant Days;
Thou took'ſt me from my Mother's Womb
to ſing thy conſtant Praiſe.
7, 8 While ſome on me with Wonder gaze,
thy Hand ſupports me ſtill;
Thy Honour therefore and thy Praiſe
my Mouth ſhall always fill.
9 Reject not then thy Servant, Lord,
when I with Age decay,
Forſake me not when worn with Years,
my Vigour fades away.

10 My Foes, againſt my Fame and me,
with crafty Malice ſpeak.
Againſt my Soul they lay their Snares,
and mutual Counſel take.
11 His God, ſay they, forſakes him now,
on whom he did rely;
Purſue and take him, whilſt no Hope
of timely Aid is nigh.
12 But thou, my God, withdraw not far,
for ſpeedy Help I call;
13 To ſhame and Ruin bring my Foes
that ſeek to work my Fall.
14 But as for me, my ſtedfaſt Hope
ſhall on thy Pow'r depend,
And I in grateful Songs of Praiſe
my Time to come will ſpend.

PART II.

15 Thy righteous Acts and ſaving Health
my Mouth ſhall ſtill declare;
Unable yet to count them all,
tho' ſumm'd with utmoſt Care.
16 While God vouchſafes me his Support,
I'll in his Strength go on;
All other Righteouſneſs diſclaim,
and mention his alone.
17 Thou, Lord, haſt taught me from my Youth
to praiſe thy glorious Name;
And ever ſince thy wond'rous Works
have been my conſtant Theme.
18 Then now forſake me not when I
am grey and feeble grown,
'Till I to theſe and future Times,
thy Strength and Pow'r have ſhown.
19 How high thy Juſtice ſoars, O God!
how great and wond'rous are
The mighty Works which thou haſt done!
who may with thee compare?
20 Me, whom thy Hand has ſorely preſs'd
thy Grace ſhall yet relieve;
And from the loweſt Depth of Woe
with tender Care retrieve.
21 Thro' thee my Time to come ſhall be
with Pow'r and Greatneſs crown'd,
And me, who diſmal Years have paſt,
thy Comforts ſhall ſurround.
22 Therefore with Pſaltery and Harp
thy Truth, O Lord, I'll praiſe;
To thee, the God of Jacob's Race,
my Voice in Anthems raiſe.

23 Then

n Joy ſhall fill my Mouth, and Songs
ploy my chearful Voice;
rateful Soul by thee redeem'd
ll in thy Strength rejoice
Tongue thy juſt and righteous Acts
ll all the Day proclaim;
ſe thou didſt confound my Foes
d brought'ſt them all to Shame.

Pſalm lxxii.

R D. let thy juſt Decrees the King
in all his Ways direct;
let his Son throughout his Reign
r righteous Laws reſpect.
all he ſtill thy People judge
th pure and upright Mind,
ſt all the helpleſs Poor ſhall him
ir juſt Protector find.
e Hills and Mountains ſhall bring forth
e happy Fruits of Peace;
ch all the Land ſhall own to be
e Works of Righteouſneſs;
lſt he the poor and needy Race
ll rule with gentle Sway;
from their humble Necks ſhall take
preſſive Yokes away.
r'ry Heart thy awful Fear
ll then be rooted faſt,
ong as Sun and Moon endure,
Time itſelf ſhall laſt
hall deſcend like Rain that cheers
e Meadows ſecond Birth,
ke warm Show'rs, whoſe gentle Drops
reſh the thirſty Earth.
is bleſt Days the Juſt and Good
all be with Favour crown'd,
happy Land ſhall ev'ry where
ith endleſs Peace abound.
uncontroll'd Dominion ſhall
om Sea to Sea extend,
n at proud Euphrates' Streams,
Nature's Limits end.
him the ſavage Nations round
all bow their ſervile Heads,
vanquiſht Foes ſhall lick the Duſt
here he his Conqueſts ſpreads.
e Kings of Tarſhiſh and the Iſles
all coſtly Preſents bring;
e ſpicy Sheba Gifts ſhall come,
d wealthy Saba's King.

11 To him shall ev'ry King on Earth
his humble Homage pay,
And diff'ring Nations gladly join
to own his righteous Sway.
12 For he shall set the Needy free,
when they for Succour cry,
Shall save the Helpless and the Poor,
and all their Wants supply.

PART II.

13 His Providence, for needy Souls,
shall due Supplies prepare;
And over their defenceless Lives
shall watch with tender Care.
14 He shall preserve and keep their Souls
from Fraud and Rapine free,
And in his Sight their guiltless Blood
of mighty Price shall be.
15 Therefore shall God his Life and Reign
to many Years extend,
Whilst Eastern Princes Tribute pay,
and Golden Presents send.
For him shall constant Pray'rs be made
thro' all his prosp'rous Days;
His just Dominion shall afford
a lasting Theme of Praise.
16 Of useful Grain, thro' all the Land,
great Plenty shall appear;
A Handful sown on Mountain Tops
a mighty Crop shall bear;
Its Fruit, like Cedars shook by Winds,
a rattling Noise shall yield;
The City too shall thrive and vie
for Plenty with the Field.
17 The Mem'ry of his glorious Name
thro' endless Years shall run,
His spotless Fame shall shine as bright
and lasting as the Sun.
In him the Nations of the World
shall be compleatly blest,
And his unbounded Happiness
by ev'ry Tongue confest.
18 Then blest'd be God the mighty Lord,
the God whom Isr'el fears;
Who only wond'rous in his Works,
beyond Compare appears.
19 Let Earth be with his Glory fill'd;
for ever blest his Name:
Whilst to his Praise the list'ning World
their glad Assent proclaim.

Ma

Psalm lxxiii.

1 AT length, by certain Proofs, 'tis plain
that God will to his Saints be kind;
That all, whose Hearts are pure and clean,
shall his protecting Favour find.
2, 3 Till this sustaining Truth I knew.
my staggʼring Feet had almost failʼd;
I grievʼd the Sinnerʼs Wealth to view,
and envyʼd when the Fools prevailʼd.
4, 5 They to the Grave in Peace descend,
and whilst they live are hale and strong;
No Plagues or Troubles them offend,
which oft to other Men belong.
6, 7 With Pride, as with a Chain, theyʼre held,
and Rapine seems their Robe of State;
Their Eyes stand out with Fatness swellʼd,
they grow, beyond their Wishes, great.
8, 9 With Hearts corrupt and lofty Talk,
oppressive Methods they defend;
Their Tongue throʼ all the Earth does walk,
their Blasphemies to Heavʼn ascend.
10 And yet admiring Crowds are found
who servile Visits duly make,
Because with Plenty they abound,
of which their flattʼring Slaves partake.
11 Their fond Opinions these pursue,
till they with them prophanely cry,
"How shall the Lord our Actions view,
"Can he perceive who dwells so high?"
12 Behold the Wicked! these are they
who openly their Sins profess;
And yet their Wealthʼs increasʼd each Day,
and all their Actions meet Success.
13, 14 Then have I cleansʼd my Heart (said I)
and washʼd my Hands from Guilt in vain,
If all the Day oppressʼd I lie
and evʼry Morning suffer Pain.
15 Thus did I once to speak intend;
but if such Things I rashly say.
Thy Children, Lord, I must offend,
and basely thouʼd their Cause betray.

PART II.

16, 17 To fathom this my Thoughts I bent,
but found the Case too hard for me,
ʼTill to the House of God I went,
then I their End did plainly see.
18 *How high soʼer* advancʼd they all
on slippʼry Places loosely stand;

Thence

Thence into Ruin headlong [illegible]
caſt down by thy avenging [illegible]

19, 20 How dreadful and how quick
deſpis'd by thee when they 're d
As waking Men with Scorns do
the Fancies that their Dreamſ

21, 22 Thus was my Heart with Grief
my Reins were rack'd with rem
So ſtupid was I, like a Beaſt,
who no reflecting Thought retu

23, 24 Yet ſtill thy Preſence me ſu
and thy Right-hand Aſſiſtance
Thou firſt ſhalt with thy Counſel
and then to Glory me receive.

25 Whom then in Heav'n, but the
have I, whoſe Favour I requir
Throughout the ſpacious Earth th
that I beſides thee can deſire.

26 My trembling Fleſh and aking H
may often fail to ſuccour me;
But God ſhall inward Strength
and my eternal Portion be.

27 For they that far from thee rem
ſhall into ſudden Ruin fall;
If after other Gods they rove,
thy Vengeance ſhall deſtroy th

28 But as for me, 'tis good and juſ
that I ſhou'd ſtill to God repai
In him I always put my Truſt,
and will his wond'rous Works

Pſalm lxxiv.

1 WHY haſt thou caſt us off, (
wilt thou no more return
O why againſt thy choſen Flock,
does thy fierce Anger burn?

2 Think on thy ancient Purchaſe,
the Land that is thy own.
By thee redeem'd, and Sion's M
where once thy Glory ſhone.

3 O come and view our ruin'd Sta
how long our Troubles laſt!
See! how the Foe with wicked I
has laid thy Temple waſte!

4 Thy Foes blaſpheme thy Name,
thy zealous Servants pray'd;
The Heathen there with haught
their Banners have diſplay'd.

5, 6 Thoſe curious Carvings whic
advance the Artiſt's Fame,

With Ax and Hammer they deſtroy,
like Works of vulgar Frame.
7 Thy holy Temple they have burnt;
and what eſcap'd the Flame,
Has been prophan'd, and quite defac'd,
tho' ſacred to thy Name.

8 Thy Worſhip wholly to deſtroy,
maliciouſly they aim'd;
And all the ſacred Places burn'd
where we thy Praiſe proclaim'd:
9 Yet of thy Preſence thou vouchſaf'ſt
no tender Signs to ſend;
We have no Prophet now that knows
when this ſad State ſhall end.

PART II.

10 But, Lord, how long wilt thou permit
th' inſulting Foe to boaſt?
Shall all the Honour of thy Name
for evermore be loſt? (hand?
11 Why hold'ſt thou back thy ſtrong Right-
and on thy patient Breaſt,
When Vengeance calls to ſtretch it forth,
ſo calmly let it reſt?

12 Thou heretofore, with Kingly Pow'r,
in our Defence haſt fought;
For us, throughout the wond'ring World,
haſt great Salvation wrought.
13 'Twas thou, O God, that didſt the Sea
by thy own Strength divide;
Thou brak'ſt the watry Monſter's Head,
the Waves o'erwhelm'd their Pride.

14 The greateſt, fierceſt of them all,
that ſeem'd the Deep to ſway;
Was by thy Pow'r deſtroy'd, and made
to ſavage Beaſts a Prey.
15 Thou clav'ſt the ſolid Rock and mad'ſt
the Waters largely flow;
Again, thou mad'ſt thro' parted Streams
thy wond'ring People go.

16 Thine is the chearful Day, and thine
the black Return of Night;
Thou haſt prepar'd the glorious Sun,
and ev'ry feebler Light;
17 By thee the Borders of the Earth
in perfect Order ſtand;
The Summer's Warmth, the Winter's Cold,
attend on thy Command.

PART

PART III.

18 Remember, Lord, how ſcornful Foes
have daily urg'd our Shame;
And how the fooliſh People have
blaſphem'd thy holy Name.
19 O free thy mourning Turtle-Dove,
by ſinful Crowds beſet;
Nor the Aſſembly of the Poor
for evermore forget.
20 Thy ancient Cov'nant, Lord, regard,
and make thy Promiſe good;
For now each Corner of the Land
is fill'd with Men of Blood.
21 O let not the Oppreſt return,
with Sorrow cloath'd and Shame;
But let the Helpleſs and the Poor
for ever praiſe thy Name.
22 Ariſe, O God, in our Behalf,
thy Cauſe and ours maintain;
Remember how inſulting Fools
each Day thy Name prophane!
23 Make thou the Boaſtings of thy Foes
for ever. Lord to ceaſe;
Whoſe Inſolence, if unchaſtis'd,
will more and more encreaſe.

Pſalm lxxv.

1 TO thee, O God, we render Praiſe,
to thee with Thanks repair;
or, that thy Name to us is nigh,
thy wond'rous Works declare.
2 In Iſr'el when my Throne is fix'd,
with me ſhall Juſtice reign:
3 The Land with Diſcord ſhakes, but I
the ſinking Frame ſuſtain.
4 Deluded Wretches I advis'd
their Errors to redreſs,
And warn'd bold Sinners that they ſhould
their ſwelling Pride ſuppreſs.
5 Bear not yourſelves ſo high, as if
no Pow'r cou'd yours reſtrain;
Submit your ſtubborn Necks, and learn
to ſpeak with leſs Diſdain.
6 For that Promotion, which to gain,
your vain Ambition ſtrives,
From neither Eaſt nor Weſt, nor yet
from Southern Climes arrives.
7 For God the great Diſpoſer is
and Sov'reign Judge alone,

casts the Proud to Earth, and lifts
Humble to a Throne.

Hand holds forth a dreadful Cup,
th purple Wine 'tis crown'd;
deadly Mixture, which his Wrath
als out to Nations round.
his his Saints sometimes may taste,
t wicked Men shall squeeze
bitter Dregs, and be condemn'd
drink the very Lees.

Prophet I, to all the World
is Message will relate;
Justice then of Jacob's God,
y Song shall celebrate.
e Wicked's Pride I will reduce,
eir Cruelty disarm;
lt the Just, and seat him high,
ove the Reach of Harm.

Psalm lxxvi.

Judah the Almighty's known,
(Almighty there by Wonders shown)
is Name in Jacob does excel;
Sanctuary in Salem stands,
Majesty that Heav'n commands
a Sion condescends to dwell.

brake the Bow and Arrows there,
Shield, the temper'd Sword and Spear,
here slain the mighty Army lay;
ence Sion's Fame thro' Earth is spread,
greater Glory, greater Dread,
han Hills where Robbers lodge their Prey.

ir valiant Chiefs, who came for Spoil,
emselves met there a shameful Foil,
ecurely down to sleep they lay,
wak'd no more; their stouteſt Band
'er lifted one resisting Hand
Gainst his that did their Legions slay.

ien Jacob's God began to frown,
h Horse and Charioteers, o'erthrown,
Together slept in endless Night:
hen thou, whom Heav'n and Earth revere,
st once with wrathful Look appear.
What mortal Pow'r can stand thy Sight?

nounc'd from Heav'n, Earth heard its
Doom, (come
ew hush'd with Fear, when thou didst
he Meek with Justice to restore;

10 The Wrath of Man ſhall yield t
Its laſt Attempts but ſerve to raiſe
The Triumphs of Almighty Pow

11 Vow to the Lord, ye Nations, bri
Vow'd Preſents to the Eternal King
Thus to his Name due Rev'rence

12 Who proudeſt Potentates can quell,
To earthly Kings more terrible
Than to their trembling Subjects th

Pſalm lxxvii.

1 TO God I cry'd, who to my Help
did graciouſly repair;
2 In Trouble's diſmal Day I ſought
my God with humble Pray'r.
All Night my feſt'ring Wound did run,
no Med'cine gave Relief;
My Soul no Comfort wou'd admit,
my Soul indulg'd her Grief.

3 I thought on God, and Favours paſt,
but that increas'd my Pain;
I found my Spirit more oppreſt,
the more I did complain.
4 Thro' ev'ry Watch of tedious Night
thou keep'ſt my Eyes awake;
My Grief is ſwell'd to that Exceſs
I ſigh but cannot ſpeak.

5 I call to Mind the Days of old
with ſignal Mercy crown'd,
Theſe famous Years of ancient Times,
for Miracles renown'd.
6 By Night I recollect my Songs
on former Triumphs made,
Then ſearch, conſult, and aſk my Heart
where's now that wond'rous Aid?

7 Has God for ever caſt us off,
withdrawn his Favour quite?
8 Are both his Mercy and his Truth
retir'd to endleſs Night?
9 Can his long-practis'd Love forget
its wonted Aids to bring?
Has he in Wrath ſhut up and ſeal'd
his Mercy's healing Spring?

10 I ſaid, my Weakneſs hints theſe Fears,
but I'll my Fears diſband;
I'll yet remember the moſt High,
and Years of his Right-hand.
11 I'll call to Mind his Works of old,
the Wonders of his Might;

On them my Heart ſhall meditate,
my Tongue ſhall them recite.
afe lodg'd from human Search on high,
O God, thy Councils are!
ho is ſo great a God as ours?
who can with him compare?
ong ſince a God of Wonders thee
by refcu'd People found;
ng ſince haſt thou thy choſen Seed
ith ſtrong Deliv'rance crown'd.
ien thee, O God, the Waters ſaw
e frighted Billows ſhrunk;
troubled Depths themſelves, for Fear,
neath their Channels ſunk. (Skies
Clouds pour'd down, while rending
with their Noiſe conſpire;
Arrows all abroad were ſent,
g'd with avenging Fire.
'n with thy Thunder's Voice was torn
ift all the lower World (ſeem'd
ight'nings blaz'd; Earth ſhook and
her Foundations hurl'd.
rolling Streams thou find'ſt thy Way,
'aths in Waters lie;
ond'rous Paſſage, where no Sight
ootſteps can deſcry.
ed'ſt thy People, like a Flock,
iro' the Deſart Land,
s, their meek ſkilful Guide
iron's ſacred Hand.

Pſalm lxxviii.

', O my People; to my Law
out Attention lend;
ſtruction of my Mouth
your Hearts deſcend.
ie. by Inſpiration taught,
ables unfold,
es, but underſtood,
'd for Truths of Old.
from ſacred Regiſters
t Times have known,
refathers pious Care
handed down.
hide them from our Sons;
ring ſhall be taught
of the Lord, whoſe Strength
of Wonder wrought.
this Law ordain'd,
With Iſr'el made,

With Charge, to be from Age to Age
from Race to Race convey'd.
6 That Generations yet to come
ſhou'd to their unborn Heirs
Religiouſly tranſmit the ſame,
and they again to theirs.

7 To teach 'em that in God alone
their Hope ſecurely ſtands;
That they ſhou'd ne'er his Works forget,
but keep his juſt Commands.
8 Left, like their Fathers, they might prove
a ſtiff rebellious Race,
Falſe-hearted, fickle to their God,
unſtedfaſt in his Grace.

9 Such were revolting Ephraim's Sons,
who tho' to Warfare bred,
And ſkilful Archers arm'd with Bows,
from Field ignobly fled.
10, 11 They falſify'd their League with God,
his Orders diſobey'd;
Forgot his Works and Miracles
before their Eyes diſplay'd.

12 Nor Wonders which their Fathers ſaw,
did they in Mind retain;
Prodigious Things in Egypt done,
and Zoan's fertile Plain.
13 He cut the Seas to let them paſs,
reſtrain'd the preſſing Flood;
While pil'd in Heaps, on either Side,
the ſolid Waters ſtood.

14 A wond'rous Pillar led them on,
compos'd of Shade and Light;
A ſhelt'ring Cloud it prov'd by Day,
a leading Fire by Night.
15 When Drought oppreſt 'em, where (Stre
the Wilderneſs ſupply'd,
He cleft the Rock, whoſe flinty Breaſt
diſſolv'd into a Tide.

16 Streams from the ſolid Rock he brought,
which down in Rivers fell,
That, trav'ling with their Camp, each Da
renew'd the Miracle.
17 Yet there they ſinn'd againſt him more,
provoking the moſt High;
In that ſame Deſart where he did
their fainting Souls ſupply.

18 They firſt incens'd him in their Hearts,
that did his Pow'r diſtruſt,

ong'd for Meat, not urg'd by Want,
to indulge their Luſt.
ı utter'd their blaſpheming Doubts,
'an God, ſay they, prepare
Table in the Wilderneſs,
et out with various Fare?
e ſmote the flinty Rock ('tis true)
nd guſhing Streams enſu'd;
: can he Corn and Fleſh provide
ſuch a Multitude?"
Lord with Indignation heard;
n Heav'n avenging Flame
cob fell, conſuming Wrath
thankleſs Iſr'el came.
uſe their unbelieving Hearts
God wou'd not confide,
vſt his Care who had from Heav'n,
r Wants ſo oft ſupply'd.
' he had made his Clouds diſcharge
viſions down in Show'rs;
when Earth fail'd, reliev'd their Needs
n his celeſtial Stores.
taſteful Manna was rain'd down
r Hunger to relieve;
from the Stores of Heav'n they did
aining Corn receive.
ı Man with Angels ſacred Food,
rateful Man, was fed;
paringly, for ſtill they found
enteous Table ſpread.
ı Heav'n he made an Eaſt-Wind blow,
ı did the South command,
ain down Fleſh like Duſt, and Fowls
Sea's unnumber'd Sand.
in their Trenches he let fall
luſcious eaſy Prey,
ll around their ſpreading Camp
r feather'd Booty lay.
' fed, were fill'd, he gave 'em Leave
r Appetites to feaſt;
Yet ſtill their wanton Luſt crav'd on,
with their Hunger ceas'd.
hilſt in their luxurious Mouths,
r did their Dainties chew,
Wrath of God ſmote down their Chiefs,
Iſr'el's Choſen ſlew.

PART II.

Still they ſinn'd, nor wou'd afford
Miracles Belief;

to God with early Cry;
35 O.n'd him the Rock of their D
their Saviour, God moſt High.
36 But this was feign'd Submiſſion a
their Heart their Tongue bely'd
37 Their Heart was ſtill perverſe, n
firm in his League abide.
38 Yet, full of Mercy, he forgave,
nor did with Death chaſtiſe;
But turn'd his kindled Wrath aſide,
or wou'd not let it riſe.
39 For he remembred they were Fleſh
that cou'd not long remain;
A murm ring Wind that's quickly paſt,
and ne'er returns again.
40 How oft did they provoke him there,
how oft his Patience grieve,
In that ſame Deſart where he did
their fainting Souls relieve?
41 They tempted him by turning back,
and wickedly repin'd,
When Iſr'el's God refus'd to be
by their Deſires confin'd.
42 Nor call'd to Mind the Hand and Day
that their Redemption brought;
43 His Signs in Egypt, wond'rous Works
in Zoan's Valley wrought.
44 He turn'd their Rivers into Blood,
that Man and Beaſt forbore,
And rather choſe to die of Thirſt
than drink the putrid Gore.
45 He ſent devouring Swarms of Flies,
hoarſe Frogs annoy'd their Soil;
46 Locuſts and Caterpillars reap'd
the Harveſt of their Toil.
47 Their Vines with batt'ring Hail were brok
with Froſt the Fig-tree dies;
48 Light'ning and Hail made Flocks and Herd
one gen'ral Sacrifice.
49 He turn'd his Anger looſe, and ſet
no Time for it to ceaſe;
And, with their Plagues, bad Angels ſent
their Torments to increaſe.
50 He clear'd a Paſſage for his Wrath
to ravage uncontroul'd;
The Murrain on their Firſtlings ſeiz'd
in ev'ry Field and Fold.
51

ie deadly Peſt from Beaſt to Man,
om Field to City came;
lew their Heirs, their eldeſt Hopes,
hro' all the Tents of Ham.

it his own Tribe, like folded Sheep,
e brought from their Diſtreſs,
d them conducted like a Flock,
hroughout the Wilderneſs.
s led 'em on, and in their Way,
o Cauſe of Fear they found;
: march'd ſecurely thro' thoſe Deeps,
n which their Foes were drown'd.

or ceas'd his Care 'till them he brought
ife to his promis'd Land,
d to his Holy Mount, the Prize
f his victorious Hand.
o them the out-caſt Heathen's Land
e did by Lot divide;
l in their Foes abandon'd Tents
ade Iſr'el's Tribes reſide.

PART III.

t ſtill they tempted, ſtill provok'd
ie Wrath of God moſt High;
would to practiſe his Commands
eir ſtubborn Hearts apply.
t in their faithleſs Fathers Steps
erverſly choſe to go;
y turn'd aſide like Arrows ſhot
om ſome deceitful Bow.

r him to Fury they provok'd
ith Altars ſet on high;
with their graven Images
flam'd his Jealouſy.
hen God heard this, on Iſr'el's Tribes
s Wrath and Hatred fell;
quitted Shilo, and the Tents
here once he choſe to dwell.

vile Captivity his Ark,
s Glory to diſdain,
s People to the Sword he gave,
or would his Wrath reſtrain.
ſtructive War their ableſt Youth
timely did confound;
Virgin was to th' Altar led,
ith Nuptial Garlands crown'd.

Fight the Sacrificer fell,
ie Prieſt a Victim bled;
Widows who their Deaths ſhould mourn
mſelves of Grief were dead.

65 Then, as a Giant, rouz'd from Sleep,
whom Wine had throughly warm'd,
Shouts out aloud, the Lord awak'd,
and his proud Foe alarm'd.

66 He ſmote their Hoſt, that from the Field
a ſcatter'd Remnant came,
With Wounds imprinted on their Backs
of everlaſting Shame.

67 With Conqueſt crown'd, he Joſeph's Tent
and Ephraim's Tribe forſook;
68 But Judah choſe, and Sion's Mount
for his lov'd Dwelling took.

69 His Temple he erected there
with Spires exalted high,
While deep and fixt, as that of Earth,
the ſtrong Foundations lie.

70 His faithful Servant David too,
he for his Flocks did own,
And from the Sheep-folds him advanc'd
to fit on Judah's Throne.

71 From tending on the teeming Ewes,
he brought him forth to feed
His own Inheritance, the Tribes
of Iſr'el's choſen Seed.

72 Exalted thus, the Monarch prov'd
a faithful Shepherd ſtill;
He fed them with an upright Heart,
and guided them with Skill.

Pſalm lxxix.

1 BEhold, O God, how Heathen Hoſts
have thy Poſſeſſion ſeiz'd:
Thy ſacred Houſe they have defil'd,
thy holy City raz'd.

2 The mangled Bodies of thy Saints
abroad unbury'd lay;
Their Fleſh expos'd to ſavage Beaſts,
and rav'nous Birds of Prey.

3 Quite thro' Jerus'lem was their Blood
like common Water ſhed;
And none were left alive to pay
laſt Duties to the Dead.

4 The neighb'ring Lands our ſmall Remain
with loud Reproaches wound;
And we, a Laughing-ſtock are made
to all the Nations round.

5 How long wilt thou be angry, Lord,
muſt we for ever mourn?
Shall thy devouring jealous Rage,
like Fire, for ever burn?

foreign Lands that know not thee,
y heavy Vengeance ſhow'r,
ſe ſinful Kingdoms let it cruſh
at have not own'd thy Pow'r.

their devouring Jaws have prey'd
Jacob's choſen Race;
to a barren Deſart turn'd
eir fruitful Dwelling-place.

ink not on our former Sins,
ut ſpeedily prevent
utter Ruin of thy Saints,
moſt with Sorrow ſpent.

u God of our Salvation, help,
d free our Souls from Blame;
hall our Pardon and Defence
talt thy glorious Name.

t Infidels that ſcoffing ſay,
here is the God they boaſt?
engeance, for thy ſlaughter'd Saints,
rceive thee to their Coſt.

rd, hear the ſighing Pris'ner's Moan,
y ſaving Pow'r extend;
erve the Wretches doom'd to die,
om that untimely End.

them, who us oppreſs, let all
ir Suff'rings be repaid;
e their Confuſion ſev'n Times more
an what on us they laid.

we, thy People and thy Flock,
all ever praiſe thy Name;
with glad Hearts our grateful Thanks
om Age to Age proclaim.

Pſalm lxxx.

Iſr'el's Shepherd, Joſeph's Guide,
our Pray'rs to thee vouchſafe to hear;
n that doſt on the Cherubs ride,
ain in ſolemn State appear.

old, how Benjamin expects,
ith Ephraim and Manaſſeh join'd,
ur Deliv'rance, the Effects
thy reſiſtleſs Strength to find.

hou convert us, Lord, do thou
e Luſtre of thy Face diſplay;
l all the Ills we ſuffer now,
te ſcatter'd Clouds, ſhall paſs away.

ou, whom heav'nly Hoſts obey,
w long ſhall thy fierce Anger burn
long thy ſuff'ring People pray,
d to their Pray'rs have no Return?

5 When hungry, we are forc'd to drench
our ſcanty Food in Floods of Woe;
When dry, our raging Thirſt we quench
with Streams of Tears that largely flow.
6 For us the Heathen Nations round,
As for a common Prey, conteſt;
Our Foes with ſpiteful Joy abound,
And at our loſt Condition jeſt.
7 Do thou convert us, Lord, do thou
The Luſtre of thy Face diſplay;
And all the Ills we ſuffer now,
like ſcatter'd Clouds, ſhall paſs away.

PART II.

8 Thou brought'ſt a Vine from Egypt's Land
and caſting out the Heathen Race,
Didſt plant it with thy own Right-hand,
And firmly fix it in their Place.
9 Before it thou prepar'd'ſt the Way,
And mad'ſt it take a laſting Root;
Which, bleſt with thy indulgent Ray,
O'er all the Land did widely ſhoot.
10, 11 The Hills were cover'd with its Shade,
Its goodly Boughs did Cedars ſeem;
Its Branches to the Sea were ſpread,
And reach'd to proud Euphrates' Stream.
12 Why then haſt thou its Hedge o'erthrown,
Which thou haſt made ſo firm and ſtrong,
Whilſt all its Grapes, defenceleſs grown,
Are pluck'd by thoſe that paſs along.
13 See how the briſtling Foreſt-Boar
with dreadful Fury lays it waſte;
Hark how the ſavage Monſters roar,
And to their helpleſs Prey make haſte.

PART III.

14 To thee, O God of Hoſts, we pray;
Thy wonted Goodneſs, Lord, renew:
From Heav'n thy Throne, this Vine ſurvey,
And her ſad State with Pity view.
15 Behold the Vineyard, made by thee,
Which thy Right-hand did guard ſo long;
And keep that Branch from Danger free,
Which for thyſelf thou mad'ſt ſo ſtrong.
16 To waſting Flames 'tis made a Prey,
And all its ſpreading Boughs cut down;
At thy Rebuke they ſoon decay,
And periſh at thy dreadful Frown.
17 Crown thou the King with good Succeſs,
By thy Right-hand ſecur'd from Wrong.
The Son of Man in Mercy bleſs,
Whom for thyſelf thou mad'ſt ſo ſtrong.

ill we ſtill continue free
n whatſoe'er deſerves thy Blame;
once more reviv'd by thee,
always praiſe thy holy Name.
ou convert us. Lord, do thou
Luſtre of thy Face diſplay;
l the Ills we ſuffer now,
ſcatter'd Clouds, ſhall paſs away.

Pſalm lxxxi.

God, our never-failing Strength,
rith loud Applauſes ſing;
ointly make a chearful Noiſe
acob's awful King.
oſe a Hymn of Praiſe, and touch
r Inſtruments of Joy;
ſalteries and pleaſant Harps
r grateful Skill employ.

rumpets at the great New Moon
r joyful Voices raiſe,
lebrate th' appointed Time,
ſolemn Day of Praiſe.
is a Statute was of old,
ich Jacob's God decreed,
: with pious Care obſerv'd
Iſr'el's choſen Seed.

be-for a Memorial fix'd
en freed from Egypt's Land,
ge Nations barb'rous Speech we heard,
could not underſtand.
our burthen'd Shoulders I reliev'd,
us ſeems our God to ſay)
our ſervile Hands by me were freed
from lab'ring in the Clay.

our Anceſtors. with Wrongs oppreſt,
to me for Aid did call;
ith Pity I their Suff'rings ſaw,
and ſet them free from all.
y ſought for me, and from the Cloud
in Thunder I reply'd;
Meribah's contentious Stream
their Faith and Duty try'd.

PART II.

hile I my ſolemn Will declare,
my choſen People, hear;
thou, O Iſr'el, to my Words
wilt bend thy liſt'ning Ear;
hen ſhall no God beſides myſelf
within thy Coaſts be found;

"Nor

" Nor shalt thou worship any
" of all the Nations round.

10 " The Lord thy God am I,
" brought forth from
" 'Tis I that all thy just
" supply with the rich
11 " But they, my chosen Race,
" no hearkning to my Voice;
" Nor would rebellious Isr'el
" make me their happy Cho

12 So I, provok'd, resign'd then
to ev'ry Lust a Prey,
And in their own perverse Desi
permitted them to stray.
13 O that my People wisely woul
my just Commandments hee
And Isr'el in my righteous Way
with pious Care proceed!

14 Then should my heavy Judgm
on all that them oppose,
And my avenging Hand be turn
against their numerous Foes.
15 Their Enemies and mine, stro
before my Footstool bend;
But as for them, their happy S
shall never know an End.

16 All Parts with Plenty shall ab
with finest Wheat their Plat
The barren Rocks, to please th
should richest Honey yield.

Psalm lxxxii.

1 GOD in the great Assembly s
where his impartial Eye,
In State surveys the earthly Go
and does their Judgments try
2, 3 How dare you then unjustly
or be to Sinners kind?
Defend the Orphans and the Po
let such your Justice find.

4 Protect the humble helpless Ma
reduc'd to deep Distress,
And let not him become a Prey
to such as would oppress.
5 They neither know, nor will t
but blindly rove and stray;
Justice and Truth, the World'
thro' all the Land decay.

then may God in Anger ſay,
I've call'd you by my Name;
/e ſaid y'are Gods, the Sons and Heirs
of my immortal Fame.
it ne'ertheleſs your unjuſt Deeds
to ſtrict Account I'll call;
ou all ſhall die like common Men,
like other Tyrants fall."

, and thy juſt Judgments, Lord,
oughout the Earth diſplay;
all the Nations of the World
ll own thy righteous Sway.

Pſalm lxxxiii.

) L D not thy Peace, O Lord our God,
no longer ſilent be;
with conſenting quiet Looks
· Ruin calmly ſee!
>! the Tumults of thy Foes
r all the Land are ſpread;
they which hate thy Saints and thee
up their threat'ning Head.

ıſt thy zealous People, Lord,
y craftily combine;
to deſtroy thy choſen Saints
/e laid their cloſe Deſign.
me, let us cut them off, ſay they,
heir Nation quite deface;
ıat no Remembrance may remain
Of Iſr'el's choſen Race."

they againſt thy Peoples Peace
ſult with one Conſent;
liff'ring Nations jointly leagu'd,
ir common Malice vent.
ſhm'elites that dwell in Tents,
h warlike Edom join'd,
Moab's Sons our Ruin vow,
h Hagar's Race combin'd.

l Ammon's Offſpring; Gebal too,
h Amalek conſpire;
ıords of Paleſtine, and all
wealthy Sons of Tyre:
eſe the ſtrong Aſſyrian King
ir firm Ally have got,
with a pow'rful Army aids
inceſtuous Race of Lot.

PART II.

t ſuch Vengeance come to them,
ınce to Midian came;
ſin and proud Siſera,
iſhon's fatal Stream.

10 When

10 When thy Right-hand their num'rous Hoſts
near Endor did confound,
And left their Carcaſſes for Dung
to feed the hungry Ground.

11 Let all their mighty Men the Fate
of Zeb and Oreb ſhare;
As Zebah and Zalmunnah, ſo
let all their Princes fare.

12 Who, with the ſame Deſign inſpir'd,
thus vainly boaſting ſpake,
"In firm Poſſeſſion for ourſelves
"let us God's Houſes take."

13 To Ruin let them haſte like Wheels
which downwards ſwiftly move;
Like Chaff before the Winds, let all
their ſcatter'd Forces prove.

14, 15 As Flames conſume dry Wood, or Heath
that on parch'd Mountains grows,
So let thy fierce purſuing Wrath
with Terrors ſtrike thy Foes

16, 17 Lord, ſhroud their Faces with Diſgrace,
that they may own thy Name;
Or them confound, whoſe harden'd Hearts
thy gentler Means diſclaim.

18 So ſhall the wond'ring World confeſs
that thou, who claim'ſt alone
Jehovah's Name, o'er all the Earth
haſt rais'd thy lofty Throne.

Pſalm lxxxiv.

1 O GOD of Hoſts, the mighty Lord,
how lovely is the Place
Where thou, enthron'd in Glory, ſhow'ſt
the Brightneſs of thy Face!

2 My longing Soul faints with Deſire,
to view thy bleſt Abode;
My panting Heart and Fleſh cry out
for thee the living God.

3 The Birds, more happy far than I,
around thy Altars throng;
Securely there they build, and there
ſecurely hatch their Young.

4 O Lord of Hoſts, my King and God,
how highly bleſt are they
Who in thy Temple always dwell,
and there thy Praiſe diſplay!

5 Thrice happy they, whoſe Choice has thee
their ſure Protection made;
Who long to tread the ſacred Ways
that to thy Dwelling lead!

6 Who

o paſs thro' Baca's thirſty Vale,
et no Refreſhment want;
ir Pools are fill'd with Rain, which thou
: their Requeſt doſt grant.

is they proceed from Strength to Strength
id ſtill approach more near;
all on Sion's holy Mount,
efore their God appear.

ord, the mighty God of Hoſts,
ıy juſt Requeſt regard;
ou God of Jacob, let my Pray'r
e ſtill with Favour heard.

old, O God, for thou alone
inſt timely Aid diſpenſe;
thy anointed Servant look,
e thou his ſtrong Defence.

r in thy Courts one ſingle Day
is better to attend,
in, Lord, in any Place beſides
thouſand Years to ſpend.

ch rather in God's Houſe will I
ie meaneſt Office take,
in in the wealthy Tents of Sin
ıy pompous Dwelling make.

r God who is our Sun and Shield,
rill Grace and Glory give;
l no good Thing will he with-hold
om them that juſtly live.

ıou God, whom Heav'nly Hoſts obe,
ow highly bleſt is he,
ioſe Hope and Truſt, ſecurely plac'd,
ı ſtill repos'd on thee!

Pſalm lxxxv.

)RD, thou haſt granted to thy Land,
the Favours we implor'd;
d faithful Jacob's captive Race
aſt graciouſly reſtor'd.

Thy Peoples Sins thou haſt abſolv'd
nd all their Guilt defac'd;
ou haſt not let thy Wrath flame on,
or thy fierce Anger laſt.

God our Saviour, all our Hearts
o thy Obedience turn,
at quencht with our repenting Tears,
hy Wrath no more may burn.

For why ſhouldſt thou be angry ſtill,
nd Wrath ſo long retain?
ive us, Lord, and let thy Saints
y wonted Comfort gain.

7 Thy gracious Favour, Lord, diſplay,
which we have long implor'd;
And for thy wond'rous Mercies ſake
thy wonted Aid afford.

8 God's Anſwer patiently I'll wait,
for he, with glad Succeſs,
(If they no more to Folly turn)
his mourning Saints will bleſs.

9 To all that fear his Holy Name
his ſure Salvation's near;
And in its former happy State
our Nation ſhall appear.

10 For Mercy now with Truth is join'd
and Righteouſneſs with Peace,
Like kind Companions, abſent long,
with friendly Arms embrace.

11, 12 Truth from the Earth ſhall ſpring,
ſhall Streams of Juſtice pour; (
And God, from whom all Goodneſs
ſhall endleſs Plenty ſhow'r.

13 Before him Righteouſneſs ſhall marc
and his juſt Paths prepare;
Whilſt we his holy Steps purſue,
with conſtant Zeal and Care.

Pſalm lxxxvi.

1 TO my Complaint, O Lord my Go
thy gracious Ear incline;
Hear me, diſtreſt and deſtitute
of all Relief but thine!

2 Do thou, O God, preſerve my Soul,
that does thy Name adore;
Thy Servant keep, and him, whoſe T
relies on thee, reſtore.

3 To me, who daily thee invoke,
thy Mercy, Lord, extend;

4 Refreſh thy Servant's Soul, whoſe Hc
on thee alone depend.

5 Thou, Lord, art good, nor only goo
but prompt to Pardon too;
Of plenteous Mercy to all thoſe
who for thy Mercy ſue.

6 To my repeated humble Pray'r,
O Lord, attentive be!

7 When troubled I on thee will call,
for thou wilt anſwer me.

8 Among the Gods there's none like th
O Lord, alone divine!
To thee as much inferior they,
as are their Works to thine.

refore their great Creator thee
e Nations ſhall adore,
ir long miſguided Pray'rs and Praiſe
thy bleſt Name reſtore.
. ſhall confeſs thee great, and great
e Wonders thou haſt done:
feſs thee God, the God ſupreme,
nfeſs thee God alone.

PART II.

ach me thy Way, O Lord, and I
om Truth ſhall ne'er depart;
ev'rence to thy ſacred Name
voutly fix my Heart.
ee will I praiſe, O Lord my God,
raiſe thee with Heart ſincere;
l to thy everlaſting Name
ernal Trophies rear.

y boundleſs Mercy ſhewn to me
anſcends my Pow'r to tell,
thou haſt oft redeem'd my Soul
om loweſt Depths of Hell.
God, the Sons of Pride and Strife
ave my Deſtruction ſought,
ardleſs of thy Pow'r, that oft
as my Deliv'rance wrought.

t thou thy conſtant Goodneſs didſt
o my Aſſiſtance bring;
Patience, Mercy, and of Truth,
ou everlaſting Spring!
bounteous Lord, thy Grace and Strength
o me thy Servant ſhow;
kind Protection. Lord, on me
ine Handmaid's ſon beſtow.

me Signal give which my proud Foes
ay ſee with Shame and Rage,
en thou, O Lord, for my Relief
d Comfort doſt engage.

Pſalm lxxxvii.

O D's Temple crowns the Holy Mount;
the Lord there condeſcends to dwell;
Sion's Gates, in his Account,
bur Iſr'el's faireſt Tents excel.
ne glorious Things of thee ſhall ſing,
Zity of th' Almighty King.

mention Rahab with due Praiſe,
Babylon's Applauſes join,
Fame of Æthiopia raiſe,
ith that of Tyre and Paleſtine,

And

And grant that ſome, amongſt them born,
Their Age and Country did adorn.

5 But ſtill of Sion I'll aver,
that many ſuch from her proceed;
Th' Almighty ſhall eſtabliſh her.

6 His gen'ral Liſt ſhall ſhew, when read,
That ſuch a Perſon there was born,
And ſuch did ſuch an Age adorn.

7 He'll Sion find with Numbers fill'd
of ſuch as merit high Renown;
For Hand and Voice Muſicians ſkill'd,
and (her tranſcending Fame to crown)
Of ſuch ſhe ſhall Succeſſions bring,
Like Waters from a living Spring.

Pſalm lxxxviii.

1 TO thee, my God and Saviour, I
By Day and Night addreſs my Cry;

2 Vouchſafe my mournful Voice to hear,
To my Diſtreſs incline thine Ear:

3 For Seas of Trouble me invade,
My Soul draws nigh to Death's cold Shade.

4 Like one whoſe Strength and Hopes are fled,
They number me among the Dead.

5 Like thoſe who, ſhrouded in the Grave,
From thee no more Remembrance have;
Caſt off from thy ſuſtaining Care,

6 Down to the Confines of Deſpair.

7 Thy Wrath has hard upon me lain,
Afflicting me with reſtleſs Pain;
Me all thy Mountain Waves have preſt,
Too weak, alas, to bear the leaſt.

8 Remov'd from Friends, I ſigh alone,
In a loath'd Dungeon laid, where none
A Viſit will vouchſafe to me,
Confin'd paſt Hopes of Liberty.

9 My Eyes from weeping never ceaſe,
They waſte, but ſtill my Griefs increaſe;
Yet daily, Lord, to thee I've pray'd,
With out-ſtretch'd Hands invok'd thy Aid.

10 Wilt thou by Miracle revive
The Dead whom thou forſak'ſt alive?
From Death reſtore thy Praiſe to ſing,
Whom thou from Priſon wouldſt not bring?

11 Shall the mute Grave thy Love confeſs?
A mould'ring Tomb thy Faithfulneſs?

12 Thy Truth and Pow'r Renown obtain,
Where Darkneſs and Oblivion reign?

13 To thee, O Lord, I cry, forlorn,
My Pray'r prevents the early Morn.

ıt thou, Lord, thy Soul forſook,
vouchſaf'd a gracious Look?
ng Sorrows bear me down,
om my Youth with me have grown;
ors paſt diſtract my Mind,
's of blacker Days behind.
ath has burſt upon my Head,
rors fill my Soul with Dread;
'd as with Waves combin'd;
ı gen'ral Deluge join'd.
ers, Friends, Familiars, all
l from Sight, and out of Call;
Oblivion all retir'd,
at leaſt to me expir'd.

Pſalm lxxxix.

Mercies, Lord, ſhall be my Song,
Song on them ſhall ever dwell;
yet unborn my Tongue
ver-failing Truth ſhall tell.
ffirm'd, and ſtill maintain,
ercy ſhall for ever laſt;
ıth, that does the Heav'ns ſuſtain,
em ſhall ſtand for ever faſt.
ık'ſt thou, by thy Prophet's Voice,
h David I a League have made,
m my Servant and my Choice,
ſolemn Oath this Grant convey'd,
Earth, and Seas, and Skies endure,
Seed ſhall in my Sight remain;
ıem thy Throne I will enſure,
y ſhall to endleſs Ages reign."
ı ſtupendious Truth and Love
Heav'n and Earth juſt Praiſes owe,
rs of Angels ſung above,
y aſſembled Saints below.
eraph of celeſtial Birth
with Iſr'el's God ſhall dare?
among the Gods of Earth,
our Almighty Lord compare?
ev'rence and religious Dread,
ints ſhould to his Temple preſs?
thro' all their Hearts ſhould ſpread,
ıis Almighty Name confeſs.
od of Armies, who can boaſt
rength or Pow'r, like thine, re-
(nown'd?
ı a num'rous faithful Hoſt.
ıt which does thy Throne ſurround?
oft the lawleſs Sea controul,
ange the Proſpect of the Deep;

Thou

Thou mak'ſt the ſleeping Billows rowl,
thou mak'ſt the rowling Billows ſleep.
10 Thou brak'ſt in Pieces Rahab's Pride,
and didſt oppreſſing Pow'r diſarm;
Thy ſcatter'd Foes have dearly try'd
the Force of thy reſiſtleſs Arm.

11 In thee the ſov'reign Right remains
of Earth and Heav'n; thee, Lord, alone
The World, and all that it contains,
their Maker and Preſerver own.
12 The Poles on which the Globe does reſt,
were form'd by thy creating Voice;
Tabor and Hermon, Eaſt and Weſt,
in thy ſuſtaining Pow'r rejoice.

13 Thy Arm is mighty, ſtrong thy Hand,
yet, Lord, thou doſt with Juſtice reign;
14 Poſſeſt of abſolute Command,
Thou Truth and Mercy doſt maintain.
15 Happy, thrice happy they who hear
thy ſacred Trumpets joyful Sound;
Who may at Feſtivals appear,
with thy moſt glorious Preſence crown'd.

16 Thy Saints ſhall always be o'erjoy'd,
who on thy ſacred Name rely;
And, in thy Righteouſneſs employ'd
above their Foes be rais'd on high.
17 For in thy Strength they ſhall advance,
whoſe Conqueſts from thy Favour ſpring.
18 The Lord of Hoſts is our Defence,
and Iſr'el's God our Iſr'el's King.

19 Thus ſpak'ſt thou by thy Prophet's Voice,
" A mighty Champion I will ſend;
" From Judah's Tribe have I made choice
" of one who ſhall the reſt defend.
20 " My Servant David I have found,
" with holy Oil anointed him;
21 " Him ſhall the Hand ſupport that crown'd,
" and guard that gave the Diadem.

22 " No Prince from him ſhall Tribute force,
" no Son of Strife ſhall him annoy;
23 " His ſpiteful Foes I will diſperſe,
" and them before his Face deſtroy.
24 " My Truth and Grace ſhall him ſuſtain;
" his Armies in well-order'd Ranks,
25 " Shall conquer, from the Tyrian Main
" to Tygris and Euphrates' Banks.

26 " *Me* for his Father he ſhall take,
" his God and Rock of Safety call;

27 " Him

" Him I my firſt-born Son will make,
" and earthly Kings his Subjects all.
" To him my Mercy I'll ſecure,
" my Cov'nant make for ever faſt;
" His Seed for ever ſhall endure, (laſt.
" his Throne, till Heav'n diſſolves, ſhall

PART III.

" But if his Heirs my Law forſake,
" and from my ſacred Precepts ſtray,
" they my righteous Statutes break,
" nor ſtrictly my Commands obey,
" Their Sins I'll viſit with a Rod,
" and for their Folly make them ſmart;
" Yet will not ceaſe to be their God,
" nor from my Truth, like them, depart.

" My Cov'nant I will ne'er revoke,
" but in Remembrance faſt retain;
" The Thing that once my Lips have ſpoke
" ſhall in eternal Force remain.
" Once have I ſworn, but once for all,
" and made my Holineſs the Tie,
" That I my Grant will ne'er recal,
" nor to my Servant David lie.

" Whoſe Throne and Race the conſtant Sun
ſhall, like his Courſe, eſtabliſht ſee;
" Of this my Oath, thou conſcious Moon,
" in Heav'n my faithful Witneſs be."
Such was thy gracious Promiſe, Lord,
but thou haſt now our Tribes forſook,
thy own Anointed haſt abhor'd,
and turn'd on him thy wrathful Look.

Thou ſeemeſt to have render'd void
the Cov'nant with thy Servant made,
thou haſt his Dignity deſtroy'd,
and in the Duſt his Honour laid.
Of ſtrong-holds thou haſt him bereft,
and brought his Bulwarks to Decay,
His Frontier-Coaſt defenceleſs left,
a publick Scorn and common Prey.

His Ruin does glad Triumphs yield
to Foes advanc'd by thee to Might;
Thou haſt his conqu'ring Sword unſteel'd,
his Valour turn'd to ſhameful Flight.
His Glory is to Darkneſs fled,
his Throne is levell'd with the Ground;
His Youth to wretched Bondage led,
h Shame o'erwhelm'd and Sorrow drown'd.

low long ſhall we thy Abſence mourn?
wilt thou for ever, Lord, retire?

Shall

Shall thy conſuming Anger burn
till that and we at once expire?
47 Conſider, Lord, how ſhort a Space
thou deſt for mortal Life ordain;
No Method to prolong the Race,
but loading it with Grief and Pain.

48 What Man is he that can controul
Death's ſtrict, unalterable Doom?
Or reſcue from the Grave his Soul,
the Grave that muſt Mankind entomb
49 Lord, where's thy Love, thy boundleſs Gr
the Oath to which thy Truth did ſeal,
Conſign'd to David and his Race,
the Grant which Time ſhould ne'er rep
50 See how thy Servants treated are
with Infamy, Reproach and Spite;
Which in my ſilent Breaſt I bear
from Nations of licentious Might.

51 How they, reproaching thy great Nam
have made thy Servant's Hope their J
52 Yet thy juſt Praiſes we'll proclaim,
and ever ſing, The Lord be bleſt.

Amen, An

Pſalm xc.

1 O Lord, the Saviour and Defence
of us thy choſen Race,
From Age to Age thou ſtill haſt been
our ſure Abiding-place
2 Before thou brought'ſt the Mountains fo
or th' Earth and World didſt frame,
Thou always wert the mighty God,
and ever art the ſame.
3 Thou turneſt Man, O Lord, to Duſt,
of which he firſt was made;
And when thou ſpeak'ſt the Word, Ret
'tis inſtantly obey'd.
4 For in thy Sight a thouſand Years
are like a Day that's paſt,
Or like a Watch in Dead of Night,
whoſe Hours unminded waſte.

5 Thou ſweep'ſt us off as with a Flood,
we vaniſh hence like Dreams;
At firſt we grow like Graſs that feels
the Sun's reviving Beams.
6 But howſoever freſh and fair
its Morning Beauty ſhows;
'Tis all cut down, and wither'd quite,
before the Ev'ning cloſe.

7.

by thine Anger are conſum'd,
y thy Wrath diſmay'd ;
blick Crimes and ſecret Sins
e thy Sight are laid.
thy Anger's ſad Effects
lrooping Days we ſpend ;
regarded Years break off,
l'ales that quickly end.

'erm of Time is ſeventy Years,
gè that few ſurvive ;
with more than common Strength,
ghty we arrive ;
n our boaſted Strength decays,
rrow turn'd and Pain ;
the ſlender Thread is cut,
we no more remain.

PART II.

ho thy Anger's dread Effects
, as he ought, revere ?
t thy Wrath does fall or riſe,
ore or leſs we fear.
ch us, Lord, the uncertain Sum
ir ſhort Days to mind,
true Wiſdom all our Hearts
ever be inclin'd.

hy Servants, Lord, return,
ſpeedily relent !
of our Miſdeeds, do thou
ar juſt Doom repent.
tisty and chear our Souls
:arly Mercy ſend ;
re may all our Days to come,
y and Comfort ſpend.

appy Times, with large Amends
ap our former Tears ;
al at the leaſt the Term
ur afflicted Years.
l thy Servants, Lord, let this
wondr'ous Work be known,
our Off-ſpring, yet unborn,
glorious Pow'r be ſhown.

ay bright Rays upon us ſhine,
thou our Work Succeſs ;
lorious Work we have in Hand
ou vouchſafe to bleſs.

Pſalm xci.

hat has God his Guardian made,
ll, under his Almighty Shade,
ecure and undiſturb'd abide.

2 Thus, to my Soul, of him I'll say,
He is my Fortreſs and my Stay.
My God, in whom I will confide.
3 His tender Love and watchful Care
Shall free thee from the Fowler's Snare,
And from the noiſome Peſtilence:
4 He over thee his Wings ſhall ſpread,
And cover thy unguarded Head;
His Truth ſhall be thy ſtrong Defence.

5 No Terrors, that ſurprize by Night,
Shall thy undaunted Courage fright,
Nor deadly Shafts that fly by Day.
6 Nor Plague, of unknown Kind, that walks
In Darkneſs, nor infectious Ills,
That in the hotteſt Seaſon ſtay.

7 A thouſand at thy Side ſhall die,
At thy Right-hand ten thouſand lie,
While thy firm Health untouch'd remains.
8 Thou only ſhalt look on and ſee
The Wicked's ſad Cataſtrophe,
And count the Sinners mournful Gains.

9 Becauſe (with well-plac'd Confidence,)
Thou mak'ſt the Lord thy ſure Defence,
And on the Higheſt doſt rely;
10 Therefore no Ill ſhall thee befal,
Nor to thy healthful Dwelling ſhall
Any infectious Plague draw nigh.

11 For he, throughout thy happy Days,
To keep thee ſafe in all thy Ways,
Shall give his Angels ſtrict Commands:
12 And they, leſt thou ſhould chance to ſtrike
With ſome rough Stone to wound thy Foot,
Shall bear thee ſafely in their Hands.

13 Dragons and Aſps that thirſt for Blood,
And Lions roaring for their Food,
Beneath his conqu'ring Feet ſhall lie.
14 Becauſe he lov'd and honour'd me,
Therefore (ſays God) I'll ſet him free,
And fix his glorious Throne on high.

15 He'll call; I'll anſwer when he calls,
And reſcue him when Ill befals;
Increaſe his Honour and his Wealth:
16 And when, with undiſturb'd Content,
His long and happy Life is ſpent,
His End I'll crown with ſaving Health.

Pſalm xcii.

1 HOW good and pleaſant muſt it be
to thank the Lord moſt high!

repeated Hymns of Praiſe,
me to magnify !
ry Morning's early Dawn,
odneſs to relate ;
is conſtant Truth, each Night,
d Effects repeat.

ring'd Inſtruments we'll ſing,
uneful Pſalt'ries join'd ;
he Harp, with ſolemn Sounds,
ted Uſe deſign'd.
thy wond'rous Works, O Lord,
ak'ſt my Heart rejoice ;
oughts of them ſhall make me glad,
out with chearful Voice.

wond'rous are thy Works, O Lord!
eep are thy Decrees !
winding Tracks, in ſecret laid,
pid Sinner ſees.
thinks, when wicked Men
raſs look freſh and gay,
n their ſhort-liv'd Splendor muſt
ir paſs away.

how, my God, art ſtill moſt high ;
l thy lofty Foes,
ought they might ſecurely ſin,
e o'erwhelm'd with Woes.
thou exalt'ſt my ſov'reign Pow'r,
ak'ſt it largely ſpread ;
h refreſhing Oil anoint'ſt
nſecrated Head.

ſhall ſee my ſtubborn Foes
ir Ruin brought ;
r the diſmal End of thoſe
iave againſt me fought.
hteous Men, like fruitful Palms,
nake a glorious Show ;
rs that on Lebanon
ely Order grow.

hoſe, planted in the Houſe of God,
n his Court ſhall thrive ;
igour and their Luſtre both
n old Age revive.
vill the Lord his Juſtice ſhew ;
iod, my ſtrong Defence,
e Rewards to all the World
tially diſpenſe.

Pſalm xciii.

d Glory clad, with Strength array'd,
Lord, that o'er all Nature reigns.

The World's Foundations ſtrongly
and the vaſt Fabrick ſtill ſuſtain
2 How ſurely ſtabliſht is thy Throne
which ſhall no Change or Period
For thou, O Lord, and thou alone
art God from all Eternity.
3, 4 The Floods, O Lord, lift up their
and toſs the troubled Waves on
But God above can ſtill their Noiſe
and make the angry Sea compoſe
5 Thy Promiſe, Lord, is ever ſure
and they that in thy Houſe worſhip
That happy Station to ſecure,
muſt ſtill in Holineſs excel.

Pſalm xciv.

1, 2 O God, to whom Revenge belongs
thy Vengeance now diſcloſe
Ariſe, thou Judge of all the Earth
and cruſh thy haughty Foes.
3, 4 How long, O Lord, ſhall ſinful Men
their ſolemn Triumphs make?
How long their wicked Actions boaſt
and inſolently ſpeak?
5, 6 Not only they thy Saints oppreſs
but, unprovok'd they ſpill
The Widows and the Strangers Blood
and helpleſs Orphans kill.
7 "And yet the Lord ſhall ne'er perceive
(profanely thus they ſpeak)
"Nor any Notice of our Deeds take
"the God of Jacob take."
8 At length, ye ſtupid Fools, your vain
endeavour to diſcern,
In Folly will you ſtill proceed,
and Wiſdom never learn?
9, 10 Can he be deaf who form'd the Ear
or blind who fram'd the Eye?
Shall Earth's great Judge not puniſh Crimes
who his known Will defy?
11 He fathoms all the Thoughts of Men
to him their Hearts lie bare;
His Eye ſurveys them all, and ſees
how vain their Counſels are.

PART II.

12 Bleſt is the Man whom thou, O Lord,
in Kindneſs doſt chaſtiſe;
And by thy ſacred Rules to walk
doſt lovingly adviſe.
13 This Man ſhall Reſt and Safety find
in Seaſons of Diſtreſs;

Whilſt God prepares a Pit for thoſe
that ſtubbornly tranſgreſs.

For God will never from his Saints
his Favour wholly take;
His own Poſſeſſion and his Lot,
he will not quite forſake.
The World ſhall then confeſs thee juſt,
in all that thou haſt done;
And thoſe that chuſe thy upright Ways,
ſhall in thoſe Paths go on.

Who will appear in my Behalf,
when wicked Men invade?
Or who, when Sinners would oppreſs
my righteous Cauſe ſhall plead?
17, 19 Long ſince had I in Silence ſlept,
but that the Lord was near.
To ſtay me when I ſlip'd, when ſad,
my troubled Heart to chear.

Wilt thou, who art a God moſt juſt,
their ſinful Throne ſuſtain,
Who make the Law a fair Pretence
their wicked Ends to gain?
Againſt the Lives of righteous Men
they form their cloſe Deſign;
And Blood of Innocents to ſpill,
in ſolemn League combine.

But my Defence is firmly plac'd
in God the Lord moſt high;
He is my Rock, to which I may
for Refuge always fly.
The Lord ſhall cauſe their ill Deſigns
on their own Heads to fall;
He in their Sins ſhall cut them off,
our God ſhall ſlay them all.

Pſalm xcv.

O Come, loud Anthems let us ſing,
Loud Thanks to our Almighty King,
For we our Voices high ſhould raiſe,
When our Salvation's Rock we praiſe.
Into his Preſence let us haſte,
To thank him for his Favours paſt;
To him addreſs in joyful Songs
The Praiſe that to his Name belongs.

For God the Lord enthron'd in State
Is, with unrivall'd Glory, great;
A King ſuperior far to all,
Whom by his Title, God we call.
The Depths of Earth are in his Hand,
Her ſecret Wealth at his Command;

The Strength of Hills that threat the Skies
Subjected to his Empire lies.

5 The rowling Ocean's vaſt Abyſs
By the ſame ſov'reign Right is his;
'Tis mov'd by his Almighty Hand,
That form'd and fix'd the ſolid Land.

6 O let us to his Courts repair,
And bow with Adoration there,
Down on our Knees devoutly all
Before the Lord our Maker fall.

7 For he's our God, our Shepherd he,
His Flock and Paſture-Sheep are we;
If then you'll (like his Flock) draw near,
To Day, if you his Voice will hear,

8 Let not your hard'ned Hearts renew
Your Fathers Crimes and Judgments too
Nor here provoke my Wrath, as they
In Defart Plains of Meribah;

9 When thro' the Wilderneſs they mov'd,
And me with freſh Temptations prov'd;
They ſtill, thro' Unbelief, rebell'd,
While they my wond'rous Works beheld

10, 11 They, forty Years, my Patience griev
Tho' daily I their Wants reliev'd;
Then---'Tis a faithleſs Race, I ſaid,
Whoſe Heart from me has always ſtray'd
They ne'er will tread my righteous Path
Therefore to them, in ſettled Wrath,
Since they deſpis'd my Reſt, I ſwear
That they ſhall never enter there.

Pſalm xcvi.

1 SING to the Lord a new-made Song;
Let Earth, in one aſſembled Throng,
Her common Patron's Praiſe reſound.

2 Sing to the Lord, and bleſs his Name,
From Day to Day his Praiſe proclaim
Who us has with Salvation crown'd,

3 To Heathen Lands his Fame rehearſe,
His Wonders to the Univerſe.

4 He's great, and greatly to be prais'd;
In Majeſty and Glory rais'd
Above all other Deities;

5 For Pageantry and Idols all
Are they whom Gods the Heathen call;
He only rules who made the Skies.

6 With Majeſty and Honour crown'd
Beauty and Strength his Throne ſurround

7 Be therefore both to him reſtor'd
By you who have falſe Gods ador'd,
Aſcribe due Honour to his Name;

8 T

ace-Offrings on his Altar lay,
fore his Throne your Homage pay,
Which he, and he alone, can claim,
worſhip at his ſacred Court
t all the trembling World reſort.

roclaim aloud, Jehovah reigns,
hoſe Pow'r the Univerſe ſuſtains,
And baniſht Juſtice will reſtore;
et therefore Heav'n new Joys confeſs,
d heav'nly Mirth let Earth expreſs,
Its loud Applauſe the Ocean roar;
mure Inhabitants rejoice,
d for this Triumph find a Voice.

or Joy let fertile Valleys ſing,
he chearful Groves their Tribute bring;
The tuneful Choir of Birds awake,
he Lord's Approach to celebrate,
ho now ſets out, with awful State,
His Circuit thro' the Earth to take.
om Heav'n to judge the World he's come,
ith Juſtice to Reward and Doom.

Pſalm xcvii.

hovah reigns, let all the Earth
in his juſt Government rejoice;
t all the Iſles, with ſacred Mirth,
in his Applauſe unite their Voice.
rkneſs and Clouds of awful Shade
his dazling Glory ſhroud in State;
ſtice and Truth his Guards are made,
and fix'd by his Pavilion wait.

vouring Fire before his Face,
his Foes around with Vengeance ſtrook;
s Lightnings ſet the World on Blaze,
Earth ſaw it, and with Terror ſhook.
e proudeſt Hills his Preſence felt,
their Height nor Strength could Help afford,
e proudeſt Hills like Wax did melt
in Preſence of th' Almighty Lord.

e Heav'ns, his Righteouſneſs to ſhow,
With Storms of Fire our Foes puriu'd;
d all the trembling World below,
have his deſcending Glory view'd.
nfounded be their impious Herd,
who make the Gods to whom they pray
l who of Pageant-Idols boaſt:
o *him, ye Gods*, your Worſhip pay.

d *Sion* of *thy* Triumph heard,
nd *Judah's* Daughters were o'erjoy'd;

Becauſe thy righteous Judgments, L
have Pagan-Pride and Pow'r deſtr
9 For thou, O God, art ſeated high,
above Earth's Potentates enthron'
Thou, Lord, unrivall'd in the Sky,
ſupreme by all the Gods art own'
10 You, who to ſerve this Lord aſpire
abhor what's ill, and Truth eſteer
He'll keep his Servants Souls intire,
and them from wicked Hands red
11 For Seeds are ſown of glorious Lig
a future Harveſt for the Juſt;
And Gladneſs for the Heart that's r
to recompence his pious Truſt.
12 Rejoice, ye Righteous, in the Lord
Memorials of his Holineſs
Deep in your faithful Breaſts record,
and with your thankful Tongues

Pſalm xcviii.

1 SIng to the Lord a new-made Song,
who wond'rous Things has done
With his Right-hand and holy Arm
the Conqueſt he has won.
2 The Lord has thro' th' aſtoniſht W
diſplay'd his ſaving Might,
And made his righteous Acts appea
in all the Heathens Sight.
3 Of Iſrael's Houſe his Love and Trut
have ever mindful been:
Wide Earth's remoteſt Parts the Po
of Iſrael's God have ſeen.
4 Let therefore Earth's Inhabitants
their cheartul Voices raiſe,
And all with univerſal Joy
reſound their Maker's Praiſe.
5 With Harp and Hymns ſoft Melody
into the Conſort bring
6 The Trumpet and ſhrill Cornet's So
before th' Almighty King.
7 Let the loud Ocean roar her Joy,
with all that Seas contain;
The Earth and her Inhabitants
join Conſort with the Main.
8 With Joy let Riv'lets ſwell to Strea
to ſpreading Torrents they;
And ecchoing Vales, from Hill to H
redoubled Shouts convey;
9 To welcome down the World's gre
who does with Juſtice come,

l, with impartial Equity,
oth to Reward and Doom.

Pſalm xcix.

ovah reigns, let therefore all
the guilty Nations quake;
Cherubs Wings he ſits enthron'd:
t Earth's Foundations ſhake.
Sion's Hill he keeps his Court,
is Palace makes her Tow'rs;
thence his Sov'reignty extends
preme o'er earthly Pow'rs.

therefore all with Praiſe addreſs
is great and dreadful Name;
l with his unreſiſted Might,
is Holineſs proclaim.
Truth and Juſtice, in his Reign,
f Strength and Pow'r take Place;
Judgments are with Righteouſneſs
ipens'd to Jacob's Race.

refore exalt the Lord our God,
efore his Footſtool fall;
l with his unreſiſted Might,
is Holineſs extol.
ſes and Aaron thus of old
mong his Prieſts ador'd;
ongſt his Prophets Samuel thus
is ſacred Name implor'd.

reſt, upon the Lord they call'd,
who ne'er their Suit deny'd;
, as with Rev'rence they implor'd,
e graciouſly reply'd.
, with their Camp, to guide their March
he cloudy Pillar mov'd:
ey kept his Laws, and to his Will
bedient Servants prov'd.

anſwer'd them, forgiving oft
is People for their Sake,
d thoſe who raſhly them oppos'd,
lid ſad Examples make.
th Worſhip at his ſacred Courts
xalt our God and Lord;
he, who only holy is,
lone ſhould be ador'd.

Pſalm c.

WITH one Conſent let all the Earth
to God their chearful Voices raiſe;
id Homage pay with awful Mirth,
ind ſing before him Songs of Praiſe.
vinc'd that he is God alone,
om whom both we and all proceed;

to endleſs Ages ſhall end

Pſalm ci.

1 OF Mercy's never-failing
And ſtedfaſt Judgment
And ſince they both to the
To thee, O Lord, addreſs
2 When. Lord, thou ſhalt w
Wiſe Diſcipline my Reign
With blameleſs Life myſelf
A Pattern for my Court to

3 No ill Deſign will I purſue,
Nor thoſe my Fav'rites ma
4 Who to Reproof bears no
Him will I totally diſcard.
5 The private Slanderer ſhall
In publick Juſtice doom'd
From haughty Looks I'll t
And mortify the Heart of

6 But Honeſty call'd from he
In Splendour at my Court
Who Virtue's Practice mak
Shall have the firſt Preferm
7 No Politicks ſhall recomme

3 Each cloudy Portion of my Life,
like ſcatter'd Smoak expires;
My ſhrivel'd Bones are like a Hearth
that's parch'd with conſtant Fires.
4 My Heart, like Graſs, that feels the Blaſt
of ſome infectious Wind,
Does languiſh ſo with Grief, that ſcarce
my needful Food I mind.

5 By Reaſon of my ſad Eſtate,
I ſpend my Breath in Groans;
My Fleſh is worn away, my Skin
ſcarce hides my ſtarting Bones.
6 I'm like a Pelican become,
that does in Deſarts mourn;
Or like an Owl that ſits all Day
on barren Trees forlorn.

7 In Watchings, or in reſtleſs Dreams
the Night by me is ſpent;
As by thoſe ſolitary Birds
that loneſome Roofs frequent.
8 All Day by railing Foes I'm made
the Subject of their Scorn;
Who all, poſſeſt with furious Rage,
have my Deſtruction ſworn.

9 When grov'ling on the Ground I lie,
oppreſt with Grief and Fears,
My Bread is ſtrew'd with Aſhes o'er,
my Drink is mixt with Tears.
10 Becauſe on me with double Weight
thy heavy Wrath does lie;
For thou, to make my Fall more great,
didſt lift me up on high.

11 My Days, juſt haſt'ning to their End,
are like an Ev'ning-Shade;
My Beauty does, like wither'd Graſs,
with wanning Luſtre fade.
12 But thy eternal State O Lord,
no length of Time ſhall waſte;
The Mem'ry of thy wond'rous Works,
from Age to Age ſhall laſt.

13 Thou ſhalt ariſe, and Sion view
with an unclouded Face;
For now her Time is come, thy own
appointed Day of Grace.
14 Her ſcatter'd Ruins, by thy Saints
with Pity is ſurvey'd;
They grieve to ſee her lofty Spires
in Duſt and Rubbiſh laid.

15, 16 The Name and Glory of the L
all Heathen Kings shall fear ;
When he shall Sion build again,
and in full State appear,
17, 18 When he regards the Poors Req
Nor slights their earnest Pray'r ;
Our Sons for this recorded Grace,
shall his just Praise declare.

19 For God, from his Abode on high,
his gracious Beams display'd ;
The Lord, from Heav'n, his lofty Thro
has all the Earth survey'd.
20 He list'ned to the Captives Moans,
he heard their mournful Cry,
And freed by his resistless Pow'r
the Wretches doom'd to die.

21 That they in Sion, where he dwells,
might celebrate his Fame,
And thro' the holy City sing
loud Praises to his Name.
22 When all the Tribes assembling there,
their solemn Vows address,
And neighb'ring Lands, with glad Consent,
the Lord their God confess.

23 But, e'er my Race is run, my Strength
thro' his fierce Wrath decays ;
He has, when all my Wishes bloom'd,
cut short my hopeful Days.
24 Lord, end not thou my Life, said I,
when half is scarcely past ;
Thy Years from worldly Changes free,
to endless Ages last.

25 The strong Foundations of the Earth
of old by thee were laid ;
Thy Hands the beauteous Arch of Heav'n
with wond'rous Skill have made.
26, 27 Whilst thou for ever shalt endure,
they soon shall pass away ;
And, like a Garment often worn,
shall tarnish and decay.

Like that, when thou ordain'st their Change,
to thy Command they bend ;
But thou continu'st still the same,
nor have thy Years an End.
28 Thou to the Children of thy Saints
shalt lasting Quiet give ;
Whose happy Race, securely fixt,
shall in thy Presence live.

Pſalm ciii.

Y Soul, inſpir'd with ſacred Love,
God's Holy Name for ever bleſs;
his Favours mindful prove,
ſtill thy grateful Thanks expreſs.
he that all thy Sins forgives,
ıfter Sickneſs makes thee ſound;
)anger he thy Life retrieves,
im with Grace and Mercy crown'd.

with good Things my Mouth ſupplies,
Vigour Eagle-like renews;
hen thy guiltleſs Suff'rer cries,
oe with juſt Revenge purſues.
ıade of Old his righteous Ways
loſes and our Fathers known;
orks, to his eternal Praiſe.
: to the Sons of Jacob ſhown.

ɔrd abounds with tender Love,
unexampled Acts of Grace;
ıken'd Wrath does ſlowly move,
villing Mercy flows apace.
ıd will not always harſhly chide,
with his Anger quickly part;
ves his Puniſhments to guide,
: by his Love than our Deſert.

gh as Heav'n its Arch extends,
e this little Spot of Clay;
:h his boundleſs Love tranſcends,
mall Reſpects that we can pay.
s far as 'tis from Eaſt to Weſt,
r has he our Sins remov'd;
vith a Father's tender Breaſt,
uch as fear him always lov'd.

or God, who all our Frame ſurveys,
ders that we are but Clay;
reſh ſoe'er we ſeem, our Days
Graſs or Flow'rs muſt fade away.
'hilſt they are nipt with ſudden Blaſts,
:an we find their former Place;
faithful Mercy ever laſts,
ıoſe that fear him, and their Race.

ſhall attend on ſuch as ſtill
eed in his appointed Way;
'ho not only know his Will,
o it juſt Obedience pay.
'he Lord, the univerſal King,
eav'n has fixt his lofty Throne;
ı. ye Angels, Praiſes ſing,
oſe great Strength his Pow'r is ſhown.

Ye

Ye that his juſt Commands obey,
and hear and do his ſacred Will;
21 Ye Hoſts of his, this Tribute pay,
who ſtill what he ordains fulfil.
22 Let ev'ry Creature jointly bleſs
the mighty Lord; and thou my Heart
With grateful Joy thy Thanks expreſs,
and in this Concert bear thy Part.

Pſalm civ.

1 BLeſs God, my Soul; thou, Lord, alone
poſſeſſeſt Empire without Bounds;
With Honour thou art crown'd, thy Throne
eternal Majeſty ſurrounds.
2 With Light thou doſt thy ſelf enrobe,
and Glory for a Garment take:
Heav'n's Curtains ſtretch beyond the Globe
thy Canopy of State to make.

3 God builds on liquid Air, and forms
his Palace-Chambers in the Skies;
The Clouds his Chariot are, and Storms
the ſwiftwing'd Steeds with which he flies.
4 As bright as Flame, and ſwift as Wind,
his Miniſters Heav'n's Palace fill,
To have their ſundry Taſks aſſign'd;
all proud to ſerve their Sov'reign's Will.

5, 6 Earth on her Centre fixt he ſet,
her Face with Waters overſpread;
Nor proudeſt Mountains dar'd, as yet,
to lift above the Waves their Head.
7 But when thy awful Face appear'd,
th' inſulting Waves diſpers'd; they fled
When once thy Thunder's Voice they heard,
and by their Haſte confeſs'd their Dread.

8 Thence up, by ſecret Tracts they creep,
and, guſhing from the Mountains Side,
Thro' Valleys travel to the Deep,
appointed to receive their Tide.
9 There haſt thou fix'd the Ocean's Bounds,
the threat'ning Surges to repel;
That they no more o'erpaſs their Mounds,
nor to a ſecond Deluge ſwell.

PART II.

10 Yet thence in ſmaller Parties drawn,
the Sea recovers her loſt Hills;
And ſtarting Springs from ev'ry Lawn,
ſurprize the Vales with plenteous Rills.
11 The Field's tame Beaſts are thither led
weary with Labour, faint with Drought;

And

And Aſſes on wild Mountains bred,
have Senſe to find theſe Currents out.
12 Their ſhady Trees, from ſcorching Beams,
yield ſhelter to the feather'd Throng;
They drink, and to the bounteous Streams
return the Tribute of their Song.
13 His Rains from Heav'n, parcht Hills recruit,
that ſoon tranſmit the liquid Store;
Till Earth is burden'd with her Fruit,
and Nature's Lap can hold no more.

14 Graſs for our Cattle to devour,
he makes the Growth of ev'ry Field;
Herbs for Man's Uſe, of various Pow'r,
that either Food or Phyſick yield.
15 With cluſter'd Grapes he crowns the Vine,
to chear Man's Heart oppreſt with Cares,
Gives Oyl that makes his Face to ſhine;
and Corn, that waſted Strength repairs.

PART III.

16 The Trees of God, without the Care
or Art of Man, with Sap are fed:
The Mountain-Cedar looks as fair
as thoſe in Royal Gardens bred.
17 Safe in the lofty Cedar's Arms
the Wand'rers of the Air may reſt:
The hoſpitable Pine from Harms
protects the Stork, her pious Gueſt.

18 Wild Goats the craggy Rock aſcend,
its tow'ring Heights their Fortreſs make,
Whoſe Cells in Labyrinths extend,
where feebler Creatures Refuge take.
19 The Moon's inconſtant Aſpect ſhows
th' appointed Seaſons of the Year;
Th' inſtructed Sun his Duty knows,
his Hours to riſe and diſappear.

20, 21 Darkneſs he makes the Earth to ſhroud,
when Foreſt-Beaſts ſecurely ſtray;
Young Lions roar their Wants aloud
to Providence, that ſends them Prey.
22 They range all Night, on Slaughter bent,
till ſummon'd by the riſing Morn,
To ſculk in Dens, with one Conſent,
the conſcious Ravagers return.

23 Forth to the Tillage of his Soil,
the Huſbandman ſecurely goes,
Commencing with the Sun his Toil,
with him returns to his Repoſe.
24 *How various, Lord, thy Works are found,*
for which thy Wiſdom we adore!

The

The Earth is with thy Treasure crown'd,
'till Nature's Hand can grasp no more.

PART IV.

25 But still, the vast unfathom'd Main
of Wonders a new Scene supplies,
Whose Depths inhabitants contain
of ev'ry Form and ev'ry Size.
26 Full-freighted Ships from ev'ry Port,
there cut their unmolested Way;
Leviathan, whom there to sport
thou made'st, has Compass there to play.

27 Those various Troops of Sea and Land,
in Sense of common Want agree;
All wait on thy dispensing Hand,
and have their daily Alms from thee.
28 They gather what thy Stores disperse,
without their Trouble to provide;
Thou op'st thy Hand, the Universe,
the craving World is all supply'd.

29 Thou for a Moment hid'st thy Face,
the num'rous Ranks of Creatures mourn:
Thou tak'st their Breath, all Nature's Race
forthwith to Mother-Earth return.
30 Again thou send'st thy Spirit forth,
t'inspire the Mass with vital Seed;
Nature's restor'd, and Parent-Earth
smiles on her new-created Breed.

31 Thus thro' successive Ages stands
firm fixt thy providential Care;
Pleas'd with the Work of thy own Hands,
thou dost the Wastes of Time repair.
32 One Look of thine, one wrathful Look,
Earth's panting Breast with Terror fills;
One Touch from thee, with Clouds of Smoke,
in Darkness shrouds the proudest Hills.

33 In praising God, while he prolongs
my Breath, I will that Breath employ;
34 And join Devotion to my Songs,
sincere, as is in him my Joy.
35 While Sinners from Earth's Face are hurl'd,
my Soul, praise thou his holy Name.
Till with thy Song, the list'ning World
join Concert, and his Praise proclaim.

Psalm cv.

1 O Render Thanks, and bless the Lord,
invoke his sacred Name;
Acquaint the Nations with his Deeds,
his matchless Deeds proclaim.

Sing to his Praiſe, in lofty Hymns
his wond'rous Works rehearſe;
Make them the Theme of your Diſcourſe,
and Subject of your Verſe,

Rejoice in his Almighty Name,
alone to be ador'd;
And let their Hearts o'erflow with Joy,
that humbly ſeek the Lord.
Seek ye the Lord, his ſaving Strength
devoutly ſtill implore;
And, where he's ever preſent, ſeek
his Face for evermore.

The Wonders that his Hands have wrought
keep thankfully in Mind;
The righteous Statutes of his Mouth,
and Laws to us aſſign'd.
Know ye his Servant Abr'am's Seed,
and Jacob's choſen Race,
He's ſtill our God, his Judgments ſtill
throughout the Earth take Place.

His Cov'nant he has kept in Mind
for num'rous Ages paſt,
Which yet, for thouſand Ages more,
in equal Force ſhall laſt.
'Irſt ſign'd to Abr'am, next by Oath
to Iſaac made ſecure;
To Jacob and his Heirs a Law
for ever to endure.

That Canaan's Land ſhould be their Lot,
when yet but few they were;
But few in Number, and thoſe few
all friendleſs Strangers there.
In Pilgrimage, from Realm to Realm,
ſecurely they remov'd:
Whilſt proudeſt Monarchs, for their Sakes,
ſeverely he reprov'd,

"Theſe mine Anointed are, ſaid he,
"let none my Servants wrong,
Nor treat the pooreſt Prophet ill,
"that does to me belong."
A Dearth at laſt, by his Command,
did thro' the Land prevail;
'ill Corn, the chief Support of Life,
ſuſtaining Corn did fail.

But his indulgent Providence
had pious Joſeph ſent,
old into Egypt, but their Death
who ſold him to prevent.

18 His Feet with heavy Chains were gall'd,
with Calumny his Fame;
19 Till God's appointed Time and Word
to his Deliv'rance came.

20 The King his Sov'reign Orders sent,
and releas'd him with Speed;
Whom private Malice had confin'd,
the People's Ruler freed.
21 His Court, Revenues, Realm, were all
subjected to his Will;
22 His greateſt Princes to controul,
and teach his Statesmen Skill.

PART II.

23 To Egypt then, invited Guests,
half-famish'd Isr'el came;
And Jacob held, by Royal Grant,
the fertile Land of Ham.
24 Th' Almighty there with fresh Increase
his People multiply'd;
Till with their proud Oppressors they
in Strength and Number vy'd.

25 Their vaſt Increaſe th' Egyptians fill'd
with jealous Anger fir'd,
Till they his Servants to deſtroy
by treach'rous Arts conſpir'd.
26 His Servant Moſes then he ſent,
his choſen Aaron too;
27 Empower'd with Signs and Miracles
to prove their Miſſion true.

28 He call'd for Darkneſs, Darkneſs came,
Nature his Summons knew;
29 Each Stream and Lake, transform'd to Blood
the wond'ring Fiſhes ſlew.
30 In putrid Floods, throughout the Land,
the Peſt of Frogs was bred;
From noiſome Fens ſent up to croak
at Pharaoh's Board and Bed.

31 He gave the Sign, and Swarms of Flies
came down in cloudy Hoſts;
Whilſt Earth's enliv'ned Duſt below
bred Lice in all their Coaſts.
32 He ſent them batt'ring Hail for Rain,
and Fire for cooling Dew;
33 He ſmote their Vines, and Foreſt Plants,
and Garden's Pride o'erthrew.

34 He ſpake the Word and Locuſts came,
with Caterpillars join'd,
That prey'd upon the poor Remains
the Storm had left behind.

35 Er

35 From Trees to Herbage they deſcend;
no verdant Thing they ſpare;
But like the naked Fallow-Field,
leave all the Paſtures bare.

36 From Fields to Villages and Towns,
commiſſion'd Vengeance flew;
One fatal ſtroke their eldeſt Hopes
and Strength of Egypt ſlew.

37 He brought his Servants forth, enrich'd
with Egypt's borrow'd Wealth;
And, what tranſcends all Treaſure elſe,
enrich'd with vig'rous Health.

38 Egypt rejoyc'd, in hopes to find
her Plagues with them remov'd:
Taught dearly now to fear worſe Ills
by thoſe already prov'd.

39 Their ſhrouding Canopy by Day,
a journeying Cloud was ſpread;
A fiery Pillar all the Night
their Deſart-Marches led.

40 They long'd for Fleſh; with Ev'ning Quails
he furniſh'd ev'ry Tent;
From Heav'n's own Granary each Morn,
the Bread of Angels ſent.

41 He ſmote the Rock, whoſe flinty Breaſt
pour'd forth a guſhing Tide, (marched,
Whoſe flowing Stream, where'er they
the Deſart's Drought ſupply'd.

42 For ſtill he did on Abr'am's Faith
and ancient League reflect;

43 He brought his People forth with Joy,
with Triumph his Elect.

44 Quite rooting out their Heathen Foes,
from Canaan's fertile Soil,
To them in cheap Poſſeſſion gave
the Fruit of others Toil.

45 That they his Statutes might obſerve,
his ſacred Laws obey:
For Benefits ſo vaſt let us
our Songs of Praiſe repay.

Pſalm cvi.

1 O Render Thanks to God above,
The Fountain of eternal Love;
Whoſe Mercy firm thro' Ages paſt
Has ſtood, and ſhall for ever laſt.

2 Who can his mighty Deeds expreſs,
Not only vaſt but numberleſs?
What mortal Eloquence can raiſe
His Tribute of immortal Praiſe?

3 Happy

Nor his commiſſion'd Sword employ
The guilty Nations to deſtroy.

35 Nor only ſpar'd the Pagan Crew,
But, mingling, learnt their Vices to
36 And Worſhip to thoſe Idols paid:
Which them to fatal Snares betray'd
37, 38 To Devils they did ſacrifice
Their Children with relentleſs Eyes,
Approach'd their Altars thro' a Flo
Of their own Sons and Daughters B

No cheaper Victims would appeaſe
Canaan's remorſeleſs Deities;
No Blood her Idols reconcile,
But that which did the Land defile.

PART IV.

39 Nor did theſe ſavage Cruelties
The harden'd Reprobates ſuffice;
For after their Hearts Luſt they wen
And daily did new Crimes invent.
40 But Sins of ſuch infernal Hue
God's Wrath againſt his People drew
Till he, their once indulgent Lord,
His own Inheritance abhor'd.
41 He them defenceleſs did expoſe
To their inſulting Heathen Foes;
And made them on the Triumphs w
Of thoſe who bore them greateſt Ha
42 Nor thus his Indignation ceas'd;
Their Lifts of Tyrants he increas'd,
Till they, who God's mild Sway dec
Were made the Vaſſals of Mankind.

43 Yet, when diſtreſt, they did repent
His Anger did as oft relent;
But freed they did his Wrath provok
Renew'd their Sins, and he their Yo
44 Nor yet implacable he prov'd,
Nor heard their wretched Cries unmo
45 But did to Mind his Promiſe bring,
And Mercy's inexhauſted Spring.

46 Compaſſion too he did impart
E'en to their Foes obdurate Heart,
And Pity for their Suff'rings bred
In thoſe who them to Bondage led.
47 Still ſave us, Lord, and Iſr'el's Band
Together bring from Heathen Lands
So to thy Name our Thanks we'll rai
And ever triumph in thy Praiſe.

48 Let Iſr'el's God be ever bleſt,
His Name eternally confeſt;

Let all his Saints, with full Accord,
Sing loud Amens---Praiſe ye the Lord.

Pſalm cvii.

1 TO God your grateful Voices raiſe,
who does your daily Patron prove;
And let your never-ceaſing Praiſe
attend on his eternal Love

2, 3 Let thoſe give Thanks whom he from Bands
of proud oppreſſing Foes releas'd,
And brought them back from diſtant Lands,
from North and South, and Weſt and Eaſt.

4, 5 Thro' lonely deſart Ways they went,
nor could a peopled City find;
Till quite with Thirſt and Hunger ſpent,
their fainting Soul within them pin'd.

6 Then ſoon to God's indulgent Ear
did they their mournful Cry addreſs;
Who graciouſly vouchſaf'd to hear
and freed them from their deep Diſtreſs.

7 From crooked Paths he led them forth,
and in the certain Way did guide,
To wealthy Towns of great Reſort,
where all their Wants were well ſupply'd.

8 O then that all the Earth, with me,
would God for this his Goodneſs praiſe!
And for the mighty Works, which he
throughout the wond'ring World diſplays!

9 For he from Heav'n the ſad Eſtate
of longing Souls with Pity views;
To hungry Souls that pant for Meat,
his Goodneſs daily Food renews.

PART II.

10 Some lie, with Darkneſs compaſs'd round,
in Death's uncomfortable Shade;
And with unwieldy Fetters bound,
by preſſing Cares more heavy made;

11, 12 Becauſe God's Counſel they defy'd,
and lightly priz'd his holy Word.
With theſe Afflictions they were try'd;
they fell, and none could Help afford.

13 Then ſoon to God's indulgent Ear,
did they their mournful Cry addreſs;
Who graciouſly vouchſaf'd to hear,
and freed them from their deep Diſtreſs.

14 From diſmal Dungeons dark as Night,
and Shades as black as Death's Abode,
He brought them forth to chearful Light,
and welcome Liberty beſtow'd.

15 O

15 O then that all the Earth, with me,
would God for this his Goodneſs praiſe!
And for the mighty Works, which he
throughout the wond'ring World diſplays!
16 For he with his Almighty Hand
the Gates of Braſs in Pieces broke;
Nor could the maſſy Bars withſtand,
or temper'd Steel reſiſt his Stroke.

PART III.

17 Remorſeleſs Wretches, void of Senſe,
with bold Tranſgreſſions God defy;
And for their multiply'd Offence,
oppreſs'd with ſore Diſeaſes lie:
18 Their Soul, a Prey to Pain and Fear,
abhors to taſte the choiceſt Meats,
And they by faint Degrees draw near
to Death's inhoſpitable Gates.

19 Then ſtrait to God's indulgent Ear
do they their mournful Cry addreſs;
Who graciouſly vouchſafes to hear,
and frees them from their deep Diſtreſs.
20 He all their ſad Diſtempers heals,
his Word both Health and Safety gives:
And when all human Succour fails,
from near Deſtruction them retrieves.

21 O then that all the Earth, with me,
would God for this his Goodneſs praiſe!
And for the mighty Works, which he
throughout the wond'ring World diſplays!
22 With Off'rings let his Altar flame,
whilſt they their grateful Thanks expreſs!
And with loud Joy his holy Name
for all his Acts of Wonder bleſs!

PART IV.

23, 24 They that in Ships, with Courage bold
o'er ſwelling Waves their Trade purſue;
Do God's amazing Works behold,
and in the Deep his Wonders view.
25 No ſooner his Command is paſt,
but forth a dreadful Tempeſt flies,
Which ſweeps the Sea with rapid Haſte,
and makes the ſtormy Billows riſe.

26 Sometimes the Ships, toſs'd up to Heav'n
on Tops of mounting Waves appear;
Then down the ſteep Abyſs are driv'n;
whilſt ev'ry Soul diſſolves with Fear.
27 They reel and ſtagger to and fro,
like Men with Fumes of Wine oppreſt.

Nor do the ſkilful Seamen know,
which Way to ſteer, what Courſe is beſt.

28 Then ſtrait to God's indulgent Ear
they do their mournful Cry addreſs;
Who graciouſly vouchſafes to hear,
and frees them from their deep Diſtreſs.
29, 30 He does the raging Storm appeaſe,
and makes the Billows calm and ſtill;
With Joy they ſee their Fury ceaſe,
and their intended Courſe fulfil.

31 O then that all the Earth, with me,
would God for this his Goodneſs praiſe!
And for the mighty Works, which he
throughout the wond'ring World diſplays!
32 Let them, where all the Tribes reſort,
advance to Heav'n his glorious Name,
And in the Elders ſov'reign Court,
with one Conſent his Praiſe proclaim!

PART V.

33, 34 A fruitful Land, where Streams abound,
God's juſt Revenge, if People ſin,
Will turn to dry and barren Ground,
to puniſh thoſe that dwell therein.
35, 36 The parcht and deſart Heath he makes
to flow with Streams and ſpringing Wells;
Which for his Lot the Hungry takes,
and in ſtrong Cities ſafely dwells.

37, 38 He ſows the Field, the Vineyard plants,
which gratefully his Toil repay;
Nor can, whilſt God his Bleſſing grants,
his fruitful Seed or Stock decay.
39 But when his Sins Heav'n's Wrath provoke,
his Health and Subſtance fade away;
He feels the Oppreſſor's galling Yoke,
and is of Grief the wretched Prey.

40 The Prince that ſlights what God commands,
expos'd to Scorn, muſt quit his Throne;
And over wild and deſart Lands,
where no Path offers, ſtray alone.
41 Whilſt God from all afflicting Cares,
ſets up the humble Man on high;
And makes in Time his num'rous Heirs
with his encreaſing Flocks to vie.

42, 43 Then Sinners ſhall have nought to ſay,
the Juſt a decent Joy ſhall ſhow;
The Wiſe theſe ſtrange Events ſhall weigh,
and thence God's Goodneſs fully know.

Pſalm cviii.

1 O God, my Heart is fully bent,
to magnify thy Name;
My Tongue with chearful Songs of
ſhall celebrate thy Fame.
2 Awake, my Lute; nor thou, my
thy warbling Notes delay;
Whilſt I with early Hymns of Joy,
prevent the dawning Day.

3 To all the liſt'ning Tribes, O Lord,
thy Wonders I will tell;
And to thoſe Nations ſing thy Praiſ
that round about us dwell:
4 Becauſe thy Mercy's boundleſs Heig
the higheſt Heav'n tranſcends;
And far beyond th' aſpiring Clouds
thy faithful Truth extends.

5 Be thou, O God, exalted high
above the ſtarry Frame;
And let the World, with one Conſ
confeſs thy glorious Name.
6 That all thy choſen People thee
their Saviour may declare.
Let thy Right-hand protect me ſtill
and anſwer thou my Pray'r.

7 Since God himſelf has ſaid the Wor
whoſe Promiſe cannot fail,
With Joy I Sechem will divide,
and meaſure Succoth's Vale:
8 Gilead is mine, Manaſſeh too;
and Ephraim owns my Cauſe:
Their Strength my Regal Pow'r ſup
and Judah gives my Laws.

9 Moab I'll make my ſervile Drudge,
on vanquiſht Edom tread;
And thro' the proud Philiſtine Land
my conqu'ring Banners ſpread.
10 By whoſe Support and Aid ſhall I
their well-fenc'd City gain?
Who will my Troops ſecurely lead
thro' Edom's guarded Plain?

11 Lord, wilt not thou aſſiſt our Arm
which late thou didſt forſake?
And wilt not thou of theſe our He
once more the Guidance take?
12 O to thy Servants in Diſtreſs
thy ſpeedy Succour ſend;
For vain it is on human Aid
for Safety to depend.

raliant Acts ſhall we perform,
n thy Pow'r diſcloſe;
d it is, and God alone,
reads down all our Foes.

Pſalm cix.

, whoſe former Mercies make
conſtant Praiſe thy due.
ot thy Peace, but my ſad State
wonted Favour view.
ul Men, with lying Lips,
:ful Speeches frame,
th their ſtudy'd Slanders ſeek
ound my ſpotleſs Fame.

eſtleſs Hatred prompts them ſtill
ious Lies to ſpread;
againſt my Life combine,
uſeleſs Fury led.
whom with fond'reſt Love I us'd,
hief Oppoſers are;
I, of other Friends bereft,
t to thee by Pray'r.

iſchief, for the Good I did,
ſtrange Reward does prove;
atred's the Return they make
ndiſſembled Love;
guilty Leader ſhall be made
me ill Man a Slave;
hen he's try'd, his mortal Foe
iis Accuſer have.

ilt, when Sentence is pronounc'd,
meet a dreadful Fate;
his rejected Pray'r but ſerves
Crimes to aggravate.
atch'd by ſome untimely Fate,
n't live out half his Days;
er, by divine Decree,
on his Office ſeize.

is Seed ſhall Orphans be, his Wife
idow plung'd in Grief;
grant Children beg their Bread,
re none can give Relief.
ll-got Riches ſhall be made
Uſurers a Prey;
ruit of all his Toil ſhall be
Strangers borne away.

: ſhall be found, that to his Wants
ir *Mercy will extend*,
his helpleſs Orphan-Seed
eaſt Aſſiſtance lend,

13 A ſwift Deſtruction ſoon
on his unhappy Race ;
And the next Age his hat
ſhall utterly deface.

14 The Vengeance of his I
upon his Head ſhall fall
God on his Mother's Cri
and puniſh him for all.
15 All theſe, in horrid Ord
before the Lord ſhall ſta
Till his fierce Anger quit
their Mem'ry from the

PART

16 Becauſe he never Mercy
but ſtill the Poor oppr
And ſought to ſlay the he
with heavy Woes diſtr
17 Therefore the Curſe he l
ſhall his own Portion p
And Bleſſing, which he f
ſhall far from him remo

18 Since he in curſing took
like Water it ſhall ſprea
Thro' all his Veins, and
with which his Bones a
19 This, like a poiſon'd Ro
his conſtant Cov'ring b
Or an envenom'd Belt, fr
he never ſhall be free.

20 Thus ſhall the Lord rew
that Ill to me deſign ;
That with malicious falſe
againſt my Life combin
21 But for thy glorious Nam
do thou deliver me ;
And for thy gracious Mer
preſerve and ſet me free

6, 27 But for thy Mercy's Sake, O Lord,
do thou my Foes withſtand;
That all may ſee 'tis thine own Act,
the Work of thy Right-hand.

8 Then let them curſe, ſo thou but bleſs;
let Shame the Portion be
Of all that my Deſtruction ſeek,
while I rejoyce in thee.
9 My Foe ſhall with Diſgrace be cloath'd,
and ſpight of all his Pride.
His own Confuſion, like a Cloak,
the guilty Wretch ſhall hide.

10 But I to God, in grateful Thanks,
my chearful Voice will raiſe;
And where the great Aſſembly meets,
ſet forth his noble Praiſe.
11 For him the Poor ſhall always find
their ſure and conſtant Friend;
And he ſhall from unrighteous Dooms
their guiltleſs Soul defend.

Pſalm cx.

1 THE Lord unto my Lord thus ſpake,
"Till I thy Foes thy Foot-ſtool make
"fit thou, in State, at my Right-hand;
4 "Supreme in Sion thou ſhalt be,
"and all thy proud Oppoſers ſee
"ſubjected to thy juſt Command.

3 "Thee, in thy Pow'r's triumphant Day,
"the willing Nations ſhall obey,
"and when thy riſing Beams they view,
"Shall all (redeem'd from Error's Night)
"appear as numberleſs and bright
"as Chryſtal Drops of Morning Dew."

4 The Lord has ſworn, nor ſworn in vain,
that like Melchizedeck's, thy Reign
and Prieſthood ſhall no Period know:
5 No proud Competitor to ſit
at thy Right-hand will he permit;
but in his Wrath crown'd Heads o'erthrow,

6 The ſentenc'd Heathen he ſhall ſlay,
and fill with Carcaſſes his Way,
till he has ſtruck Earth's Tyrant dead:
7 But in the Highway Brook ſhall firſt,
like a poor Pilgrim ſlake his thirſt,
and then in triumph raiſe his Head.

Pſalm cxi.

PRaiſe ye the Lord; our God to praiſe
My Soul her utmoſt Pow'r ſhall raiſe,

With private Friends, and in the T
Of Saints his Praiſe ſhall be my So
2 His Works, for Greatneſs, tho' re
His wond'rous Works with Eaſe a
By thoſe who ſeek for them aright,
And in the pious Search delight.

3 His Works are all of matchleſs Fa
And univerſal Glory claim:
His Truth confirm'd thro' Ages paſ
Shall to eternal Ages laſt.
4 By Precept he has us enjoyn'd,
To keep his wond'rous Works in l
And to Poſterity record,
That good and gracious is our Lord

5 His Bounty, like the flowing Tide,
Has all his Servants Wants ſupply'd
And he will ever keep in Mind
His Cov'nant with our Fathers ſign'
6 At once aſtoniſht and o'erjoy'd,
They ſaw his matchleſs Pow'r emp
Whereby the Heathen were ſuppreſ
And we their Heritage poſſeſs'd.

7 Juſt are the Dealings of his Hands,
Immutable are his Commands;
8 By Truth and Equity ſuſtain'd,
And for eternal Rules ordain'd.
9 He ſet his Saints from Bondage free
And then eſtabliſh'd his Decree,
For ever to remain the ſame:
Holy and Reverend is his Name.

10 Who Wiſdom's ſacred Prize would
Muſt with the Fear of God begin;
Immortal Praiſe, and heav'nly Skill
Have they who know and do his W

Pſalm cxii.

HALLELUJAH.

1 THAT Man is bleſt who ſtands i
of God, and loves his ſacred La
2 His Seed on Earth ſhall be renown'd
And with ſucceſſive Honours crown
3 His Houſe, the Seat of Wealth, ſhal
An inexhauſted Treaſury;
His Juſtice free from all Decay,
Shall Bleſſings to his Heirs convey.

4 The Soul that's fill'd with Virtue's l
Shines brighteſt in Affliction's Nigh
To pity the Diſtreſs'd inclin'd,
As well as juſt to all Mankind.

His lib'ral Favours he extends,
To ſome he gives, to others lends;
Yet what his Charity impairs
He ſaves by Prudence in Affairs.

Beſet with threat'ning Dangers round,
Unmov'd ſhall he maintain his Ground;
The ſweet Remem'brance of the Juſt
Shall flouriſh when he ſleeps in Duſt.
Ill Tidings never can ſurprize
His Heart that, fix'd, on God relies;
On Safety's Rock he ſits, and ſees
The Shipwreck of his Enemies.
His Hands, while they his Alms beſtow'd,
His Glory's future Harveſt ſow'd,
Whence he ſhall reap Wealth, Fame, Renown,
A temp'ral and eternal Crown.
The Wicked ſhall his Triumph ſee,
And gnaſh their Teeth in Agony;
While their unrighteous Hopes decay,
And vaniſh, with themſelves, away.

Pſalm cxiii.

YE Saints and Servants of the Lord,
the Triumphs of his Name record,
His ſacred Name for ever bleſs.
Where'er the circling Sun diſplays,
His riſing Beams or ſetting Rays,
Due Praiſe to his great Name addreſs.

God thro' the World extends his Sway,
the Regions of eternal Day
but Shadows of his Glory are.
To him, whoſe Majeſty excels,
who made the Heav'n in which he dwells,
let no created Pow'r compare.

Tho' tis beneath his State to view
in higheſt Heav'n what Angels do,
yet he to Earth vouchſafes his Care;
He takes the Needy from his Cell,
advancing him in Courts to dwell,
Companion to the greateſt there.

When childleſs Families deſpair,
he ſends the Bleſſing of an Heir,
to reſcue their expiring Name;
Makes her that barren was to bear,
and joyfully her Fruit to rear:
O then extol his matchleſs Fame!

Pſalm cxiv.

WHEN Iſr'el, by th'Almighty led,
(enrich'd with their Oppreſſor's Spoil)

From Egypt march'd; and Jacob's Sta
from Bondage in a foreign Soil;
2 Jehovah, for his Refidence,
chofe out imperial Judah's Tent,
His Manſion-Royal. and from thence
thro' Iſr'el's Camp his Orders ſent.

3 The diſtant Sea with Terror ſaw,
and from th' Almighty's Preſence fle
Old Jordan's Streams, ſurpriz'd with
retreated to their Fountain's Head.
4 The taller Mountains ſkipp'd like Ra
when Danger near the Fold they be
The Hills ſkipp'd after them, like Lam
affrighted by their Leader's Fear.

5 O Sea, what made your Tide withdra
and naked leave your ouzy Bed?
Why Jordan, againſt Nature's Law,
recoil'd'ſt thou to thy Fountain's H
6 Why, Mountains, did ye ſkip like Ra
when Danger does approach the Fol
Why after you the Hills like Lambs,
when they their Leader's Flight beh

7 Earth tremble on; well may'ſt thou ſt
thy Lord and Maker's Face to ſee;
When Jacob's awful God draws near,
'tis Time for Earth and Seas to flee
8 To flee from God, who Nature's Law
confirms and cancels at his Will;
Who Springs from flinty Rocks can dr
, and thirſty Vales with Water fill.

Pſalm cxv.

1 LORD, not to us, we claim no Sh
but to thy ſacred Name
Give Glory, for thy Mercy's Sake,
and Truth's eternal Fame.
2 Why ſhould the Heathen cry, Where'
the God whom we adore?
3 Convince 'em that in Heav'n thou art
and uncontroul'd thy Pow'r.

4 Their Gods but Gold and Silver are,
the Works of mortal Hands:
5 With ſpeechleſs Mouth, and ſightleſs
the molten Idol ſtands.
6 The Pageant has both Ears and Noſe,
but neither hears nor ſmells;
7 Its Hands and Feet nor feel, nor mov
no Life within it dwells.

8 Such ſenſeleſs Stocks they are, that
can nothing like 'em find,

12 thoſe who on their Help rely,
and them for Gods deſign'd.
Iſr'el, make the Lord your Truſt,
who is your Help and Shield;
13 riefts, Levites, truſt in him alone,
who only Help can yield.

14 et all, who truly fear the Lord,
on him they fear, rely;
For them in Danger can defend,
and all their Wants ſupply.
15 Of us he oft has mindful been,
and Iſr'el's Houſe will bleſs,
riefts, Levites, Proſelytes, ev'n all
who his great Name confeſs.

16 On you, and on your Heirs, he will
Increaſe of Bleſſings bring;
Thrice happy you, who Fav'rites are
of this Almighty King.
17 Heav'n's higheſt Orb of Glory, he
his Empire's Seat deſign'd;
And gave this lower Globe of Earth
a Portion to Mankind.

18 They who in Death and Silence ſleep
to him no Praiſe afford:
But we will bleſs for evermore
our ever-living Lord.

Pſalm cxvi.

1 MY Soul with grateful Thoughts of Love
entirely is poſſeſt,
Becauſe the Lord vouchſaf'd to hear
the Voice of my Requeſt.
2 Since he has now his Ear inclin'd,
I never will deſpair;
But ſtill in all the Straits of Life
to him addreſs my Pray'r.

3 With deadly Sorrows compaſt round,
with Pains of Hell oppreſt,
When Troubles ſeiz'd my aking Heart,
and Anguiſh rack'd my Breaſt;
4 On God's Almighty Name I call'd,
and thus to him I pray'd;
'Lord, I beſeech thee, ſave my Soul,
with Sorrows quite diſmay'd.'

5 How juſt and merciful is God,
how gracious is the Lord!
Who ſaves the Harmleſs, and to me
does *timely Help* afford.
6 *Then, free from penſive Cares,* my Soul,
reſume thy wonted Reſt;

For God has wond'rously to thee
his bounteous Love expreſs'd.

8 When Death alarm'd me, he reme
my Dangers and my Fears;
My Feet from falling ye ſtate's,
and dry'd my Eyes from Tears.
9 Therefore my Life's remaining Y
which God to me ſhall lend,
Will I in Praiſes to his Name,
and in his Service ſpend.

10, 11 In God I truſted, and of hin
in greateſt Straits did boaſt;
(For in my Flight all Hopes of Ai
from faithleſs Men were loſt:)
12, 13 Then what Return to him sh
for all his Goodneſs make?
I'll praiſe his Name, and with gl
the Cup of Bleſſing take.
14, 15 I'll pay my Vows amongſt h
whoſe Blood (howe'er deſpis'd
By wicked Men) in God's accoun
is always highly priz'd.
16 By various Ties, O Lord, muſt
to thy Dominion bow,
Thy humble Handmaid's Son, be
thy ranſom'd Captive now!
17, 18 To Thee I'll Off'rings bring
and whilſt I bleſs thy Name,
The juſt Performance of my Vow
to all thy Saints proclaim.
19 They, in Jeruſalem ſhall meet,
and in thy Houſe ſhall join,
To bleſs thy Name, with one Cons
and mix their Songs with mine

Pſalm cxvii.

1 WITH chearful Notes let all t
to Heav'n their Voices raiſ
Let all, inſpir'd with Godly Mirt
ſing ſolemn Hymns of Praiſe:
2 God's tender Mercy knows no En
his Truth ſhall ne'er decay;
Then let the willing Nations rous
their grateful Tribute pay.

Pſalm cxviii.

1, 2 O Praiſe the Lord, for he is go
his Mercies ne'er decay:
That his kind Favours ever laſt,
let thankful Iſr'el ſay.
3, 4 Their Senſe of his eternal Lov
let Aaron's Houſe expreſs;

And that it never fails, let all
that fear the Lord confeſs.

5 To God I made my humble Moan,
with Troubles quite oppreſt;
And he releas'd me from my Straits,
and granted my Requeſt.
6 Since therefore God does on my Side
ſo graciouſly appear,
Why ſhould the vain Attempts of Men
poſſeſs my Soul with Fear?

7 Since God with thoſe that aid my Cauſe
vouchſafes my Part to take,
To all my Foes, I need not doubt,
a juſt Return to make.
8, 9 For better 'tis to truſt in God,
and have the Lord our Friend,
Than on the greateſt human Pow'r
for Safety to depend.

10, 11 Tho' many Nations cloſely leagu'd,
did oft beſet me round;
Yet by his boundleſs Pow'r ſuſtain'd,
I did their Strength confound.
12 They ſwarm'd like Bees, and yet their Rage
was but a ſhort-liv'd Blaze;
For whilſt on God I ſtill rely'd,
I vanquiſh'd them with eaſe.

13 When all united preſs'd me hard,
in hopes to make me fall;
The Lord vouchſaf'd to take my Part,
and ſav'd me from them all.
14 The Honour of my ſtrange Eſcape
to him alone belongs;
He is my Saviour and my Strength,
he only claims my Songs.

15 Joy fills the Dwelling of the Juſt,
whom God has ſav'd from Harm;
For wond'rous Things are brought to paſs
by his Almighty Arm.
16 He, by his own reſiſtleſs Pow'r,
has endleſs Honour won;
The ſaving Strength of his Right Hand
amazing Works has done.

17 God will not ſuffer me to fall,
but ſtill prolongs my Days;
That by declaring all his Works,
I may advance his Praiſe.
18 *When God had ſorely me chaſtis'd,*
till quite of Hopes bereav'd;

His Mercy from the Gates of Dea
my fainting Life repriev'd.
19 Then open wide the Temple-Ga
to which the Just repair;
That I may enter in and praise
my great Deliv'rer there.
20, 21 Within these Gates of God's
to which the Righteous press,
Since thou hast heard and set me
thy holy Name I'll bless.
22, 23, That, which the Builders on
is now the Corner-Stone;
This is the wond'rous Work of G
the Work of God alone.
24, 25 This Day is God's; let all th
exalt their chearful Voice:
Lord, we beseech thee, save us n
and make us still rejoice.
26 Him, that approaches in God's
let all th' Assembly bless;
"We, that belong to God's own
"have wish'd you good Succes
27 God is the Lord, through whom
both Light and Comfort find;
Fast to the Altar's Horn, with Co
the chosen Victim bind.
28 Thou art my Lord, O God, and
I'll praise thy holy Name;
Because thou only art my God,
I'll celebrate thy Fame.
29 O then, with me, give Thanks
who still does gracious prove;
And let the Tribute of our Praise
be endless as his Love.

Psalm cxix.

ALEPH.

1 HOW blest are they who alway
the pure and perfect Way!
Who never from the sacred Paths
of God's Commandments stray
2 Thrice blest! who to his righteou
have still obedient been!
And have with fervent humble Ze
his Favour sought to win!
3 Such Men their utmost Caution u
to shun each wicked Deed;
But in the Path which he directs
with constant Care proceed.
4 Thou strictly hast enjoin'd us,
to learn thy sacred Will;

And all our Diligence employ
thy Statutes to fulfil.

O then that thy moſt holy Will
might o'er my Ways preſide!
And I the Courſe of all my Life
by thy Direction guide!

Then with Aſſurance ſhould I walk,
from all Confuſion free;
Convinc'd, with Joy, that all my Ways
with thy Commands agree.

My upright Heart ſhall my glad Mouth
with chearful Praiſes fill;
When by thy righteous Judgments taught,
I ſhall have learnt thy Will.

So to thy ſacred Laws ſhall I
all due Obſervance pay;
O then forſake me not, my God,
nor caſt me quite away.

BETH.

How ſhall the Young preſerve their Ways
from all Pollution free?
By making ſtill their Courſe of Life
with thy Commands agree.

With hearty Zeal, for thee I ſeek,
to thee for Succour pray;
O ſuffer not my careleſs Steps
from thy right Paths to ſtray.

Safe in my Heart, and cloſely hid
thy Word, my Treaſure lies;
To ſuccour me with timely Aid,
when ſinful Thoughts ariſe.

Secur'd by that, my grateful Soul
ſhall ever bleſs thy Name:
O teach me then by thy juſt Laws
my future Life to frame.

My Lips, unlockt by pious Zeal,
to others have declar'd,
How well the Judgments of thy Mouth
deſerve our beſt Regard.

Whilſt in the Way of thy Commands
more ſolid Joy I found,
Than had I been with vaſt Increaſe
of envy'd Riches crown'd.

Therefore thy juſt and upright Laws
ſhall always fill my Mind;
And thoſe ſound Rules which thou preſcrib'ſt
all due Reſpect ſhall find.

To keep thy Statutes undefac'd,
ſhall be my conſtant Joy;
The ſtrict Remembrance of thy Word,
ſhall all my Thoughts employ.

GIMEL.

GIMEL.

17 Be gracious to thy Servant, Lord,
do thou my Life defend;
That I, according to thy Word,
my Time to come may ſpend.
18 Enlighten both my Eyes and Mind,
that ſo I may diſcern
The wond'rous Things which they behold
who thy juſt Precepts learn.
19 Tho' like a Stranger in the Land,
from Place to Place I ſtray,
Thy righteous Judgments from my Sight
remove not thou away.
20 My fainting Soul is almoſt pin'd,
with earneſt Longing ſpent;
Whilſt always on the eager Search
of thy juſt Will, intent.
21 Thy ſharp Rebuke ſhall cruſh the Proud,
whom ſtill thy Curſe purſues;
Since they to walk in thy right Ways
preſumptuouſly refuſe.
22 But far from me do thou, O Lord,
Contempt and Shame remove;
For I thy ſacred Laws affect
with undiſſembled Love.
23 Tho' Princes oft, in Council met,
againſt thy Servant ſpake;
Yet I, thy Statutes to obſerve,
my conſtant Buſineſs make.
24 For thy Commands have always been
my Comfort and Delight:
By them I learn, with prudent Care,
to guide my Steps aright.

DALETH.

25 My Soul oppreſs'd with deadly Care,
cloſe to the Duſt does cleave.
Revive me, Lord, and let me now
thy promis'd Aid receive.
26 To thee I ſtill declare my Ways,
who didſt incline thine Ear;
O teach me then my future Life
by thy juſt Laws to ſteer.
27 If thou wilt make me know thy Laws,
and by their Guidance walk,
The wond'rous Works which thou haſt done
ſhall be my conſtant Talk.
28 But ſee, my Soul within me ſinks,
preſt down with weighty Care;
Do thou, according to thy Word,
my waſted Strength repair.

29 Far, far from me be all falſe Ways,
and lying Arts remov'd!
But kindly grant I ſtill may keep
the Path by thee approv'd.
30 Thy faithful Ways, thou God of Truth,
my happy Choice I've made;
Thy Judgments, as my Rule of Life,
before me always laid.

31 My Care has been to make my Life,
with thy Commands agree;
O then preſerve thy Servant, Lord,
from Shame and Ruin free.
32 So in the Way of thy Commands,
ſhall I with Pleaſure run,
And with a Heart, enlarged with Joy,
ſucceſsfully go on.

H E.

33 Inſtruct me in thy Statutes, Lord,
thy righteous Paths diſplay;
And I from them through all my Life,
will never go aſtray.
34 If thou true Wiſdom from above
wilt graciouſly impart,
To keep thy perfect Laws I will
devote my zealous Heart.

35 Direct me in the ſacred Ways
to which thy Precepts lead;
Becauſe my chief Delight has been
thy righteous Paths to tread.
36 Do thou to thy moſt juſt Commands
incline my willing Heart;
Let no Deſire of worldly Wealth
from thee my Thoughts divert.

37 From thoſe vain Objects turn my Eyes
which this falſe World diſplays;
But give me lively Pow'r and Strength
to keep thy righteous Ways.
38 Confirm the Promiſe which thou mad'ſt
and give thy Servant Aid,
Who to tranſgreſs thy ſacred Laws
is awfully afraid.

39 The foul Diſgrace I juſtly fear,
in Mercy Lord, remove;
For all the Judgments thou ordain'ſt,
are full of Grace and Love.
40 Thou know'ſt how, after thy Commands,
my longing Heart does pant;
O then make haſte to raiſe me up
and promis'd Succour grant.

V A U.

VAU.

41 Thy conſtant Bleſſing, Lord, beſtow,
to cheer my drooping Heart;
To me, according to thy Word,
thy ſaving Health impart.
42 So ſhall I, when my Foes upbraid,
this ready Anſwer make;
" In God I truſt, who never will
" his faithful Promiſe break.

43 Then let not quite the Word of Truth
be from my Mouth remov'd;
Since ſtill my Ground of ſtedfaſt Hope
thy juſt Decrees have prov'd.
44 So I to keep thy righteous Laws
will all my Study bend;
From Age to Age, my Time to come
in their Obſervance ſpend.

45 E'er long I truſt to walk at large,
from all Incumbrance free;
Since I reſolv'd to make my Life
with thy Commands agree.
46 Thy Laws ſhall be my conſtant Talk;
and Princes ſhall attend,
Whilſt I the Juſtice of thy Ways
with Confidence defend.

47 My longing Heart and raviſht Soul
ſhall both o'erflow with Joy;
When in thy lov'd Commandments I
my happy Hours employ.
48 Then will I to thy lov'd Decrees
lift up my willing Hands;
My Care and Buſineſs then ſhall be
to ſtudy thy Commands.

ZAIN.

49 According to thy promis'd Grace,
thy Favour, Lord, extend;
Make good to me the Word, on which
thy Servant's Hopes depend.
50 That only Comfort in Diſtreſs
did all my Griefs controul;
Thy Word, when Troubles hem'd me round,
reviv'd my fainting Soul.

51 Inſulting Foes did proudly mock,
and all my Hopes deride;
Yet from thy Law, not all their Scoffs
could make me turn aſide.
52 Thy Judgments then, of ancient Date,
I quickly call'd to mind;
'Till raviſh'd with ſuch Thoughts, my Soul
did ſpeedy Comfort find.

53 Sor

53 Sometimes I ſtand amaz'd, like one
with deadly Horror ſtruck,
To think that all my ſinful Foes
have thy juſt Laws forſook.
54 But I thy Statutes and Decrees
my cheerful Anthems made;
Whilſt thro' ſtrange Lands and Deſarts wild
I like a Pilgrim ſtray'd.

55 Thy Name, that cheer'd my Heart by Day,
has fill'd my Thoughts by Night;
I then reſolv'd by thy juſt Laws,
to guide my Steps aright.
56 That Peace of Mind, which has my Soul
in deep Diſtreſs ſuſtain'd,
By ſtrict Obedience to thy Will
I happily obtain'd.

CHETH.

57 O Lord, my God, my Portion thou
and ſure Poſſeſſion art;
Thy Words I ſtedfaſtly reſolve
to treaſure in my Heart.
58 With all the Strength of warm Deſires
I did thy Grace implore;
Diſcloſe, according to thy Word,
thy Mercy's boundleſs Store.

59 With due Reflection and ſtrict Care
on all my Ways I thought;
And ſo, reclaim'd to thy juſt Paths,
my wand'ring Steps I brought.
60 I loſt no Time, but made great Haſte,
reſolv'd, without Delay,
To watch, that I might never more
from thy Commandments ſtray.

61 Tho' num'rous Troops of ſinful Men
to rob me have combin'd;
Yet I thy pure and righteous Laws
have ever kept in Mind.
62 In Dead of Night I will ariſe,
to ſing thy ſolemn Praiſe;
Convinc'd how much I always ought
to love thy righteous Ways.

63 To ſuch as fear thy holy Name
myſelf I cloſely join,
To all who their obedient Wills
to thy Commands reſign.
64 O'er all the Earth thy Mercy, Lord,
abundantly is ſhed;
O make me then exactly learn,
thy ſacred Paths to tread.

TETH.

65 With me, thy Servant, thou haſt dealt
moſt graciouſly, O Lord.
Repeated Benefits beſtow'd,
according to thy Word.
66 Teach me the ſacred Skill, by which
right Judgment is attain'd,
Who in Belief of thy Commands
have ſtedfaſtly remain'd.

67 Before Affliction ſtopt my Courſe,
my Footſteps went aſtray;
But I have ſince been diſciplin'd
thy Precepts to obey.
68 Thou art, O Lord, ſupremely good,
and all thou doſt is ſo;
On me, thy Statutes to diſcern,
the ſaving Skill beſtow.

69 The Proud have forg'd malicious Lies
my ſpotleſs Fame to ſtain;
But my fixt Heart, without Remove,
thy Precepts ſhall retain.
70 While pamper'd they, with proſp'rous Ills,
in ſenſual Pleaſure live,
My Soul can reliſh no Delight
but what thy Precepts give.

71 'Tis good for me that I have felt
Affliction's chaſt'ning Rod,
That I may duly learn and keep
the Statutes of my God.
72 The Law that from thy Mouth proceeds
of more Eſteem I hold,
Than untoucht Mines, than thouſand Mines
of Silver and of Gold.

J. O D.

73 To me, who am the Workmanſhip
of thy almighty Hands,
The heav'nly Underſtanding give
to learn thy juſt Commands.
74 My Preſervation to thy Saints
ſtrong Comfort will afford,
To ſee Succeſs attend my Hopes,
who truſted in thy Word.

75 That right thy Judgments are, I now
by ſure Experience ſee,
And that in Faithfulneſs, O Lord,
thou haſt afflicted me.
76 O let thy tender Mercy now
afford me needful Aid;
According to thy Promiſe, Lord,
to me, thy Servant, made.

77 T

77 To me thy ſaving Grace reſtore,
that I again may live;
Whoſe Soul can reliſh no Delight
but what thy Precepts give.
78 Defeat the Proud, who, unprovok'd,
to ruin me have ſought:
Who only on thy ſacred Laws
employ my harmleſs Thought.

79 Let thoſe that fear thy Name, eſpouſe
my Cauſe, and thoſe alone
Who have by ſtrict and pious Search
thy ſacred Precepts known.
80 In thy bleſt Statutes let my Heart
continue always ſound.
That Guilt and Shame, the Sinners Lot,
may never me confound.

CAPH.

81 My Soul with long Expectance faints
to ſee thy ſaving Grace;
Yet ſtill on thy unerring Word
my Confidence I place.
82 My very Eyes conſume and fail
with waiting for thy Word;
O! when wilt thou thy kind Relief
and promis'd Aid afford?

83 My Skin, like ſhrivel'd Parchment ſhows,
that long in Smoke is ſet;
Yet no Affliction me can force
thy Statutes to forget.
84 How many Days muſt I endure
of Sorrow and Diſtreſs?
When wilt thou Judgment execute
on them who me oppreſs?

85 The Proud have digg'd a Pit for me,
that have no other Foes,
But ſuch as are averſe to thee,
and thy juſt Laws oppoſe.
86 With Right and Truth's eternal Laws
all thy Commands agree;
Men perſecute me without Cauſe,
thou, Lord, my Helper be.

87 With cloſe Deſigns, againſt my Life
they had almoſt prevail'd;
But in Obedience to thy Will
my Duty never fail'd.
88 Thy wonted Kindneſs, Lord, reſtore,
my drooping Heart to cheer;
That by thy righteous Statutes, I
my Life's whole Courſe may ſteer.

LAMED.

LAMED.

89 For ever and for ever, Lord,
unchang'd thou doſt remain;
Thy Word eſtabliſht in the Heav'ns,
does all their Orbs ſuſtain.
90 Thro' circling Ages, Lord, thy Truth
immoveable ſhall ſtand,
As doth the Earth, which thou upholdſt
by thy almighty Hand.
91 All Things the Courſe by thee ordain'd
ev'n to this Day fulfil;
They are thy faithful Subjects all,
and Servants of thy Will.
92 Unleſs thy ſacred Law had been
my Comfort and Delight,
I muſt have fainted and expir'd
in dark Affliction's Night.
93 Thy Precepts therefore from my Thoughts
ſhall never, Lord, depart;
For thou, by them, haſt to new Life
reſtor'd my dying Heart.
94 As I am thine, intirely thine
protect me, Lord, from Harm;
Who have thy Precepts ſought to know,
and carefully perform.
95 The Wicked have their Ambuſh laid
my guiltleſs Life to take:
But in the Midſt of Danger I
thy Word my Study make.
96 I've ſeen an End of what we call
Perfection here below;
But thy Commandments like thyſelf,
no Change or Period know.

MEM.

97 The Love that to thy Laws I bear,
no Language can diſplay;
They with freſh Wonders entertain
my raviſht Thoughts all Day.
98 Through thy Commands I wiſer grow
than all my ſubtle Foes;
For thy ſure Word does me direct,
and all my Ways diſpoſe.
99 From me my former Teachers now
may abler Counſel take;
Becauſe thy ſacred Precepts I
my conſtant Study make.
100 In Underſtanding I excel
the Sages of our Days;
Becauſe by thy unerring Rules
I order all my Ways.

1 My Feet, with Care, I have refrain'd
from ev'ry ſinful Way,
That to thy ſacred Word I might
intire Obedience pay.
2 I have not from thy Judgments ſtray'd,
by vain Deſires miſled;
For, Lord, thou haſt inſtructed me
thy righteous Paths to tread.

3 How ſweet are all thy Words to me;
O what divine Repaſt!
How much more grateful to my Soul
than Honey to my Taſte!
4 Taught by thy ſacred Precepts, I
with heav'nly Skill am bleſt;
Thro' which the treach'rous Ways of Sin
I utterly deteſt.

NUN.

5 Thy Word is to my Feet a Lamp,
the Way of Truth to ſhow;
A Watch-light to point out the Path,
in which I ought to go.
6 I ſwear (and from my ſolemn Oath
will never ſtart aſide;)
That in thy righteous Judgments I
will ſtedfaſtly abide.

7 Since I with Griefs am ſo oppreſt
that I can bear no more,
According to thy Word, do thou
my fainting Soul reſtore.
8 Let ſtill my Sacrifice of Praiſe
with thee Acceptance find,
And in thy righteous Judgments, Lord,
inſtruct my willing Mind.

9 Tho' ghaſtly Dangers me ſurround,
my Soul they cannot awe;
Nor, with continual Terrors, keep
from thinking on thy Law.
10 My wicked and invet'rate Foes
for me their Snares have laid;
Yet I have kept the upright Path,
nor from thy Precepts ſtray'd.

11 Thy Teſtimonies I have made
my Heritage and Choice;
For they, when other Comforts fail,
my drooping Heart rejoyce.
12 My Heart with early Zeal began
thy *Statutes to obey*;
And till my Courſe of Life is done,
ſhall keep thy upright Way.

SAMECH.

SAMECH.

113 Deceitful Thoughts and Practices
I utterly detest;
But to thy Law Affection bear
too great to be exprest.
114 My Hiding-Place, my Refuge-Tow'r
and Shield art thou, O Lord,
I firmly anchor all my Hopes
on thy unerring Word.

115 Hence ye that trade in Wickedness,
approach not my Abode.
For firmly I resolve to keep
the Precepts of my God.
116 According to thy gracious Word,
from Danger set me free;
Nor make me of those Hopes asham'd
that I repose on thee.

117 Uphold me, so shall I be safe,
and rescu'd from Distress,
To thy Decrees continually
my just Respect address.
118 The Wicked thou hast trod to Earth,
who from thy Statutes stray'd,
Their vile Deceit the just Reward
of their own Fashood made

119 The Wicked from thy holy [illegible] and
thou dost like Dross [illegible]
I therefore with su[illegible] charm'd,
thy Testimonies I
120 Yet with [illegible] me dread
lest I should so offend
When on Transgressors I behold
thy Judgments thus descend.

AIN.

121 Judgment and Justice I have lov'd;
O therefore, Lord, engage
In my Defence, nor give me up
to my Oppressors Rage.
122 Do thou be Surety, Lord, for me;
and so shall this Distress
Prove good for me; nor shall the Proud
my guiltless Soul oppress.
123 My Eyes, alas! begin to fail,
in long Expectance held,
Till thy Salvation they behold,
and righteous Word fulfill'd.
124 To me, thy Servant, in Distress
thy wonted Grace display,
And discipline my willing Heart
thy Statutes to obey.

ne, devoted to thy Fear,
acred Skill beſtow,
f thy Teſtimonies I
ull Extent may know.
Time,-high Time for thee, O Lord,
/engeance to employ,
Men with open Violence
acred Law deſtroy.

heir Contempt of thy Commands
nakes their Value riſe
Eſteem, who pureſt Gold,
ar'd with them, deſpiſe.
Precepts therefore I account
reſpects, divine;
each me to diſcern the right,
ll falſe Ways decline.

P E.

Wonders which thy Laws contain
/ords can repreſent,
ore to lea'n and practiſe them
ealous Heart is bent.
very Entrance to thy Word
tial Light diſplays:
nowledge of true Happineſs
npleſt Minds conveys.

eager Hopes I waiting ſtood,
ainted with Deſire,
f thy wiſe Commands I might
acred Skill acquire.
Favour, Lord, look down on me,
thy Relief implore;
u art wont to viſit thoſe
thy bleſt Name adore.

ded by thy heav'nly Word
l my Footſteps be;
ickedneſs of any Kind
inion have o'er me.
ſe, entirely ſet me free
perſecuting Hands,
unmoleſted, I may learn,
practiſe thy Commands.

e, devoted to thy Fear,
make thy Face to ſhine,
tutes both to know and keep
leaſt with Zeal incline.
yes to weeping Fountains turn,
ce briny Rivers flow,
Mankind, againſt thy Laws
d *Defiance* go.

TSADDI.

TSADDI.

137 Thou art the righteous Judge, in whom
wrong'd Innocence may truſt;
And, like thyſelf, thy Judgments, Lord,
in all Reſpects are juſt.
138 Moſt juſt and true thoſe Statutes were,
which thou didſt firſt decree,
And all with Faithfulneſs perform'd
ſucceeding Times ſhall ſee.

139 With Zeal my Fleſh conſumes away,
my Soul with Anguiſh frets.
To ſee my Foes contemn, at once,
thy Promiſes and Threats.
140 Yet each neglected Word of thine,
(howe'er by them deſpis'd,)
Is pure, and for eternal Truth
by me, thy Servant, priz'd.

141 Brought, for thy Sake, to low Eſtate,
Contempt from all I find;
Yet no Affronts or Wrongs can drive
thy Precepts from my Mind.
142 Thy Righteouſneſs ſhall then endure,
when Time it ſelf is paſt;
Thy Law is Truth it ſelf, that Truth
which ſhall for ever laſt.

143 Tho' Trouble, Anguiſh, Doubts and Dreads
to compaſs me unite,
Beſet with Dangers, ſtill I make
thy Precepts my Delight.
144 Eternal and unerring Rules
thy Teſtimonies give:
Teach me the Wiſdom that will make
my Soul for ever live.

KOPH.

145 With my whole Heart to God I call'd,
Lord hear my earneſt Cry;
And I, thy Statutes to perform
will all my Care apply.
146 Again more fervently I pray'd,
O ſave me, that I may
Thy Teſtimonies truly know,
and ſtedfaſtly obey.

147 My earlier Pray'r the dawning Day
prevented, while I cry'd
To him on whoſe engaging Word
my Hope alone rely'd.
148 With Zeal have I awak'd before
the Midnight Watch was ſet,
That I, of thy myſterious Word,
might perfect Knowledge get.

149

149 Lord, hear my ſupplicating Voice,
and wonted Favour ſhew;
O quicken me, and ſo approve
thy Judgments ever true.
150 My perſecuting Foes advance
and hourly nearer draw;
What Treatment can I hope from them
who violate thy Law?

151 Tho' they draw nigh, my Comfort is
thou, Lord, art yet more near,
Thou, whoſe Commands are righteous all,
thy Promiſes ſincere.
152 Concerning thy divine Decrees
my Soul has known of old,
That they were true, and ſhall their Truth
to endleſs Ages hold.

RESCH.

153 Conſider my Affliction, Lord,
and me from Bondage draw;
Think on thy Servant in Diſtreſs,
who ne'er forgets thy Law.
154 Plead thou my Cauſe; to that and me
thy timely Aid afford;
With Beams of Mercy quicken me
according to thy Word.

155 From hard'ned Sinners thou remov'ſt
Salvation far away;
'Tis juſt thou ſhouldſt withdraw from them
who from thy Statutes ſtray.
156 Since great thy tender Mercies are
to all who thee adore;
According to thy Judgments, Lord,
my fainting Hopes reſtore.

157 A num'rous Hoſt of ſpiteful Foes
againſt my Life combine;
But all too few to force my Soul
thy Statutes to decline.
158 Thoſe bold Tranſgreſſors I beheld,
and was with Grief oppreſs'd,
To ſee with what audacious Pride
thy Cov'nant they tranſgreſs'd.

159 Yet while they ſlight, conſider, Lord,
how I thy Precepts love;
O therefore quicken me with Beams
of Mercy from above.
160 As from the Birth of Time thy Truth
has *held thro'* Ages paſt,
So ſhall thy righteous Judgments, firm,
to endleſs Ages laſt.

SCHIN.

SCHIN.

161 Tho' mighty Tyrants, with
conſpire my Blood to ſhed,
Thy ſacred Word has Pow'r al
to fill my Heart with Dread.
162 And yet that Word my joyful
with heav'nly Rapture warm
Nor Conqueſt nor the Spoils o
have ſuch tranſporting Charm

163 Perfidious Practices and Lies
I utterly deteſt;
But to thy Laws Affection bear
too vaſt to be expreſt.
164 Sev'n Times a Day, with gr
thy Praiſes I reſound,
Becauſe I find thy Judgments a
with Truth and Juſtice crow

165 Secure, ſubſtantial Peace hav
who truly love thy Law:
No ſmiling Miſchief them can t
nor frowning Danger awe.
166 For thy Salvation I have hop
and tho' ſo long delay'd,
With cheerful Zeal and ſtricteſ
all thy Commands obey'd;
167 Thy Teſtimonies I have kep
and conſtantly obey'd;
Becauſe the Love I bore to the
the Service eaſy made.
168 From ſtrict Obſervance of th
I never yet withdrew,
Convinc'd that my moſt ſecret
are open to thy View.

TAU.

169 To my Requeſt and earneſt
attend, O gracious Lord;
Inſpire my Heart with heav'nl
according to thy Word.
170 Let my repeated Pray'r at la
before thy Throne appear;
According to thy plighted Wo
for my Relief draw near.

171 Then ſhall my grateful Lips
the Tribute of their Praiſe,
When thou thy Counſels haſt
and taught me thy juſt Way
172 My Tongue the Praiſes of t
ſhall thankfully reſound,
Becauſe thy Promiſes are all

with Truth and Juſtice cr

ast thy Almighty Arm appear
nd bring me timely Aid;
r I the Laws thou haſt ordain'd
ny Heart's free Choice have made.
My Soul has waited long to ſee
hy ſaving Grace reſtor'd;
r Comfort knew, but what thy Laws,
hy heav'nly Laws afford.

Prolong my Life, that I may ſing
ny great Reſtorer's Praiſe;
hoſe Juſtice from the Depth of Woes,
my fainting Soul ſhall raiſe.
Like ſome loſt Sheep I've ſtray'd, till I
deſpair my Way to find;
ou therefore, Lord, thy Servant ſeek,
who keeps thy Laws in Mind.

Pſalm cxx.

N deep Diſtreſs I oft have cry'd
To God, who never yet deny'd
To reſcue me oppreſs'd with Wrongs;
ice more, O Lord, Deliv'rance ſend,
om lying Lips my Soul defend,
And from the Rage of ſland'ring Tongues.

hat little Profit can accrue?
id yet what heavy Wrath is due
O thou perfidious Tongue to thee?
ıy Sting upon thy ſelf ſhall turn;
laſting Flames that fiercely burn,
The conſtant Fuel thou ſhalt be.

t oh! how wretched is my Doom,
ho am a Sojourner become
In barren Meſech's Deſert Soil!
ith Kedar's wicked Tents incloſ'd,
› lawleſs Savages expos'd,
Who live on nought but Theft and Spoil.

y hapleſs Dwelling is with thoſe
ho Peace and Amity oppoſe,
And Pleaſure take in others Harms;
reet Peace is all I court and ſeek;
it when to them of Peace I ſpeak,
They ſtrait cry out, To Arms, To Arms.

Pſalm cxxi.

O Sion's Hill I lift my Eyes,
from thence expecting Aid;
om Sion's Hill and Sion's God,
who Heav'n and Earth has made.
hen, thou, my Soul, in Safety reſt,
thy *Guardian will* not ſleep;
s watchful Care that Iſr'el guards
*vill Iſr'el's Mo*narch keep.

Shelter'd

5 Shelter'd beneath th' Almighty's Wings,
thou ſhalt ſecurely reſt,
6 Where neither Sun nor Moon ſhall thee
by Day or Night moleſt.
7 From common Accidents of Life
his Care ſhall guard thee ſtill:
8 From the blind Strokes of Chance and Foe
that lie in wait to kill.
9 At Home, Abroad, in Peace, in War,
thy God ſhall thee defend;
Conduct thee thro' Life's Pilgrimage
ſafe to thy Journey's End.

Pſalm cxxii.

1 O 'Twas a joyful Sound to hear
our Tribes devoutly ſay,
Up Iſr'el to the Temple haſte,
and keep your Feſtal Day.
2 At Salem's Courts we muſt appear
with our aſſembled Pow'rs;
3 In ſtrong and beauteous Order rang'd
like her united Tow'rs.
4 'Tis thither by divine Command,
the Tribes of God repair,
Before his Ark to celebrate
His Name with Praiſe and Pray'r.
5 Tribunals ſtand erected there;
where Equity takes Place;
There ſtand the Courts and Palaces
of Royal David's Race.
6 O, pray we then for Salem's Peace,
for they ſhall proſp'rous be,
(Thou holy City of our God!)
who bear true Love to thee.
7 May Peace within thy ſacred Walls
a conſtant Gueſt be found,
With Plenty and Proſperity
thy Palaces be crown'd.
8 For my dear Brethrens Sake, and Friends
no leſs than Brethren dear,
I'll pray,---May Peace in Salem's Tow'rs
a conſtant Gueſt appear.
9 But moſt of all I'll ſeek thy Good,
and ever wiſh thee well;
For Sion and the Temple's Sake,
where God vouchſafes to dwell.

Pſalm cxxiii.

1, 2 O N thee, who dwell'ſt above the Sky
For Mercy wait my longing Eyes;
As Servants watch their Maſters Hands,
And Maids their Miſtreſſes Commands.

ive Mercy on us, Lord,
s Aid to us afford,
m cruel Foes oppreſs.
and proud by our Diſtreſs.

Pſalm cxxiv.

the Lord (may Iſr'el ſay)
leas'd to interpoſe,
then eſpous'd our Cauſe
n againſt us roſe;
Wrath had ſwallow'd us alive,
without Controul;
and Pride's united Floods
o'erwhelm'd our Soul.
be our eternal Lord,
a'd us that Day,
r ſavage Jaws gave up
tned Lives a Prey.
like a Bird eſcap'd
the Fowler's Net;
s broke, their Hopes are croſt,
t Freedom ſet.
is Almighty Name,
idence remains.
e made both Heav'n and Earth,
ole Monarch reigns.

Pſalm cxxv.

lace on Sion's God their Truſt,
Sion's Rock ſhall ſtand,
nmoveable be fixt
mighty Hand.
the Hills on ev'ry Side
n incloſe,
he Lord around his Saints
'em from their Foes.
d may afflict the Juſt,
r too long oppreſs,
him by Deſpair to ſeek
ns for his Redreſs.
O righteous God, to thoſe
hteous Deeds affect,
that Innocence retains
cence protect.
who walk in crooked Paths,
ſhall ſoon deſtroy;
Unjuſt, but crown the Saints
ting Peace and Joy.

Pſalm cxxvi.

N Sion's God her Sons recall'd
m long Captivity,
at firſt a pleaſing Dream
we wiſh'd to ſee.

5 But soon in unaccustom'd Mirth
we did our Voice employ.
And sung our great Restorer's Praise
in thankful Hymns of Joy.
Our Heathen Foes repining stood,
yet were compell'd to own,
That great and wond'rous was the W
our God for us had done.
3 'Twas great, say they; 'twas wond
much more should we confess;
The Lord has done great Things, wh
we reap the glad Success.
4 To bring us back the Remnant, Lord
of Isr'el's Captive Bands,
More welcome than refreshing Show'r
to parcht and thirsty Lands.
5 That we, whose Work commenc'd in T
may see our Labours thrive,
Till finish'd with Success, to make
our drooping Hearts revive.
6 Tho' he despond that sows his Grain,
yet doubtless he shall come
To bind his full-ear'd Sheaves, and h
the joyful Harvest home.

Psalm cxxvii.

1 WE build with fruitless Cost, unless
the Lord the Pile sustain,
Unless the Lord the City keep,
the Watchman wakes in vain.
2 In vain we rise before the Day,
and late to Rest repair,
Allow no Respite to our Toil,
and eat the Bread of Care.
Supplies of Life, with Ease to them,
he on his Saints bestows;
He crowns their Labour with Success,
their Nights with sound Repose.
3 Children those Comforts of our Life,
are Presents from the Lord:
He gives a num'rous Race of Heirs,
as Piety's Reward.
4 As Arrows in a Giant's Hand,
when marching forth to War;
Ev'n so the Sons of sprightly Youth,
their Parents Safeguard are.
5 Happy the Man, whose Quiver's fill'd
with these prevailing Arms;
He need not fear to meet his Foe,
at Law, or War's Alarms.

Pſalm cxxviii.

THE Man is bleſt who fears the Lord,
nor only Worſhip pays;
But keeps his Steps confin'd with Care,
to his appointed Ways.
He ſhall upon the ſweet Returns
of his own Labour feed:
Without Dependance live and ſee
his Wiſhes all ſucceed.
His Wife, like a fair fertile Vine,
her lovely Fruit ſhall bring;
His Children like young Olive Plants
about his Table ſpring.
Who fears the Lord ſhall proſper thus,
him Sion's God ſhall bleſs;
And grant him all his Days to ſee
Jeruſalem's Succeſs.
He ſhall live on, till Heirs from him
deſcend with vaſt Increaſe:
Much bleſs'd in his own proſp'rous State,
and more in Iſr'el's Peace.

Pſalm cxxix.

FROM my Youth up, may Iſr'el ſay,
they oft have me aſſail'd;
Reduc'd me oft to heavy Straits,
but never quite prevail'd.
They oft have plough'd my patient Back
with Furrows deep and long:
But our juſt God has broke their Chains,
and reſcu'd us from Wrong.
Defeat, Confuſion, ſhameful Rout
be ſtill the Doom of thoſe,
Their righteous Doom, who Sion hate,
and Sion's God oppoſe.
Like Corn upon our Houſes Tops,
untimely let them fade:
Which too much Heat and Want of Root,
have blaſted in the Blade;
Which in his Arms no Reaper takes,
but unregarded leaves;
Nor Binder thinks it worth his Pains
to fold it into Sheaves;
No Traveller that paſſes by,
vouchſafes a Minute's Stop,
To give it one kind Look, or crave
Heav'n's Bleſſing on the Crop.

Pſalm cxxx.

FROM loweſt Depths of Woe,
to God I ſent my Cry:
Lord! hear my ſupplicating Voice,
and graciouſly reply.

3 Shouldſt thou ſeverely judge
who can the Trial bear?
4 But thou forgiv'ſt, leſt we deſpond,
and quite renounce thy Fear.

5 My Soul with Patience waits
for thee the living Lord;
My Hopes are on thy Promiſe built,
thy never-failing Word.
6 My longing Eyes look out
for thy enliv'ning Ray;
More duly than the Morning Watch
to 'ſpy the dawning Day.

7 Let Iſr'el truſt in God,
no Bounds his Mercy knows;
The plenteous Source and Spring from whence
eternal Succour flows.
8 Whoſe friendly Streams to us
Supplies in Want convey;
A healing Spring, a Spring to cleanſe
and waſh our Guilt away.

Pſalm cxxxi.

1 O Lord, I am not proud of Heart,
nor caſt a ſcornful Eye;
Nor my aſpiring Thoughts employ
in things for me too high.
2 With Infant-Innocence thou know'ſt
I have myſelf demean'd;
Compos'd to quiet like a Babe,
that from the Breaſt is wean'd.
3 Like me let Iſr'el hope in God,
his Aid alone implore:
Both now and ever truſt in him
who lives for evermore.

Pſalm cxxxii.

1 LET David, Lord, a conſtant Place
in thy Remembrance find;
Let all the Sorrows he endur'd,
be ever in thy Mind.
2 Remember what a ſolemn Oath
to thee, his Lord, he ſwore;
How to the mighty God he vow'd,
whom Jacob's Sons adore.
3, 4 I will not go into my Houſe,
nor to my Bed aſcend;
No ſoft Repoſe ſhall cloſe my Eyes,
nor Sleep my Eye-lids bend;
5 Till for the Lord's deſign'd abode
I mark the deſtin'd Ground;
Till I a decent Place of Reſt
for Jacob's God have found.

Th' appointed Place, with Shouts of Joy,
at Ephrata we found:
And made the Wood and neighb'ring Fields,
our glad Applauſe reſound.
O with due Rev'rence let us then,
to his Abode repair:
And proſtrate at his Foot-ſtool fall'n,
pour out our humble Pray'r.

Ariſe, O Lord, and now poſſeſs
thy conſtant Place of Reſt;
Be that not only with thy Ark,
but with thy Preſence bleſt. (neſs,
10 Cloath thou thy Prieſts with Righteouſ-
make thou thy Saints rejoice;
And for thy Servant David's Sake,
hear thine Anointed's Voice.

1 God ſware to David in his Truth,
(nor ſhall his Oath be vain)
One of thy Off-ſpring after thee
upon thy Throne ſhall reign.
1 And if thy Seed my Cov'nant keep,
and to my laws ſubmit,
Their Children too upon thy Throne,
for evermore ſhall ſit.

13, 14 For Sion does in God's Eſteem,
all other Seats excel;
His Place of everlaſting Reſt,
where he deſires to dwell.
15, 16 Her Store, ſays he, I will increaſe,
her Poor with Plenty bleſs;
Her Saints ſhall ſhout for Joy, her Prieſts
my ſaving Health confeſs.

17 There David's Pow'r ſhall long remain,
in his ſucceſſive Line:
And my anointed Servant there
ſhall with freſh Luſtre ſhine.
18 The Faces of his vanquiſh'd Foes
Confuſion ſhall o'erſpread;
Whilſt, with confirm'd Succeſs, his Crown
ſhall flouriſh on his head.

Pſalm cxxxiii.

HOW vaſt muſt their Advantage be;
how great their Pleaſure prove;
Who live like Brethren, and conſent
In Offices of Love!
2 True Love is like that precious Oil
which, pour'd on Aaron's Head,
Ran down his Beard, and o'er his Robes
its coſtly Moiſture ſhed.

3 'Tis like refreshing Dew, which does
on Hermon's Top distil;
Or like the early Drops, that fall
on Sion's fruitful Hill.
For Sion is the chosen Seat,
where the Almighty King
The promis'd Blessing has ordain'd,
And Life's eternal Spring.

Psalm cxxxiv.

1 BLESS God, ye Servants that attend
upon his solemn State;
That in his Temple Night by Night,
with humble Rev'rence wait.
2. 3 Within his House lift up your Hands,
and bless his holy Name;
From Sion bless thy Isr'el, Lord,
who Heav'n and Earth didst frame.

Psalm cxxxv.

1 O Praise the Lord with one Consent,
and magnify his Name;
Let all the Servants of the Lord
his worthy Praise proclaim.
2 Praise him all ye that in his House,
attend with constant Care;
With those that to his outmost Courts,
with humble Zeal repair.
3 For this our truest Int'rest is,
glad Hymns of Praise to sing;
And with loud Songs to bless his Name,
a most delightful Thing.
4 For God his own peculiar Choice
the Sons of Jacob makes:
And Isr'el's Off-spring for his own
most valu'd Treasure takes.
5 That God is great, we often have
by glad Experience found:
And seen how he with wond'rous Pow'r
above all Gods is crown'd.
6 For he with unresisted Strength
performs his sov'reign Will;
In Heav'n and Earth, and wat'ry Stores
that Earth's deep Caverns fill.
7 He raises Vapours from the Ground,
which, pois'd in liquid Air,
Fall down at last in Show'rs, thro' which
his dreadful Lightnings glare.
8 He from his Store-house brings the Winds:
and he with vengetul Hand,
The First-born slew of Man and Beast,
thro' Egypt's mourning Land.

le dreadful Signs and Wonders ſhew'd
thro' ſtubborn Egypt's Coaſts :
or Pharaoh could his Plagues eſcape,
nor all his num'rous Hoſts.

'Twas he that various Nations ſmote,
and mighty Kings ſuppreſs'd ;
hon and Og, and all beſides.
who Canaan's Land poſſeſs'd.

Their Land upon his choſen Race
he firmly did entail ;
or which his Fame ſhall always laſt,
his Praiſe ſhall never fail.

or God ſhall ſoon his People's Cauſe
with pitying Eyes ſurvey ;
epent him of his Wrath and turn
his kindled Rage away.

Thoſe Idols, whoſe falſe Worſhip ſpreads
o'er all the Heathen Lands,
re made of Silver and of Gold,
the Work of human Hands.

They move not their fictitious Tongues,
nor ſee with poliſh'd Eyes ;
heir counterfeited Ears are deaf,
no Breath their Mouth ſupplies.

As ſenſeleſs as themſelves, are they
that all their Skill apply
o make them ; or in dangerous Times,
on them for Aid rely.

Their juſt Returns of Thanks to God
let grateful Iſr'el pay :
or let the Prieſts of Aaron's Race
to bleſs the Lord delay.

Their Sen.e of his unbounded Love
let Levi's Houſe expreſs :
nd let all thoſe that fear the Lord,
his Name for ever bleſs.

.et all with Thanks his wond'rous Works
in Sion's Courts proclaim ;
:t them in Salem, where he dwells,
exalt his holy Name.

Pſalm cxxxvi.

O God the mighty Lord,
Your joyful Thanks repeat ;
o him due Praiſe afford
s good as he is great :
For God does prove
ur conſtant Friend,
His boundleſs Love
all never end.

To him whoſe wond'rous Pow'r
All other Gods obey,

Whom earthly Kings adore,
This grateful Homage pay.
For God, &c.

4, 5 By his Almighty Hand
Amazing Works are wrought;
The Heav'ns by his Commands
Were to Perfection brought.
For God, &c.

6 He ſpread the Ocean round
About the ſpacious Land:
And made the riſing Ground
Above the Waters ſtand.
For God, &c.

7, 8, 9 Thro' Heav'n he did diſplay
His num'rous Hoſts of Light;
The Sun to rule by Day,
The Moon and Stars by Night.
For God, &c.

10, 11, 12 He ſtruck the firſt-born dead,
Of Egypt's ſtubborn Land;
And thence his People led
With his reſiſtleſs Hand.
For God, &c.

13, 14 By him the raging Sea,
As if in Pieces rent,
Diſclos'd a middle Way,
Thro' which his People went.
For God, &c.

15 Where ſoon he overthrew
Proud Pharaoh and his Hoſt,
Who daring to purſue,
Were in the Billows loſt.
For God, &c.

16, 17, 18 Thro' Deſarts vaſt and wild
He led the choſen Seed:
And famous Princes foil'd,
And made great Monarchs bleed.
For God, &c.

19, 20 Sihon, whoſe potent Hand
Great Ammon's Sceptre ſway'd,
And Og, whoſe ſtern Command
Rich Baſhan's Land obey'd.
For God, &c.

21, 22 And of his wond'rous Grace,
Their Lands whom he deſtroy'd,
He gave to Iſr'el's Race,
To be by them enjoy'd.
For God, &c.

23.

24, 24 He in our Depth of Woes,
On us with favour thought;
And from our cruel Foes
In Peace and Safety brought.
For God, &c.

25, 26 He does the Food ſupply,
On which all Creatures live.
To God who reigns on high
Eternal Praiſes give.
For God will prove
Our conſtant Friend;
His boundleſs Love
Shall never end.

Pſalm cxxxvii.

1 WHEN we our wearied Limbs to reſt,
Sat down by proud Euphrates' Stream;
We wept, with doleful Thoughts oppreſt,
And Sion was our mournful Theme.
2 Our Harps, that when with Joy we ſung,
Were wont their tuneful Parts to bear,
With ſilent Strings neglected hung
On Willow Trees that wither'd there.
3 Mean while our Foes, who all conſpir'd
To triumph in our ſlaviſh Wrongs,
Muſick and Mirth of us requir'd,
"Come ſing us one of Sion's Songs."
4 How ſhall we tune our Voice to ſing,
Or touch our Harps with ſkilful Hands?
Shall Hymns of Joy to God our King,
Be ſung by Slaves in Foreign Lands?
5 O Salem, our once happy Seat!
When I of thee forgetful prove,
Let then my trembling Hand forget
the ſpeaking Strings with Art to move.
6 If I to mention thee forbear,
eternal Silence ſeize my Tongue:
Or if I ſing one chearful Ayre
till thy Deliv'rance is my Song.
7 Remember, Lord, how Edom's Race
in thy own City's fatal Day,
Cry'd out, "her ſtately Walls deface,
and with the Ground quite level lay."
Proud Babel's Daughter doom'd to be
of Grief and Woe the wretched Prey;
Bleſt is the Man who ſhall to thee
the Wrongs thou layſt on us repay.
8 Thrice bleſt, who with juſt Rage poſſeſt,
and deaf to all the Parent's Moans,
Shall ſnatch thy Infants from the Breaſt,
and daſh their Heads againſt the Stones.

Pſalm

Pſalm cxxxviii.

1 WITH my whole Heart, my God and King,
thy Praiſe I will proclaim;
Before the Gods with Joy I'll ſing,
and bleſs thy holy Name.
2 I'll worſhip at thy ſacred Seat,
and with thy Love inſpir'd,
The Praiſes of thy Truth repeat,
o'er all thy Works admir'd.
3 Thou graciouſly inclin'dſt thine Ear,
when I to thee did cry:
And when my Soul was preſt with Fear,
didſt inward Strength ſupply.
4 Therefore ſhall ev'ry earthly Prince
thy Name with Praiſe purſue;
Whom theſe admir'd Events convince,
that all thy Works are true.
5 They, all thy wond'rous Ways, O Lord,
with chearful Songs ſhall bleſs;
And all thy glorious Acts record,
thy awful Pow'r confeſs.
6 For God, altho' enthron'd on high,
does thence the Poor reſpect;
The Proud far off, his ſcornful Eye
beholds with juſt Neglect.
7 Tho' I with Troubles am oppreſt,
he ſhall my Foes diſarm,
Relieve my Soul when moſt diſtreſs'd,
and keep me ſafe from Harm.
8 The Lord, whoſe Mercies ever laſt,
ſhall fix my happy State:
And mindful of his Favours paſt,
ſhall his own Work compleat.

Pſalm cxxxix.

1 THou, Lord, by ſtricteſt Search haſt known
My riſing up, and lying down;
My ſecret Thoughts are known to thee,
Known long before conceiv'd by me.
2 Thine Eye my Bed and Path ſurveys,
My public Haunts and private Ways;
4 Thou know'ſt what 'tis my Lips would vent,
My yet unutter'd Words Intent.
5 Surrounded by thy Pow'r I ſtand,
On ev'ry Side I find thy Hand.
6 O Skill, for human Reach too high!
Too dazling bright for mortal Eye!
7 O could I ſo perfidious be,
To think of once deſerting thee!
Where, Lord, could I thy Influence ſhun,
Or whither from thy Preſence run?

8 If up to Heav'n I take my Flight,
'Tis there thou dwell'ſt, enthron'd in Light;
Or dive to Hell's infernal Plains,
'Tis there almighty Vengeance reigns.
9 If I the Morning's Wings could gain,
And fly beyond the Weſtern Main,
10 Thy ſwifter Hand would firſt arrive,
And there arreſt thy Fugitive,
11 Or ſhould I try to ſhun thy Sight
Beneath the ſable Wings of Night;
One Glance from thee, one piercing Ray
Would kindle Darkneſs into Day.
12 The Veil of Night is no Diſguiſe,
No Screen from thy all-ſearching Eyes;
Thro' mid-night Shades thou find'ſt thy way
As in the blazing Noon of Day.
13 Thou know'ſt the Texture of my Heart,
My Reins, and ev'ry vital Part,
Each ſingle Thread in Nature's Loom,
By thee was cover'd in the Womb.
14 I'll praiſe thee, from whoſe Hands I came,
A Work of ſuch a curious Frame;
The Wonders thou in me haſt ſhown,
My Soul with grateful Joy muſt own.
15 Thine Eyes my Subſtance did ſurvey,
While yet a lifeleſs Maſs it lay,
In ſecret how exactly wrought,
Ere from its dark Encloſure brought.
16 Thou didſt the ſhapeleſs Embryo ſee,
Its Parts were regiſter'd by thee;
Thou ſaw'ſt the daily Growth they took,
Form'd by the Model of thy Book.
17 Let me acknowledge too, O God,
That ſince this Maze of Life I trod,
Thy Thoughts of Love to me ſurmount,
The Pow'r of Numbers to recount.
18 Far ſooner could I reckon o'er
The Sands upon the Ocean's Shore;
Each Morn, reviſing what I've done
I find th' Account but new begun.
19 The Wicked thou ſhalt ſlay, O God:
Depart from me, ye Men of Blood,
20 Whoſe Tongues Heav'n's Majeſty prophane,
And take the Almighty's Name in vain.
21 Lord, hate not I their impious Crew,
Who thee with Enmity purſue?
And does not Grief my Heart oppreſs,
When Reprobates thy Laws tranſgreſs?
22 *Who practiſe* Enmity to thee,

Such Men I utterly deteſt,
As if they were my Foes profeſt.
23, 24 Search, try, O God, my Thoughts and Heart,
If Miſchief lurks in any Part;
Correct me where I go aſtray,
And guide me in thy perfect Way.

Pſalm cxl.

1 PReſerve me, Lord, from crafty Foes
of treacherous Intent;
2 And from the Sons of Violence,
on open Miſchief bent.
3 Their ſland'ring Tongue the Serpent's ſting
in ſharpneſs does exceed;
Between their Lips the Gall of Aſps
and Adders' Venom breed.
4 Preſerve me, Lord, from wicked Hands,
nor leave my Soul forlorn,
A Prey to Sons of Violence,
who have my Ruin ſworn.
5 The Proud for me have laid their Snare,
and ſpread their wily Net;
With Traps and Gins, where'er I move,
I find my Steps beſet.
6 But thus environ'd with Diſtreſs,
thou art my God, I ſaid,
Lord, hear my ſupplicating Voice,
that calls to thee for Aid.
7 O Lord, the God, whoſe ſaving Strength
kind Succour did convey;
And cover'd my advent'rous Head
in Battle's doubtful Day;
8 Permit not their unjuſt Deſigns
to anſwer their Deſire;
Leſt they, encourag'd by Succeſs,
to bolder Crimes aſpire.
9 Let firſt their Chiefs the ſad Effects
of their Injuſtice mourn,
The Blaſt of their envenom'd Breath,
upon themſelves return.
10 Let them, who kindled firſt the Flame,
its Sacrifice become;
The Pit they digg'd for me, be made
their own untimely Tomb.
11 Tho' ſlander's Breath may raiſe a Storm,
it quickly will decay:
Their Rage does but the Torrent ſwell
that bears themſelves away.
12 God will aſſert the poor Man's Cauſe,
and ſpeedy Succour give;
The Juſt ſhall celebrate his Praiſe,
and in his Preſence live.

Pſal

Pſalm cxli.

1 TO thee, O Lord, my Cries aſcend,
O haſte to my Relief:
And with accuſtom'd Pity hear
the Accents of my Grief.
2 Inſtead of Off'rings, let my Pray'r
like Morning Incenſe riſe;
My lifted Hands ſupply the Place
of Ev'ning-Sacrifice.
3 From haſty Language curb my Tongue,
and let a conſtant Guard
Still keep the Portal of my Lips
with wary Silence barr'd.
4 From wicked Men's Deſigns and Deeds
my Heart and Hands reſtrain;
Nor let me in the Booty ſhare
of their unrighteous Gain.
5 Let upright Men reprove my Faults,
and I ſhall think them kind;
Like Balm that heals a wounded Head,
I their Reproof ſhall find.
And in return, my fervent Pray'r
I ſhall for them addreſs,
When they are tempted and reduc'd,
like me, to ſore Diſtreſs.
6 When ſculking in Engeddi's Rock,
I to their Chiefs appeal.
If one reproachful Word I ſpoke,
when I had Pow'r to kill:
7 Yet us they perſecute to Death,
our ſcatter'd Ruins lie,
As thick as from the Hewer's Axe,
the ſever'd Splinters fly.
8 But, Lord, to thee I ſtill direct
my ſupplicating Eyes;
O leave not deſtitute my Soul,
whoſe Truſt on thee relies:
9 Do thou preſerve me from the Snares,
that wicked Hands have laid:
Let them in their own Nets be caught,
while my Eſcape is made.

Pſalm cxlii.

1 TO God with mournful Voice,
in deep Diſtreſs I pray'd;
2 Made him the Umpire of my Cauſe,
my Wrongs before him laid.
3 Thou didſt my Steps direct,
when my griev'd Soul deſpair'd;
For where I thought to walk ſecure,
they had their Traps prepar'd.
4 *I look'd, but found no Friend*

All

All Refuge fail'd, no Man vouchſaf'd his Pity, or Redreſs.

5 To God, at laſt, I pray'd, thou, Lord, my Refuge art;
My Portion in the Land of Life, 'till Life itſelf depart.

6 Reduc'd to greateſt Straits, to thee I make my Moan,
O! ſave me from oppreſſing Foes, for me too powerful grown.

7 That I may praiſe thy Name, my Soul from Priſon bring;
Whilſt of thy kind Regard to me aſſembled Saints ſhall ſing.

Pſalm cxliii.

1 LORD, hear my Pray'r, and to my Cry thy wonted Audience lend;
In thy accuſtom'd Faith and Truth a gracious Anſwer ſend.

2 Nor at thy ſtrict Tribunal bring thy Servant to be try'd;
For in thy Sight no living Man can e'er be juſtify'd.

3 The ſpiteful Foe purſues my Life, whoſe Comforts all are fled:
He drives me into Caves as dark as Manſions of the Dead.

4 My Spirit therefore is o'erwhelm'd, and ſinks within my Breaſt;
My mournful Heart grows deſolate, with heavy Woes oppreſt.

5 I call to Mind the Days of old, and Wonders thou haſt wrought:
My former Dangers and Eſcapes employ my muſing Thought.

6 To thee my Hands in humble Pray'r I fervently ſtretch out;
My Soul for thy Refreſhment thirſts, like Land oppreſs'd with Drought.

7 Hear me with Speed, my Spirit fails, thy Face no longer hide;
Left I become forlorn, like them that in the Grave reſide.

8 Thy Kindneſs early let me hear, whoſe Truſt on thee depends;
Teach me the Way where I ſhould go, my Soul to thee aſcends.

9 Do thou, O Lord, from all my Foes, preſerve and ſet me free;
I ſafe Retreat againſt their Rage, my Soul implores from thee.

10 Thou

ou art my God, thy righteous Will
ſtruct me to obey :
thy good Spirit lead and keep
y Soul in thy right Way.
for the Sake of thy great Name,
vive my drooping Heart ;
thy Truth's Sake, to me diſtreſs'd,
y promis'd Aid impart.
Pity to my Suff'rings, Lord,
duce my Foes to Shame ;
them that perſecute a Soul
voted to thy Name.

Pſalm cxliv.

R ever bleſs'd be God the Lord,
Who does his needful Aid impart,
nce both Strength and Skill afford
o wield my Arms with warlike Art.
Goodneſs is my Fort and Tow'r,
y ſtrong Deliv'rance and my Shield ;
im I truſt, whoſe matchleſs Pow'r
akes to my Sway fierce Nations yield.
,what's in Man, that thou ſhouldſt love
ch tender Care of him to take ?
it in his Off-ſpring could thee move
ch great Account of him to make?
Life of Man does quickly fade ;
s Thoughts but empty are and vain,
Days are like a flying Shade,
whoſe ſhort Stay no Signs remain.
lemn State, O God, deſcend,
ilſt Heav'n its lofty Head inclines,
ſmoaking Hills aſunder rend,
thy Approach the awful Signs.
iarge thy dreadful Lightnings round,
d make my ſcatter'd Foes retreat ;
n with thy pointed Arrows wound,
d their Deſtruction ſoon compleat.
thou, O Lord, from Heav'n engage
r boundleſs Pow'r my Foes to quell,
ſnatch me from the ſtormy Rage
threat'ning Waves that proudly ſwell.
thou againſt my foreign Foes,
io utter Speeches falſe and vain ;
. tho' in ſolemn Leagues they cloſe.
ir ſworn Engagements ne'er maintain.
o thee O King of Kings,
new-made Hymns my Voice ſhall raiſe ;
inſtruments of various Strings,
ll help me thus to ſing thy Praiſe ;
d doth to Kings his Aid afford,
them his ſure Salvation ſends ;

"'Tis he that from the murd'ring Sword,
"his Servant David ſtill defends."

11 Fight thou againſt my foreign Foes,
who utter Speeches falſe and vain;
Who, tho' in ſolemn Leagues they cloſe,
their ſworn Engagements ne'er maintain.

12 Then our young Sons like Trees ſhall grow
well planted in ſome fruitful Place;
Our Daughters ſhall like Pillars ſhow,
deſign'd ſome royal Court to grace.

13 Our Garners fill'd with various Store,
ſhall us and ours with Plenty feed,
Our Sheep increaſing more and more,
ſhall thouſands and ten thouſands breed.

14 Strong ſhall our labouring Oxen grow,
nor in their conſtant Labour faint;
Whilſt we no War nor Slavery know,
and in our Streets hear no Complaint.

15 Thrice happy is that People's Caſe,
whoſe various Bleſſings thus abound;
Who God's true Worſhip ſtill embrace,
and are with his Protection crown'd.

Pſalm cxlv.

1, 2 I'THEE I'll extol, my God and King,
thy endleſs Praiſe proclaim:
This Tribute daily I will bring,
and ever bleſs thy Name.

3 Thou, Lord, beyond compare art great,
and highly to be prais'd;
Thy Majeſty, with boundleſs Height,
above our Knowledge rais'd.

4 Renown'd for mighty Acts, thy Fame
to future Times extends;
From Age to Age, thy glorious Name
ſucceſſively deſcends.

5, 6 Whilſt I thy Glory and Renown
and wond'rous Works expreſs;
The World with me thy Might ſhall own,
and thy great Pow'r confeſs.

7 The Praiſe that to thy Love belongs,
they ſhall with Joy proclaim;
Thy Truth of all their grateful Songs
ſhall be the conſtant Theme.

8 The Lord is Good, freſh Acts of Grace
his Pity ſtill ſupplies:
His Anger moves with ſloweſt Pace,
his willing Mercy flies.

9, 10 Thy Love thro' Earth extends its Fame
to all thy Works expreſt:
Theſe ſhew thy Praiſe, whilſt thy great Name
is by thy Servants bleſt.

11 Th

11 They, with the glorious Proſpect fir'd,
ſhall of thy Kingdom ſpeak;
And thy great Pow'r by all admir'd,
their lofty Subject make.

12 God's glorious Works of antient Date,
ſhall thus to all be known;
And thus his Kingdom's royal State,
with publick Splendor ſhown.

13 His ſtedfaſt Throne from Changes free,
ſhall ſtand for ever faſt:
His boundleſs Sway no End ſhall ſee,
but Time itſelf out-laſt.

PART II.

14, 15 The Lord does them ſupport that fall,
and makes the proſtrate riſe;
For his kind Aid all Creatures call,
who timely Food ſupplies.

16 Whate'er their various Wants require
with open Hand he gives:
And ſo fulfils the juſt Deſire
of ev'ry Thing that lives.

17, 18 How holy is the Lord, how juſt!
how righteous all his Ways!
How nigh to him, who with firm Truſt,
for his Aſſiſtance prays!

19 He grants the full Deſires of thoſe
who him with Fear adore:
And will their Troubles ſoon compoſe,
when they his Aid implore.

20 The Lord preſerves all thoſe with Care
whom grateful Love employs;
But Sinners, who his Vengeance dare,
with furious Rage deſtroys.

21 My Time to come, in Praiſes ſpent,
ſhall ſtill advance his Fame:
And all Mankind with one Conſent,
for ever bleſs his Name.

Pſalm cxlvi.

1, 2 O Praiſe the Lord, and thou my Soul
for ever bleſs his Name;
His wond'rous Love, while Life ſhall laſt,
my conſtant Praiſe ſhall claim.

3 On Kings, the greateſt Sons of Men,
let none for Aid rely;
They cannot ſave in dang'rous Times,
nor timely Help apply.

4 Depriv'd of Breath to Duſt they turn,
and there neglected lie;
And all their Thoughts and vain Deſigns
together with them die.

5 *Then happy he, who Jacob's God*
for his Protector takes;

Who

Who ſtill with well-plac'd Hope, the Lord
his conſtant Refuge makes.
6 The Lord, who made both Heav'n and Earth,
and all that they contain,
Will never quit his ſtedfaſt Truth,
nor make his Promiſe vain.
7 The Poor oppreſs'd from all their Wrongs
are eas'd by his Decree:
He gives the Hungry needful Food,
and ſets the Pris'ners free.
8 By him the Blind receive their Sight,
the Weak and Fall'n he rears;
With kind Regard and tender Love
he for the Righteous cares.
9 The Strangers he preſerves from Harm,
the Orphan kindly treats,
Defends the Widow, and the Wiles
of wicked Men defeats.
10 The God that does in Sion dwell,
is our eternal King;
From Age to Age his Reign endures,
let all his Praiſes ſing.

Pſalm cxlvii.

1 O Praiſe the Lord with Hymns of Joy,
and celebrate his Fame:
For pleaſant, good, and comely 'tis
to praiſe his holy Name.
2 His holy City God will build,
tho' levell'd with the Ground;
Bring back his People, tho' diſpers'd
thro' all the Nations round.
3, 4 He kindly heals the broken Hearts,
and all their Wounds doth cloſe;
He tells the Number of the Stars,
their ſeveral Names he knows.
5, 6 Great is the Lord, and great his Pow'r,
his Wiſdom has no Bound;
The Meek he raiſes, and throws down
the Wicked to the Ground.
7 To God the Lord, a Hymn of Praiſe
with grateful Voices ſing;
To Songs of Triumph tune the Harp,
and ſtrike each warbling String
8 He covers Heav'n with Clouds, and thence
refreſhing Rain beſtows:
Thro' him, on Mountain Tops, the Graſs
with wond'rous Plenty grows.
9 He, ſavage Beaſts that looſely range,
with timely Food ſupplies;
He feeds the Ravens tender Brood,
and ſtops their hungry Cries.

10 He values not the warlike Steed,
but does his Strength disdain:
The nimble Foot that swiftly runs,
no Prize from him can gain.

11 But he; to him that fears his Name,
his tender Love extends;
To him that on his boundless Grace
with stedfast Hope depends.

12, 13 Let Sion and Jerusalem
to God their Praise address;
Who fenc'd their Gates with massy Bars,
and does their Children bless.

14, 15 Thro' all their Borders he gives Peace,
with finest Wheat they're fed;
He speaks the Word, and what he wills,
is done as soon as said.

16 Large Flakes of Snow, like fleecy Wool,
descend at his Command;
And hoary Frost, like Ashes spread,
is scatter'd o'er the Land.

17 When join'd to these, he does his Hail
in little Morsels break;
Who can against his piercing Cold
secure Defences make.

18 He sends his Word, which melts the Ice;
he makes his Wind to blow;
And soon the Streams, congeal'd before,
in plenteous Currents flow.

19 By him his Statutes and Decrees
to Jacob's Sons were shown;
And still to Isr'el's chosen Seed,
his righteous Laws are known.

20 No other Nation this can boast,
nor did he e'er afford
To Heathen Lands his Oracles
and Knowledge of his Word. Hallelujah.

Psalm cxlviii.

1, 2 YE boundless Realms of Joy,
Exalt your Maker's Fame,
His Praise your Song employ
Above the starry Frame;
Your Voices raise,
Ye Cherubim,
And Seraphim,
To sing his Praise.

3, 4 Thou Moon, that rul'st the Night,
And Sun that guid'st the Day;
Ye glitt'ring Stars of Light,
To him your Homage pay;
His Praise declare,
Ye Heav'ns above,
And Clouds that move

5, 6 Let them adore the Lord,
And praiſe his holy Name,
Whoſe Almighty Word,
They all from nothing came;
And all ſhall laſt,
From Changes free;
His firm Decree
Stands ever faſt.

7, 8 Let Earth her Tribute pay
Praiſe him, ye dreadful Whales,
And Fiſh, that thro' the Sea
Glide ſwift with glitt'ring Scales;
Fire, Hail and Snow,
And miſty Air,
And Winds that, where
He bids them, blow.

9, 10 By Hills and Mountains (all
In grateful Concert join'd)
By Cedars ſtately-tall,
And Trees for Fruit deſign'd;
By ev'ry Beaſt,
And creeping Thing,
And Fowl of Wing,
His Name be bleſt.

11, 12 Let all of Royal Birth,
With thoſe of humbler Frame,
And Judges of the Earth,
His matchleſs Praiſe proclaim;
In this Deſign
Let Youths with Maids,
And hoary Heads
With Children join.

13 United Zeal be ſhown,
His wond'rous Fame to raiſe
Whoſe glorious Name alone
Deſerves our endleſs Praiſe.
Earth's utmoſt Ends
His Pow'r obey:
His glorious Sway
The Sky tranſcends.

14 His choſen Saints to grace,
He ſets them up on high,
And favours Iſr'el's Race,
Who ſtill to him are nigh.
O therefore raiſe
Your grateful Voice,
And ſtill rejoice
The Lord to praiſe.

Pſalm cxlix.

1, 2 O Praiſe ye the Lord,
prepare your glad Voice,
His Praiſe in the great
Aſſembly to ſing.

5 Let them who joyful Hymns compoſe,
to Cymbals ſet their Songs of Praiſe;
Cymbals of common Uſe, and thoſe
that loudly ſound on ſolemn Days.
6 Let all that vital Breath enjoy.
the Breath he does to them afford,
In juſt Returns of Praiſe employ;
Let ev'ry Creature praiſe the Lord!

Common Meaſure.

1 To Father, Son and Holy Ghoſt,
the God whom we adore;
Be Glory, as it was, is now,
and ſhall be evermore.

As Pſalm 25.

2 To God the Father, Son,
and Spirit, Glory be;
As 'twas, and is, and ſhall be ſo
to all Eternity.

As the 100 Pſalm.

3 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt,
theGod whomHeav'n and Earth adore;
Be Glory, as it was of old,
is now, and ſhall be evermore.

As the old 118th, and the laſt Part of the 113th Pſalm Tune.

4 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt, (Hoſt,
The God, whom Heav'n's triumphant
and ſuff'ring Saints on Earth adore,
Be Glory as in Ages paſt.
As now it is, and ſo ſhall laſt
when Time itſelf muſt be no more,

As Pſalm 148.

5 To God the Father, Son,
and Spirit ever bleſt,
Eternal Three in One,
All Worſhip be addreſt,
As heretofore,
It was, is now,
And ſhall be ſo
For evermore.

As Pſalm 149.

6 By Angels in Heav'n
of ev'ry Degree
And Saints upon Earth,
All Praiſe be addreſt
To God in Three Perſons,
One God ever bleſt;
As it has been, now is,
And always ſhall be.

FINIS.

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